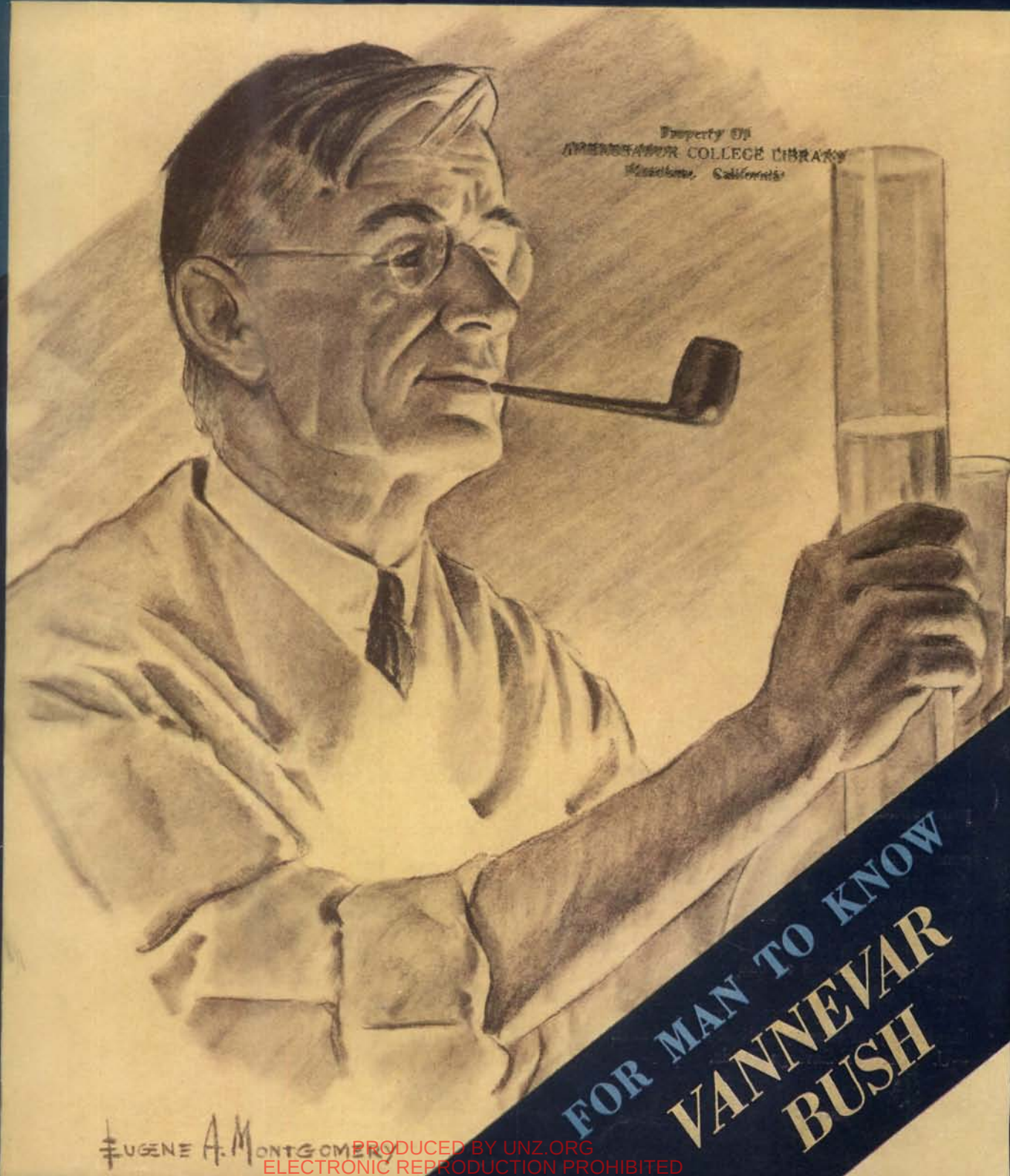


August 1955, 50 cents

THE *Atlantic*



FOR MAN TO KNOW
VANNEVAR
BUSH

EUGENE A. MONTGOMERY

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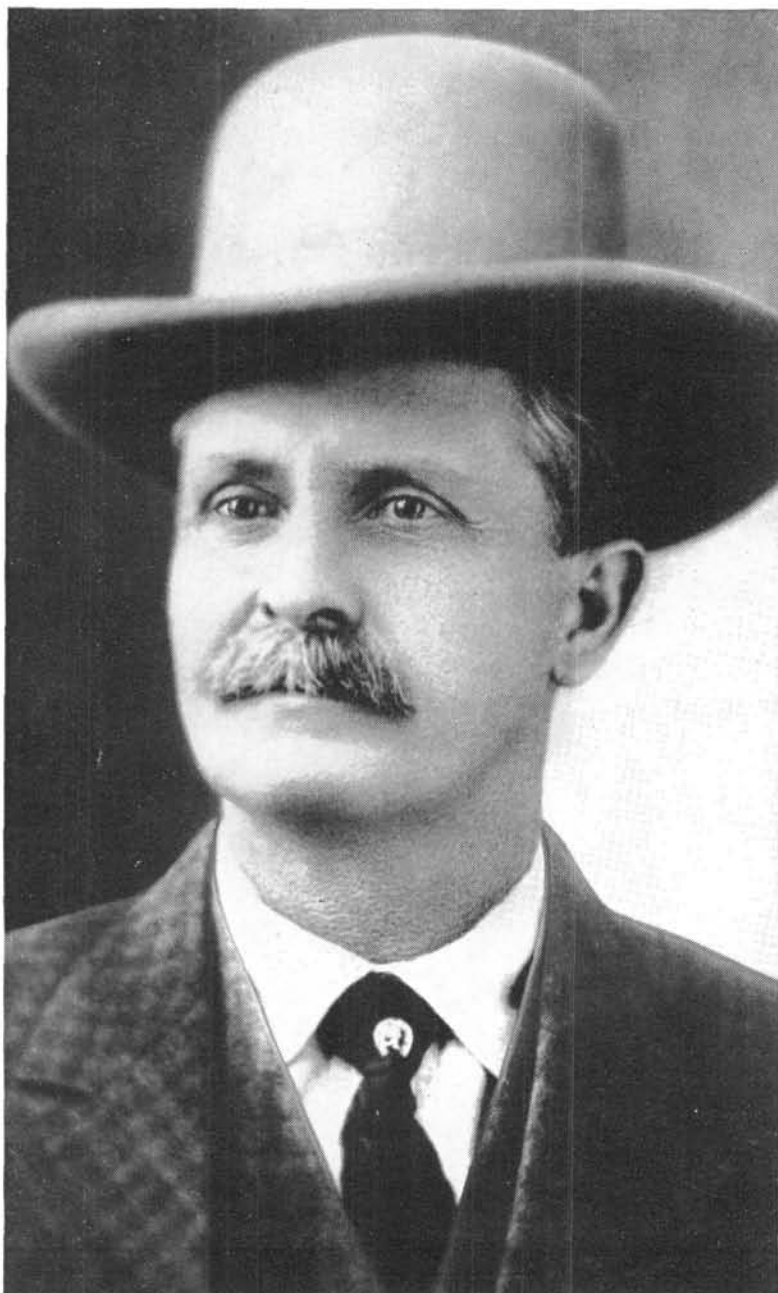
And in a gun flash, he lay dead.

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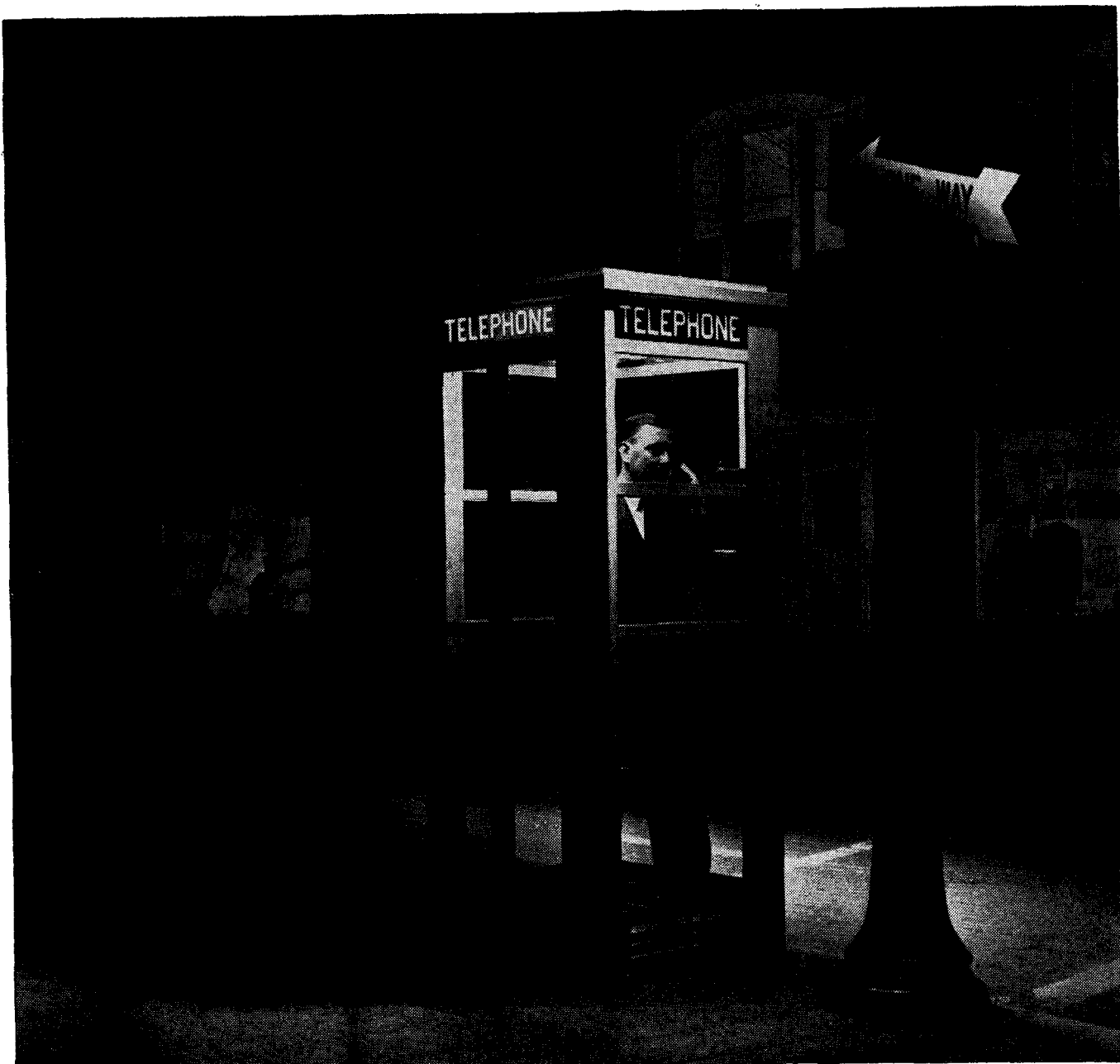
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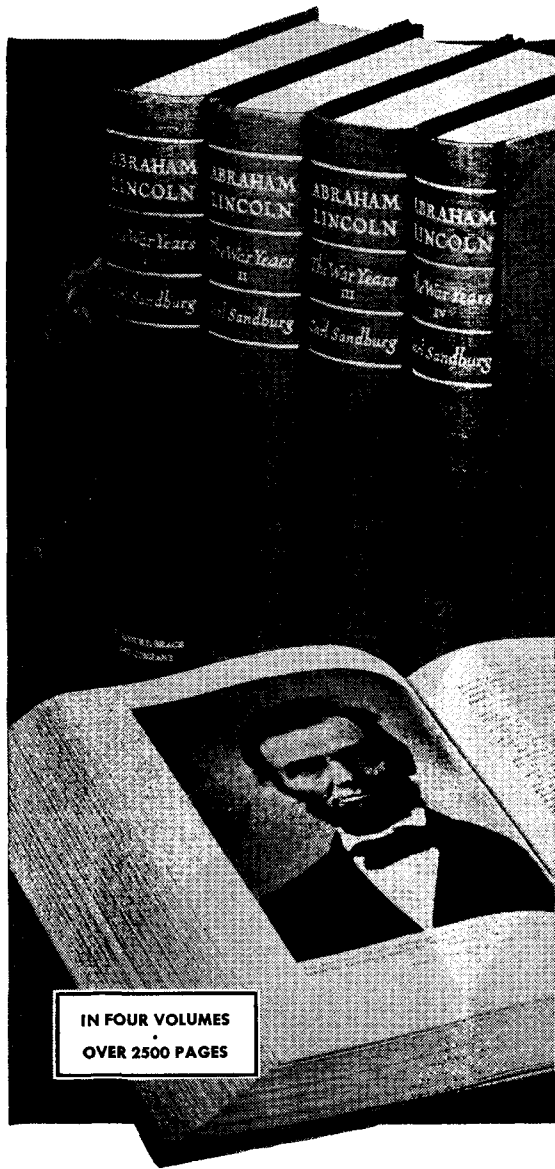
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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

on the World today



London



THE apathy of the British electorate this year is purely relative. As against 82.6 per cent of the 35 million eligibles who voted in 1951, only 76.8 per cent voted this year — still a huge turnout by comparison with the United States, where the vote even in a presidential election usually runs under 60 per cent. Opposition Leader Attlee explained away the drop in the Labor vote by saying that a great many more people are satisfied “for the time being”; but even aside from the undoubted prosperity which always aids the ins, other developments are evident in England these days.

One is that the Labor Party, the symbol of change, has completed a cycle of welfare statism, nationalization, and “fair shares,” and has not mapped any concrete program beyond its present resting place. Some of the most devoted Laborites confess that their party is suffering from spiritual exhaustion.

Another development concerns the Tories. While it is true that in Eden the Conservative Party has its first really conservative leader since Neville Chamberlain, most Tories have come to accept the doctrine of the welfare state, and their leaders can safely be identified as enlightened. Moreover, there is distinct pressure within the party from the younger men. Sir Anthony, at 58, is the youngest Prime Minister since Stanley Baldwin took office in 1923. His Cabinet’s average age is likewise 58, and it will be lowered by the impending retirement of Lord Woolton, 72, and the expected entry of Reginald Maudling, 38, youngest and most brilliant of the newer generation.

The new Conservative majority, 59 seats, relieves Cabinet officers from the necessity of being closely

tied down to Commons sessions lest a surprise vote go against the Government, and by that measure gives the Eden team a full five years, if it desires, of more confident and more flexible operations than Sir Winston Churchill was able to enjoy.

Union rivalry

All through the election campaign, one vexing issue was the question of unofficial strikes. Earlier, the 26-day strike in Fleet Street had cast a veil of obscurity about the historic occasion of Sir Winston Churchill’s resignation as Prime Minister. The newspaper strike not only deprived the public of news and opinion about the change of administration and the climacteric of the notable career, but when it ended it was on virtually the same terms as were offered at the beginning.

Three days before the election, 170,000 dock workers went on strike and the week after the election the 70,000 members of the Association of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen pulled the whistle for a national railway strike. This was compounded, at the start of the peak transatlantic tourist traffic, by a strike of seamen.

Of these strikes, only that of the seamen, although “wildcat” in nature, was within the familiar Labor objectives of “better wages and working conditions.” Both the dockers’ strike and the railway strike were essentially jurisdictional disputes between rival unions. The National Amalgamated Stevedores and Dockers, for instance, walked out only to win away recognition, for bargaining purposes, from the omnibus Transport and General Workers’ Union, the largest in Britain. The smaller union was able to effect only a one-third tie-up, since members of the other union stayed on the job.

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America move

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For example, General Electric has been chosen by the Nuclear Power Group, Inc., to build the largest all-nuclear atomic electric plant yet announced. The plant, which will serve the Chicago area, will be owned and operated by Commonwealth Edison Company,* and is expected to be in operation within five years.

The Yankee Atomic Electric Company, representing a dozen New England power companies, has plans to build an atomic electric plant in western Massachusetts.

33 other companies—25 of them electric utilities—have joined together as the Atomic Power Development Associates, Inc., to concentrate on research for the economic utilization of atomic energy for electric power. Part of this group plans to have a breeder-reactor-type atomic electric plant operating in the Detroit area by 1959.

Many homes in the New York City area, if present plans work out, may have atom-made electricity within five years.

These are only a few of the peacetime atomic energy programs now under way in the United States. By 1970, our forecasts indicate, 14% of all new generating plants built in the U.S. will be atom-powered. And by 1980, the atom's share of plants built that year may be 65%.

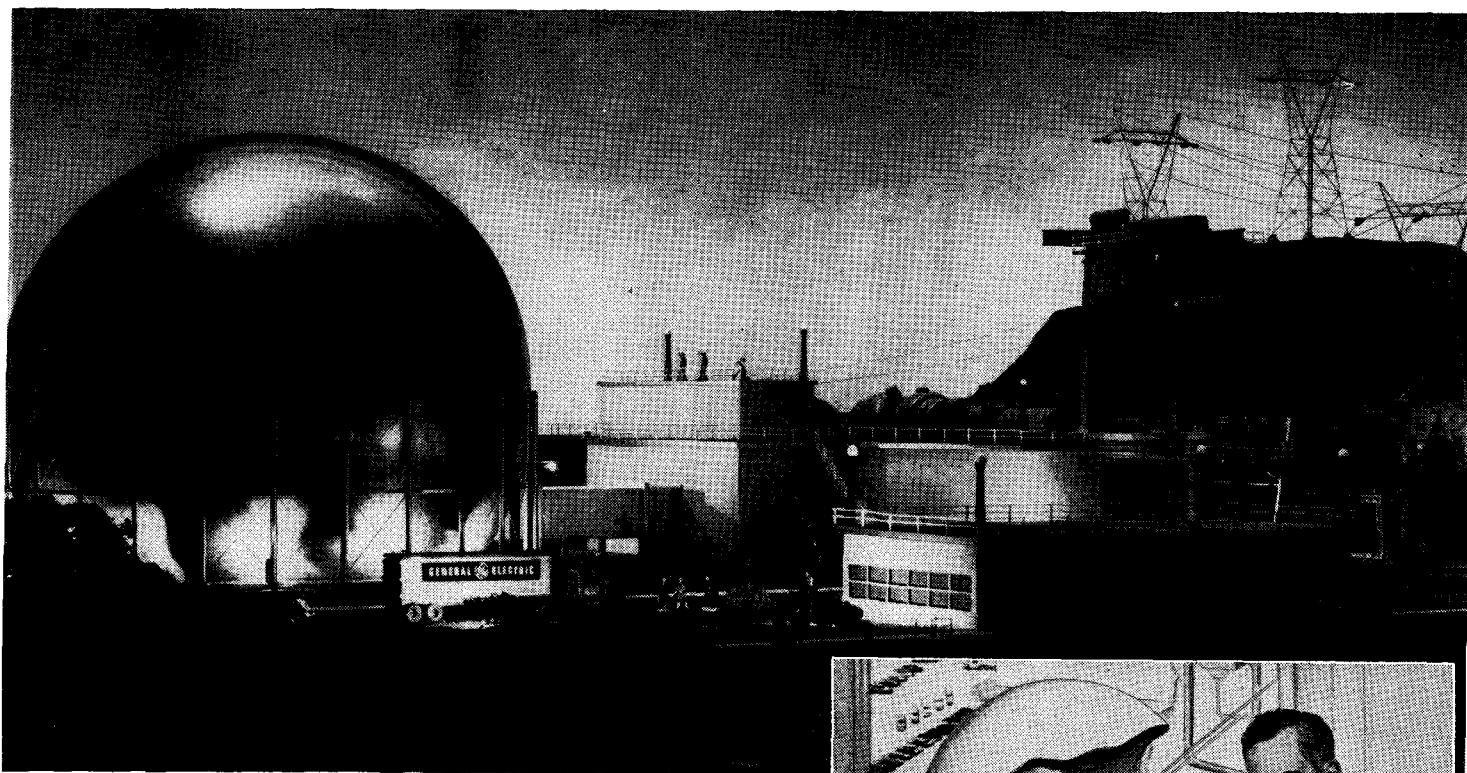
The free world's security depends on progress

These plans and forecasts are encouraging for the fate of the entire free world may well depend on how swiftly America develops wide peacetime use of atomic energy

*Co-sponsors of the project include: American Gas and Electric Service Corporation; Bechtel Corporation; Central Illinois Light Company; Illinois Power Company; Kansas City Power and Light Company; Pacific Gas and Electric Company; Union Electric Company of Missouri



to produce electric power from the atom



Atomic electric plant of the future? This model shows what a power plant built to produce atom-made electricity might look like. *At right*, Francis K. McCune, General Electric Vice President and General Manager of our Atomic Products Division, points out a symbolic view of an atomic reactor housed in the protective steel sphere. If you would like a copy of a 16-page illustrated booklet, "Putting the Atom to Work," plus a full-color diagram showing how electricity can be made from the atom, write General Electric, Department F2-119, Schenectady, New York.

England and other European countries are hungry for the abundant electric power that the atom promises. They see it as a chance to regain the stature they had before their resources were wasted by war. "Have-not" Asia and Africa, and large, undeveloped areas of Latin America need it for their industry and their people. And so nuclear energy, for Russia, has become a long-range instrument for economic and political dominance. Communism *plus* atomic power might convert the world where Communism *alone* has failed.

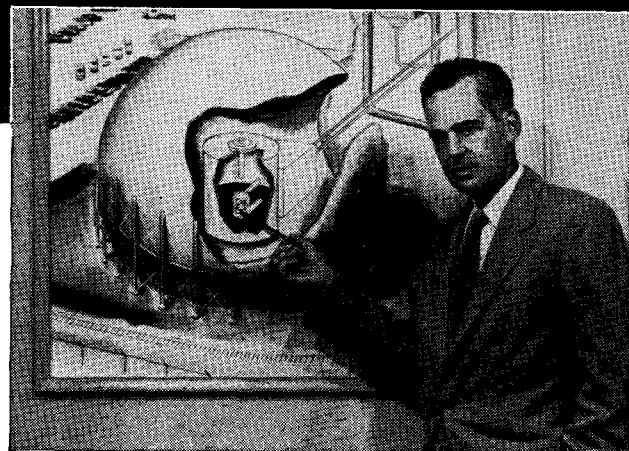
For America, the problem is clear-cut; we must make swift, broad progress in developing peacetime atomic energy for the world. We must be ready with the promise of atomic fuels and technical knowledge sooner than anyone estimated. How can this be done?

Competition will spur achievement

In our opinion, America's atomic progress will continue—and become even faster and bolder—as more and more competing private manufacturing companies apply their skills, efforts and capital to the problem.

General Electric has been engaged in basic nuclear research since the 1930's. Today more than 12,000 of our employees are assigned to atomic projects. For the government, we are producing plutonium at the Hanford Atomic Works...building a submarine atomic power plant in West Milton, New York...developing a nuclear propulsion system for aircraft at Evendale, Ohio...studying possible portable nuclear plants for the Army. Canadian General Electric will build Canada's first atomic electric reactor near Chalk River, Ontario.

We have established a department to design, develop, manufacture and market atomic power equipment for peacetime use. Just recently this department announced the design of a new dual-cycle boiling reactor, which provides for greater efficiency and overcomes many of



the problems inherent in earlier power-reactor designs. In the next few years, we expect, our work in peacetime atomic energy will double and redouble. And the field is so big and so vital that there is almost unlimited opportunity for many more companies.

American free enterprise has made it possible for the U. S., with only 6% of the world's population, to produce almost 50% of the world's energy and industrial output. Working with the government, private companies have already begun to turn a major source of fear into a major source of fuel, and they are ready to risk their money and their time to do more. As we see it, this is progress in the American way.

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The Atlantic Report on London



Similarly, in the railway strike, the locomotive men, members of a craft union, were asking for the restoration of the wage differentials between them and the unskilled sections of railway labor, which had been narrowed several months before in general wage increases. But their demands for the differentials were countered by notice from the National Union of Railwaymen, the larger industrial union, that it would seek further increases for its members, to narrow the differentials again.

This leap-frog maneuver froze the hands of the British Transport Commission, which administers the nationalized railways, because it could not arrive at an estimate of the aggregate costs entailed.

But actually the railway strike was more of a nuisance than an effective labor demonstration. The Government declared a state of emergency, in order to assume whatever powers might be necessary, but at least one fifth of the country's rolling stock stayed in operation, for the reason that one fifth of the footplatemen belong to the NUR and not the locomotive union, and they stayed at work. A tight scheduling of available men and machines, a strict priority system giving preference to freight over passengers, the use of other kinds of transport, and the official encouragement of hitch-hiking "at own risk" kept British Railways muddling through for the duration of the strike.

Challenge to the Government

Unlike the newspaper strike of electricians, which had been officially Communist-inspired, the stevedores' and seamen's strikes were insurgent affairs of uncertain political ancestry. They were aimed at the parent unions; but after they began to suffer from back-to-work movements within the rank and file, the strike leadership split, several officials resigned, and the labor situation dragged along in a state of chaotic uncertainty.

By general agreement, the series of strikes presented no less a challenge to the Eden government than to Labor's own house. Coming on top of Labor's election defeat, the strikes undermined confidence in the quality of labor leadership, both political and economic, and set the stage for vigorous skirmishing at the next annual Labor Party conference in October.

Also involved in the public debate which the strikes touched off was the Government's attitude. The Government had brought about resumption of railway service without resorting to extraordinary measures and Sir Anthony had then summoned

both the Trades Union Congress and the British Employers' Confederation to 10 Downing Street for broad discussions on a long-range program for attaining industrial peace.

Stranded tourists

But the wildcat seamen's strike fitted into no pattern. One big passenger ship after another of the Cunard and Canadian Pacific lines was left high and dry at Liverpool or Southampton when the crews, mostly catering staff, walked off just before sailing time. Something like a dozen transatlantic crossings were canceled, some in both directions, and at least five thousand travelers, mainly tourists, had to find other transport. The loss in transatlantic fares alone was about \$1.5 million and the total loss to the companies well above \$5 million.

Cunard finally went to the extreme of seeking injunctions against the strike leaders and suing several for damages. The skipper of the *Queen Mary*, the largest of the liners to be tied up, introduced the issue of "failure to obey orders," which to a seafaring nation is translated as "mutiny." Finally the striking seamen, who had been deferred from military service by virtue of their calling, suddenly found themselves confronted by immediate call-up orders.

The Commons debate on the Government's role in this strike was restrained, as usual. But it raised both economic and constitutional points which will have to be decided. So it was evident that Sir Anthony's most immediate task was not in the field of international but of domestic relations.

Sir Anthony "at the summit"

Foreign policy as such played no part in the election campaign, as it has played no part for a long time in parliamentary debate. The differences of opinion on renewed conversations with the Russians have not been between the Conservative and Labor parties, but within the Conservative Party, and they have been differences on procedure, not on principle, for neither side ever considered negotiations as an alternative to the program of building up Western strength through the Paris treaties.

But as Foreign Secretary, Sir Anthony had opposed a meeting of chiefs of state, while Sir Winston Churchill time and time again called for a meeting "at the summit."

The approach varied according to the natures of the two men. Sir Winston has never paid much

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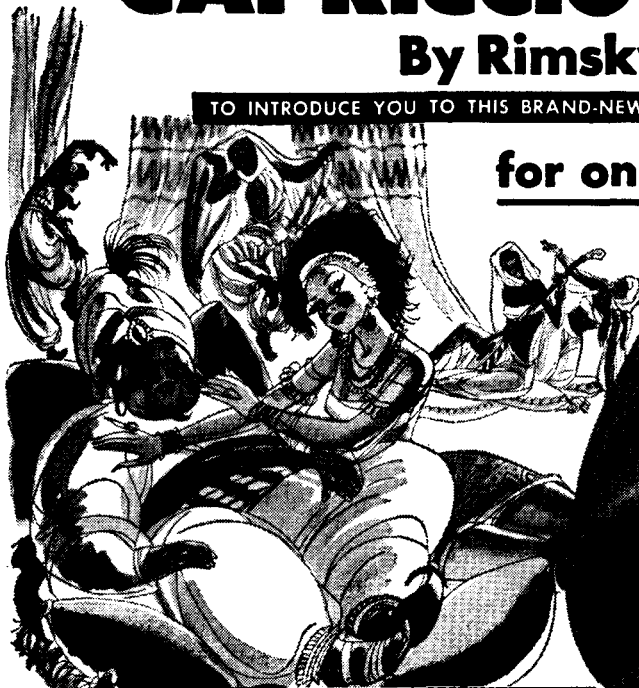
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The Atlantic Report on London



attention to protocol, and as one of the most commanding political figures of history, he possesses sufficient stature, flair, and intuition so that he has never needed to. He felt that a dramatic gesture, like a top-level conference, might serve as a token of improving relations — “the wish and the will,” as he put it — even if later hard-and-fast bargaining should become an arduous and prolonged process. He also, no doubt, wanted to go himself as a fitting denouement to his career.

Sir Anthony, the professional diplomat, who calls diplomacy “a plodding art,” preferred a stage-by-stage arrangement in which the foreign ministers would fashion the outlines of an agreement, if any, and then call in the chiefs of state as a mark of progress already achieved. He no doubt also wanted to go himself.

The differences between the two men were publicly exhibited in parliamentary sessions, and endured for two years — until Sir Winston stepped aside and Sir Anthony became the man “at the summit.” President Eisenhower’s agreement to a top-level meeting and the three-power invitation to Moscow came just as the British election campaign got under way, and some Laborites saw that as no coincidence.

But actually there had been a change not only in Sir Anthony’s position but in the international situation as well. Beginning with their about-face in Austria, followed by their disarmament proposals and the lessening of tensions in the Far East, the Russians seemed to be engaged in a sincere initiative for a general discussion. It was then the Foreign Office decided that, in the changed atmosphere, it would be more productive to have a “summit” meeting first, to reflect any desire for an understanding, and then move to specific issues, rather than to run the risk of tackling specific issues first and perhaps thus limit the prospects of any broader agreement.

Billy Graham in Britain

If public interest in the election was negligible, and some speakers drew pitifully sparse audiences at meetings — in one case only seven persons showed up to hear a former Cabinet aide — one figure at least attracted crowds up to 90,000 persons. He was not a political candidate, however, but the American evangelist Billy Graham, conducting his second British preaching mission. He held a series of highly successful meetings in sympathetic Glasgow and then came to London for a week in Wembley Stadium. Despite pouring rain and chill winds,

he held hordes of willing listeners who preferred psalms to politics. One ecclesiastical critic in the Bevanite *Tribune*, in fact, raised the old Marxist slogan that “religion is the opiate of the people” and blamed “men like Billy Graham” for keeping Labor’s voters away from political rallies.

Other showmanship fared less well than Mr. Graham’s. The London theater season was in general uninspiring and, until the last few weeks, knew only two bright spots. Siobhan McKenna appeared as the best Saint Joan in many years — a French “Maid” who spoke with the thickest of Irish brogues, which she will bring to America this summer. Ruth Gordon and Sam Levene captured all other midseason honors in Thornton Wilder’s old *Merchant of Yonkers*, retitled *The Matchmaker*.

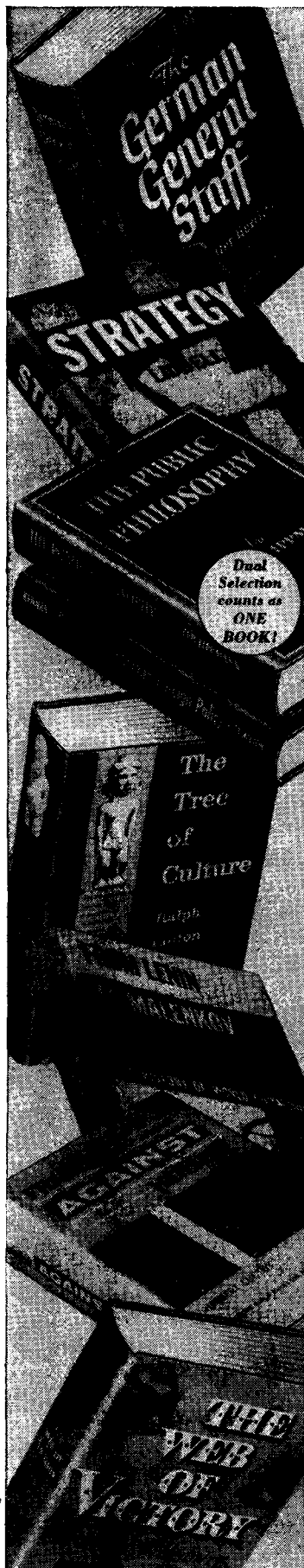
But some glory was restored to the stage by the energetic troupe of the Old Vic, who in the last quarter of the season gave both parts of *Henry IV*. By general agreement, these were among the best Shakespearean performances ever given anywhere, and the fire and zeal, the effectiveness, and the sheer acting ability of Paul Rogers and company were thought by many to surpass the official Shakespeare Festival at Stratford-on-Avon.

There Sir Laurence Olivier and his wife Vivien Leigh disappointed in *Twelfth Night*, while *All’s Well That Ends Well* neither endured nor ended very well. But Sir Laurence redeemed himself as Macbeth and presented the highly unconventional portrait of a conscience-ridden intellectual, a performance described as “restraint run amok.”

The Royal Opera House at Covent Garden also had its ins and outs. A 21-year-old ballerina, Svetlana Beriosova, emerged as the next best thing to the Imperial Russian Ballet, and she too will be seen in the United States next fall with the Sadler’s Wells Company. A cycle of Wagner’s *Ring of the Nibelung* won plaudits as the best since before the war, with Hans Hotter, Ramon Vinay, Set Svanholm, and Margaret Harshaw, and a youthful conductor named Wilhelm Kempe, who did everything exactly the way old Richard would have wanted.

And a true Shakespeare epic is being shot by an American film company, which is in Scotland making a modern gangster version of *Macbeth*. This is one sample of the dialogue: in the play, Lady Macbeth tells Macbeth, “You have displac’d the mirth, broke the good meeting, with most admir’d disorder”; in the film, Lily Macbeth says to her gangster husband Joe, “Well, you sure mess things up.”

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The Arab Refugees

THE Arab refugee problem vitally affects the health and the peace of the free world. It is critical from three aspects: the human, because the civilized world does not like to see people starve; the economic, because without aid from abroad the presence of such large numbers will break their hosts; the political, because it illustrates vividly the Arab-Israeli rift and presents to the Kremlin a sitting target for subversive propaganda.

Following the United Nations Partition Plan of November, 1947, Great Britain relinquished her mandate, and the state of Israel was proclaimed on May 14, 1948. The fighting continued for another year, by which time over 900,000 Arabs had fled. The Arabs say that these civilians left in war in fear of their lives and should now, in peace, be allowed to return to their homes. The Jews say that the problem cannot be regulated except as part of a general peace settlement between the two sides. Unfortunately, neither side wants peace except on its own terms; so the situation continues to embitter both Arabs and Jews, who had lived in friendly and fruitful coexistence for generations.

For the first time for many centuries there are no Jews in Old Jerusalem; no edict excludes them — only the acts and facts of a state of war suspended by a thin six-year-old truce guaranteed by the big powers. Beyond this the Jews have got their national home, and the barbarities of World War II pinpoint the need for its preservation.

“The policy of this Government,” said Prime Minister David Ben-Gurion, “. . . is founded on the ingathering of the exiles.” Their nationalism is aggressive: it belongs to a people who have been regarded as inferior and are now, by force of arms and money, in a position of power. Added to this is a “fortress psychology,” the squeeze of economic blockade. Far from being willing to retreat into the Partition boundaries, the Jews seek *Lebensraum*.

But, say the Arabs, we have lived in Palestine for thirteen centuries; we have preserved the physical, mental, and linguistic characteristics of the Southern Semitic race; to the Arabs the Jews are intruders. King Hussein I of Jordan and his cousin

King Faisal II of Iraq are princes of the House of Hashim, the world's oldest reigning dynasty, and are lineal descendants of the Prophet Mahomet. King Hussein is also Guardian of the Haram esh Sherif, the sanctuary venerated by millions for its association with the Prophet. Under his protection and that of his government are the Holy Places of Christendom, and Islam has ruled longer over them than any other faith or nation.

Therefore the Arabs are disillusioned and bitter — against the United States and Great Britain for supporting the Jews; against themselves for their failure to unite against a common enemy; and against the Jews, whom they have always regarded as an inferior race, for defeating them in battle.

Too little to go round

Some of the skilled and professional Arab Palestinians have by now found employment — in the oil lands of the Persian Gulf, in government, in contracting firms and local enterprises, in the professions — but they are a trickle; the flood remains. At the headquarters in Beirut of the United Nations Relief and Works Agency hang maps showing the disposition of 899,827 Arab refugee dependents and their percentage of the host populations: —

Syria.....	86,730 (2.5%)
Lebanon.....	103,588 (7.7%)
Gaza.....	212,581 (265%)
Jordan.....	496,928 (56.4%)

To care for them, UNRWA has a staff of 135 international and 8597 area personnel, of whom 2566 are teachers and 2991 are medical staff. To support the refugees, UNRWA has the tightest relief budget in the world (\$27 a head a year to cover a basic ration averaging 1515 calories per person per day, special rations for children and the undernourished, housing, blankets, soap, kerosene, transport, welfare, medical care, etc.). To rehabilitate them, UNRWA has been given a further term of five years and \$35 million more per year.

The ration card is the refugee's most precious possession, his passport to security. In February, 1955, 841,237 full rations were issued, but the hardest of the Agency's many hard tasks is to establish

who are the bona fide recipients. Far greater coöperation is needed from the host governments and from the beneficiaries themselves if improper and false registrations are to be checked and the available budget for relief stretched to increase the half-rations of those in frontier villages, whose lot is a particularly unhappy one, and to include some 25,000 children who fulfill the requirements but for whom so far there has not been enough to go round.

The Arab shows vigor and initiative when confronted with disaster, and somehow has managed to supplement his basic ration with fresh meat, fruit, vegetables, shoes, and clothing, which are not part of the relief supplies. But the ration is meager at best, and no amount of contrivance will make up for the fact that the majority want to work and that the work they want is the work they best know how to do: to cultivate the land.

Resources have never covered the provision of clothing, and now that the exiles have largely used up what they were able to bring with them from their homes, the need is steadily and urgently increasing. The patched — though nearly always clean — condition of the children is particularly sad. Voluntary agencies have been generous, but Western-type garments and high-heeled shoes are not the most suitable, and there are hopes that shortly a distribution of cotton cloth will be available which could be made up to requirements and ensure that at least the children will be decently dressed. The extremes of heat and cold aggravate the problem.

As to shelter, 63 per cent of the refugees are in houses and 27 per cent in hutted camps of mud, concrete, or wattle, which are spread like mushrooms on the wind-swept hills around Amman, in the green valleys of Lebanon and Syria, and in the barren folds of the Jordan Valley. It is hoped that in two years the remaining 10 per cent will have been cleared from tents into more hospitable accommodation.

Miracle in medicine

UNRWA and the many voluntary and local government agencies are slowly raising the standard of relief. In medicine a miracle is happening as each year some 7 million people attend outpatient clinics and other welfare centers, the condition of hospitals

is improved, and the number of beds at UNRWA disposal has increased (from 1373 in 1950 to 2188 in 1955). Insect-borne diseases are kept under control, and health teams comprising representatives of various social services are being trained for work in the camps.

There is gradual acceptance of the principle that to educate is to rehabilitate — an argument that makes sense when it is realized that half the refugees are under fifteen years of age. This year UNRWA is supporting 168,129 keenly enthusiastic pupils either in government and private schools or in the 301 UNRWA-UNESCO schools; 300 university scholarships are offered to refugees, and 950 students are doing vocational training.

The Agency proposes to expand as rapidly as possible a system of vocational training centers like the two already operating near Jerusalem and in the Gaza strip, in the belief that the economic expansion that should take place in the Near Eastern regions during the next twenty years will require instructors, experts, skilled workmen, and artisans.

The work being done is a lively example of the meaning of the United Nations Charter but it is of necessity a holding operation. There is incongruity in having the United Nations administer a rehabilitation program in countries which are critical of UNRWA but which at the same time would be unwilling to take over the program if UNRWA disappeared.

Even if the Arab states were willing, their economic position would forbid it. The worst case is in the Gaza strip, where 200,000 refugees are crowded on 3 per cent of the land they formerly owned, living on charity and surrounded by the pastures which, so far as they are concerned, are still theirs. So they raid, sometimes genuinely in search of grazing ground or food. Israel retaliates, and the bad relations existing between Arab and Jew grow worse.

With the increase in tension the tacit understandings which have grown up over the years, whereby some of the hardships of living on the line were relieved and access was allowed to wells, fields, gardens, and schools, are now being jeopardized by military

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affrays which help no one and only serve to push peace further away. There are extremists on both sides who believe that these incidents serve their cause; and any attempt to re-define the ludicrous line would be fruitless.

Jordan, Syria, and Lebanon have started many projects to give employment to refugees. But however useful the smaller projects may be, they do not have a great effect on the overall problem. Cost and other factors indicate that large projects are needed and that availability of land and water must be definitely assured if in the next decade work is going to be found for the majority.

The need for green land

About 5000 refugees went to Iraq during and immediately after the Palestine conflict, and the Agency, in seeking employment opportunities for those who continue to migrate there (some 600 a month), has sponsored a loan program to establish new enterprises or expand existing ones. If Iraq's development goes according to plan, it will by 1975 bring a very big area of land into cultivation and need

a great many workers, but Iraq has many problems and must not risk political instability by accepting many more refugees.

The Arabs are good farmers and well accustomed to coaxing yields from barren lands. For the present, the best hope is the successful inception of two great schemes for turning the wilderness into green land. These are the Yarmuk-Jordan Valley development scheme, the political complications of which are in the capable hands of Eric Johnston, and the Sinai Desert project, which is now the subject of discussion between Egypt, the Sudan, and UNRWA.

In the former it is planned to use the waters of the Yarmuk and Jordan rivers to irrigate parts of the Jordan Valley and provide a livelihood for some 100,000 to 150,000 refugees. The construction of dams, canals, and other works would give direct employment to up to 12,000 persons for several years.

The idea of the Sinai Desert project is to siphon water from the Nile underneath the Suez Canal and make

arable a large area of desert land on the eastern side. It is estimated that the land thus irrigated could support some 50,000 refugees from the unhappy community which festers at Gaza, that water could be delivered in the second year after beginning construction, and that the first workers could be settled in the following year. One engineer drew a comparison with the Imperial Valley in California, in which conditions were not more favorable than in Sinai but which is now supporting a dense agricultural community.

By 1975, chiefly by irrigation, Iraq, Egypt, Syria, Lebanon, and Jordan hope they will have increased their total area of crop land by 58 per cent over the 1953 level. For this, dams, canals, roads, and electric power plants will be needed, and also farmers to cultivate the land, and skilled workers for the new industries which will utilize the agricultural production. One solution lies in training the young.

Facing the facts

For the middle-aged and the old, the refugee problem cannot be solved outside the context of the general problem that gave rise to it — the stabilization of relations between the Arabs and Israel — and there will be no political or economic stability in the Middle East until the countries concerned use their political wisdom to recognize the nature, the magnitude, and the gravity of the problem which confronts them.

The West also has to face the facts. No Middle Eastern country, with the possible exception of Iraq, can absorb additional refugees without causing severe economic dislocation with consequent political instability which the Kremlin would do its best to aggravate. Without aid, insolvent Israel cannot pay compensation or allow full repatriation. Without the security of various guarantees and pacts between Israel, the Arab countries, and the West, the Western objective of protecting vital oil supplies and of promoting political and economic stability in strategic areas on the Soviet periphery would be a pipe dream.

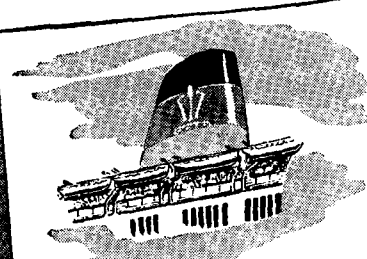
The eventual solution of the refugee problem lies in a continual strengthening of the economies of the Arab countries concerned, and in a determined effort on the part of both Arabs and Jews to reach a compromise.

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Austria

THE exuberant cheer from the government benches which greeted the Austrian State Treaty produced only a soft echo among the masses, even in the beginning. But by now the administration leaders, too, have adopted a more sober attitude, acknowledging that Austria's newly found freedom has raised new responsibilities.

The situation can be illustrated by a little episode that occurred in Moscow as the Soviet and Austrian delegations were completing the drafting of the new State Treaty. Nikita Khrushchev turned to the Austrian Chancellor, Julius Raab, and said: "During the past few days, we have come to know you, Mr. Raab, as an honest, forthright man. I shall give you a good advice: follow my example and become a Communist. . . . But if I am absolutely unable to persuade you, for God's sake, stay what you are. We shall not interfere. We know conditions in Austria. We shall let the Austrian people live the way they want."

The bargain — officially admitted in Party publications — is to buy Austrian neutrality with Russian noninterference. But no one can tell how long the deal will satisfy Moscow; nor can anyone deny that such neutrality is a path as difficult to walk as a tightrope.

What the Austrians want is to be another Switzerland. Unfortunately, big-power acceptance of Switzerland as a neutral is not the only reason that she has built up her proverbial wealth and stayed out of war. Hitler might have invaded Switzerland had it not been for her protective mountains and the ancient tradition that every Swiss man keeps his rifle and uniform at home, and is trained and ready to defend his country as a citizen-in-arms. But Austria has no such tradition. Neither does she have the economic position which the Swiss have acquired over a period of six hundred years. Nor are Austria's mountains a bulwark; they happen to be on the wrong side, in the west and south facing Italy and Switzerland, while her borders with Czechoslovakia and Hungary are wide open.

Thus Austria can remain "neutral *against* Russia," so to speak. But she cannot help leaning to-

ward the non-Communist world of the West on which she depends politically, culturally, scientifically, and economically — especially in the tourist business, her biggest industry.

Coalition government

If there were any doubts about Austria's attitude, they would have been dispelled quickly when, one week after the Moscow conference and the speeches about gratitude for Russia's concessions in the State Treaty, the Communists lost nearly a third of their votes in the Austrian communal elections.

For the past decade Austria has had a coalition government of the two dominant parties, the Austrian People's Party (mostly Catholic, center to right) and the Socialists. Respectively, they hold 74 and 73 of the seats in Parliament. The Communists have four deputies; the dwindling League of Independents, a disunited, drifting group with fuzzy pro-Nazi tendencies, has fourteen. Conceivably they could form a Cabinet with either of the large parties and wield much more influence than their numbers would justify. But they have not yet done so. This is the more noteworthy since Catholics and Socialists have always bitterly opposed each other.

It took a lot of prodding to make the two parties form the present coalition under Allied occupation. But they have never stopped attacking their coalition partners in speeches and newspaper editorials.

One major force holding this strange coalition together was the necessity of a national front against the occupying powers. The State Treaty has removed this motive. Some people think that a definite break is only a matter of months and will come after the next election in 1957 at the latest. Others believe that the leaders will be willing to coöperate and that occasional outbursts in the press or on the platform are merely part of the show that is needed to keep the lower ranks in line.

But regardless of whether the coalition stays together or falls apart, regardless of whether Austria should veer a little more toward the right or left in a new election, two problems can be discarded

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for all practical purposes: Nazism and the traditional longing for a merger with Germany.

Anti-German Austrians

For centuries, under the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, German-speaking Austrians were outnumbered several times over by the other nationalities of the empire: Czechs, Italians, Slovenes, Hungarians, Poles, and others. In 1918, the monarchy collapsed and the 6 million Austrians were wedged in among newly formed non-German states. Economic, political, and cultural interests gave the union-with-Germany idea a tremendous boost. Hitler capitalized on it, but the magic of the slogan was by no means confined to the right; it was also quite strong among Socialists.

After the *Anschluss* of 1938 the awakening was rude. Austrians — and many fanatic Nazis among them — discovered that they and the Germans were two nations divided by a common language. They did not like the idea of being ruled from Berlin any more than the British would like to be ruled from Washington or the Americans from London.

There was no way of revolting against the totalitarian regime, and the protest took odd forms. Austrians who at first had worn leather shorts and white stockings as a symbol of the Nazi back-to-the-soil policy began to wear those Alpine garments and the Tyrolean felt hat with three green cords as badges of Austrian patriotism. Though the Nazi regime vanished in 1945, this rustic form of dress has survived, and is no longer a form of affectation.

Language is another example of Austrian provincialism. The difference between the German spoken in Austria and in Germany used to be similar to the difference between the English of London and New York. As a protest against the Berlin regime, Viennese turned into a very heavy slang. Today, it is rare indeed to hear anything else.

A not so gay Vienna

One serious consequence of war and post-war difficulties has been Vienna's isolation. In the days of the monarchy and even of the republic the city used to attract many intellectuals from neighboring countries. Some came for frequent visits; many more

settled down. First Nazism, then war, and finally the Iron Curtain have stemmed the flow. Instead of the elite from a half dozen nations, Vienna now attracts only what her own provinces can contribute to the cultural life of the capital. Music still flourishes, and the theaters, too, have suffered comparatively little, but the universities are only now regaining inch by inch the miles they lost during the war.

Two typical Viennese "institutions" are among the casualties of the upheavals which have shaken this country in the past twenty years. Every Sunday before the war, the streetcars carried hundreds of youngsters with rucksacks to the outskirts for a hike in the Vienna woods. Today, only a small band of diehards, most of whom are in their forties and fifties, still hike. Hiking has completely lost its attraction for the younger generation. Those who can afford it race their motorcycles over dusty country roads; the rest stay in the city.

The other casualty of the new social pattern is the age-old Viennese coffeehouse. One used to go there morning or afternoon, order a cup of coffee and a roll, consume gallons of water, and sit for hours reading local and out-of-town newspapers. It was hard to find a vacant table. Today, many coffeehouses have disappeared; those that still survive are practically empty. Instead there are now dozens of so-called "espresso," small modern coffee shops, with no papers to read. People drop in, have a quick coffee or tonic, and hurry on.

People in Vienna now have no time to idle. They are busy. Everybody works — men, women, and many youngsters from the age of 15 up. Prices are high and wages are low. Therefore in most households husband and wife both have jobs, but the birth rate has taken a nose dive, but living standards have gone up. The improvement, however, is only relative; the standard of living in Austria is still the third lowest in Western Europe, ahead only of Spain and Italy.

High prices and low wages

Window-shopping through Vienna, one will hardly see a ready-made man's suit for less than 1000 schillings or \$40. But the tailor who makes it receives 6½ schillings, or 26 cents an hour. In a 48-hour week, he earns

one third of the price of that suit, a little over \$12.

Other prices are equally high when compared with wages. Shoes, shirts, hats, socks, radios, and furniture cost roughly the same as in the United States; some are even higher. To mention one: a refrigerator of anything but outstanding quality sells for about \$600. That tailor or any other skilled worker or employee of the middle bracket would have to put down his total wages for an entire year to buy the refrigerator.

This problem of the wide gap between wages and prices is not exclusively an Austrian headache. It is one of the burning questions to which most European nations will have to find an answer. For one thing, European businessmen in general and Austrian employers in particular don't think of their employees as consumers. The producer adds a considerable profit before selling his product to the retailer who in turn will not be satisfied with less than 60 to 80 per cent profit. Very often there is also a middleman who buys from the manufacturer and sells to the retailer. Naturally he too adds a sizable amount to the price.

But excessive profits alone are not the only cause of the wide gap between wages and prices. Another major reason is high production cost explained by low productivity. Many industrialists who have tried mass production and modern machines and techniques have done very well. But the bulk of Austrian manufacturers insist on their traditional expensive ways of production and small shops which make rationalization and assembly lines impossible.

The consumer pays the price for the outdated system of production. But it would be a mistake to say that he objects to it very strongly. The small plants of the craftsmen are also part of the social and cultural pattern. Even the people of the lower middle class consider it a matter of pride to have their suits made to order despite the fact that it may cost a month's salary. They go without a lot of other things, in order to be able to afford this luxury.

On the other hand, the industrial revolution is slowly but definitely inching ahead in Europe in general,

and in Austria particularly. Gentle American pressure has been most important during the decade of occupation, and the patient, persistent work of the FOA mission (now ICA) has made a contribution which will show in Austria's economic and social life in the next decade or two.

The Russian plants

The end of the occupation brings up the politically as well as economically difficult question of what to do about the plants and stores which the Russians took over in 1945 as war booty. There are 296 such plants, with a total of 63,000 employees. These factories comprise one third of all Austrian steel mills and practically all the oil industry. For the last ten years they have been operated not as part of the Austrian but as part of the Soviet economy. They have paid no duties for exports or imports, nor taxes on profits. Their output has gone either to Russia or to the Russian satellites, being exchanged on a barter principle.

The condition of the plants is poor, and they lack raw material stocks, fuel, and capital. It has been esti-

mated that about half a billion dollars will be needed in new capital to replace worn-out machinery, a colossal amount of money in Austria.

On the other hand, closing these plants would not only eliminate a vital part of Austrian productive capacity; it would throw their employees out of work. As it is, the withdrawal of the Allied Forces will cost some 30,000 people now in Russian, British, French, or American employment their jobs. Austria cannot afford to add to them another 63,000 unemployed. If these and their families were deprived of their livelihood, several hundred thousands out of a total population of less than 7 million would be without means of support.

These are just a few headaches which have come with the country's new-found freedom. But Austrians in general are merry pessimists. They see a lot of clouds on the horizon and are worried. But they have gained much determination in the past seventeen years. They have learned to be content with every gain and to take new hurdles in their stride.

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LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

"Greece Today"

SIR:

I read and studied with great interest your supplement, "Greece Today," in the June *Atlantic*.

It is with deep appreciation that I write to congratulate you. As a regular reader of your magazine for many years past, I am indeed once again grateful for the service you are rendering in fostering international understanding and good will.

You are no doubt aware of the close ties of friendship between Greece and Turkey as evolved in the late years. Turkey has done and is still doing her level best to bring about understanding and friendship in the area of the Middle East. What is actually going on in Turkey today is a breath-taking effort to serve not only the Turks, but also our neighbors.

NUZHET BABA
Office of the Turkish Press Attaché
Washington, D.C.

SIR:

Sincere congratulations for your "Perspective of Greece."

A minor observation. In the Introduction by Lincoln MacVeagh, former Ambassador to Greece, there is a sentence which reads as follows:—

"She [Greece] has been invaded and conquered, in whole or in part, by foreigners of almost every description, among others by Persians, Macedonians, Romans. . . ."

No one would contest, of course, the fact that the Persians or the Romans were "foreigners," but it will be difficult to include the Macedonians of Alexander the Great among those foreigners. In all the ancient writings that I know, Alexander and

his Macedonians are considered members of the Greek race, no less Greek than the Athenians or the Spartans. In no instance did Alexander express the assumption that he intended to "conquer" the Greeks; his avowed purpose was to "unify" the Greeks and lead them against the Persians.

DIMITRIOS G. KOUSOULAS
Washington, D.C.

SIR:

I am interested to see how large and variegated the *Atlantic* has become since I remember it in the past. You are certainly throwing light on modern Greece from a great many sources.

GILBERT MURRAY
Oxford, England

"The New Piety"

SIR:

Although as a Congregationalist my theology differs from that of Unitarian Reverend Harry C. Meserve, author of "The New Piety," in the June *Atlantic*, I feel that his examination of the strengths and weaknesses of three current emphases of popular religion — peace of mind, patriotism, and emotional shock treatment — deserves high praise.

As between the conflicting claims of extreme protagonists of personal salvation and the social gospel, I have always believed that the truth lies in a balanced view which recognizes the legitimate values of both philosophies. Common sense would indicate that we cannot build a better world without better people, and that the surest formula for improving individual character is the one which is grounded in responsibility to and communion with

God. There can be no genuine regeneration of society which does not involve the elimination or alleviation of ancient social wrongs, such as race prejudice, poverty, and war.

In the struggle to end the curses of war and man's inhumanity to man, persons of every faith, every race, every nationality may find common cause. True religion, be it called Christian, Moslem, Buddhist, Judaist, or what not, must inevitably move the soul of the sincere seeker toward the spirit of brotherhood. In this concept is a genuine antidote to the poison of totalitarianism, both Communist and Fascist. Those who sincerely seek a faith adequate to the demands and perils of our time will not neglect the inner man, which must today as ever find its peace in God. However, just as surely, finding a peace in God, they will not rest content until the religiously motivated ideals of justice, mercy, and peace have found practical application in the everyday world.

PALMER VAN GUNDY
Santa Monica, Calif.

SIR:

Probably by accident, Reverend Harry C. Meserve tended to equate the acceptance of a "supernatural scheme of salvation" with emotional unreason. In all fairness it should be pointed out that the Christian church continues to offer not good advice for introspection, but the good news of the Incarnation. And many intelligent and rational people, faced with the evidence of the New Testament record, are convinced that "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself."

Perhaps a clearer distinction be-

tween sheer emotionalism and acceptance of the salvation offered by Jesus Christ could be drawn by such men as Reinhold Niebuhr, Henry Van Dusen, or John Mackay.

D. M. RAYMENT
San Francisco, Calif.

"Owen Wister's West"

SIR:

Fanny Kemble Wister's "Owen Wister's West," in the May *Atlantic*, has given me pleasure and delight. Miss Wister edits these journals so skillfully that the text breathes the verve and buoyancy of her father's reportorial genius.

Seven years ago I was fortunate in being able to buy the old Metcalf House, a cottage long occupied by Owen Wister and his family during summers in Saundertown, Rhode Island. It stands starkly white on a green slope overlooking the West Passage in Narragansett Bay. My village informants tell me the old house knew great days when Owen Wister welcomed his good friend Theodore Roosevelt here for dinner. Later on Wister bought "Crowfields" to the north of us in Saundertown. Think of the good talk and wit these old walls have heard!

As I write, there is a cold northeaster blowing upon this sturdy house from the sea, and in my mind's eye and ear the wind carries the exquisite music of Owen Wister playing Liszt's *Études de Concert*.

JANE DEWOLF DENCH
Saundertown, R.I.

"Home from the Sea"

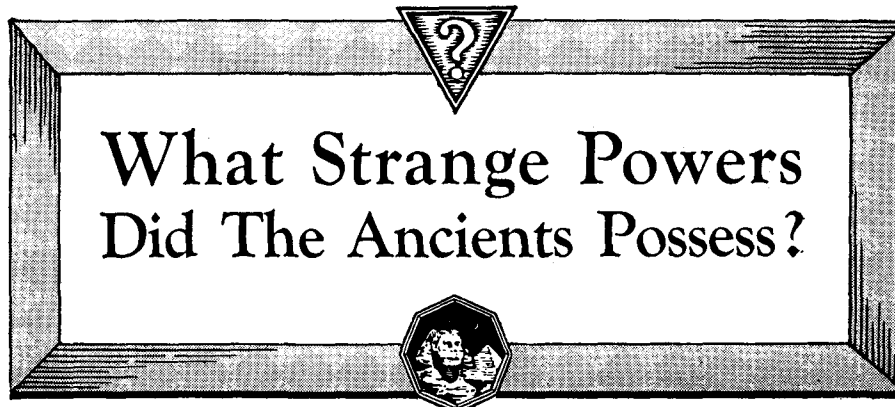
SIR:

For some readers of the June *Atlantic* Kenneth Roberts' "Home from the Sea" may seem to create a mystery as to how cows chew their cud.

Cows do not need upper teeth, even for biting off succulent herbage on pasture; during the course of evolution they have lost them. But for grinding their regurgitated fibrous food, cows need an adequate apparatus; this they have in the form of back teeth both upper and lower.

If the captain who knew that cows "was always chewing" had peered a little further into cows' mouths, it would have meant money in his pocket and perhaps a commensurate gain in understanding of nature for himself, his companions, and some *Atlantic* readers.

ALEXANDER LINCOLN, JR.
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EVERY important discovery relating to mind power, sound thinking and cause and effect, as applied to self-advancement, was known centuries ago, before the masses could read and write.

Much has been written about the wise men of old. A popular fallacy has it that their secrets of personal power and successful living were lost to the world. Knowledge of nature's laws, accumulated through the ages, is never lost. At times the great truths possessed by the sages were hidden from unscrupulous men in high places, but never destroyed.

Why Were Their Secrets Closely Guarded?

Only recently, as time is measured; not more than twenty generations ago, less than 1/100th of 1% of the earth's people were thought capable of receiving basic knowledge about the laws of life, for it is an elementary truism that knowledge is power and that power cannot be entrusted to the ignorant and the unworthy.

Wisdom is not readily attainable by the general public; nor recognized when right within reach. The average person absorbs a multitude of details about things, but goes through life without ever knowing where and how to acquire mastery of the fundamentals of the inner mind—that mysterious silent something which "whispers" to you from within.

Fundamental Laws of Nature

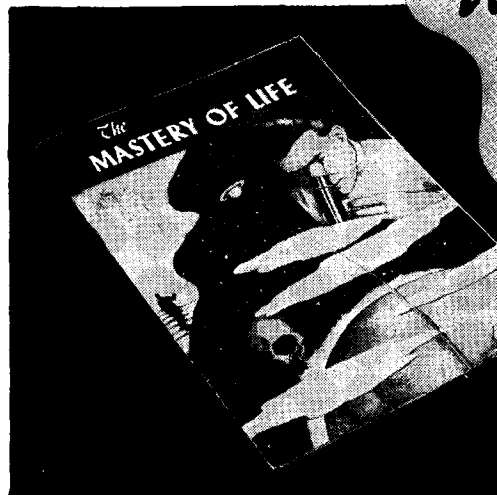
Your habits, accomplishments and weaknesses are the effects of causes. Your thoughts and actions are governed by fundamental laws. Example: The law of compensation is as fundamental

as the laws of breathing, eating and sleeping. All fixed laws of nature are as fascinating to study as they are vital to understand for success in life.

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The 1956 Atlantic

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THE ATLANTIC NON-FICTION CONTEST for 1956

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*An Irish playwright who scored his initial success with the Abbey Theatre and whose unforgettable play, *The Moon in the Yellow River*, was a hit in London and Dublin, DENIS JOHNSTON served during the war as a BBC correspondent in the field. He reached the front at the time Rommel had the British Army on the run; he worked in the desert, then in Italy, finally with the Americans in Germany, and out of his experiences has come a unique, powerfully written book, *Nine Rivers from Jordan*. One cannot classify it, for it is autobiography, adventure, parody, mysticism, and farce. It will be published this month under the Atlantic-Little, Brown imprint; and from it we have drawn the arresting episode which follows.*

THE IVORY DESERT

by DENIS JOHNSTON

I AM a radio war reporter sent out by the British Broadcasting Corporation to take the place of Edward Ward, one of their correspondents in the desert, taken prisoner earlier in the year. It is my first job of this kind, and I have not been in the Middle East long enough to get over my initial surprise. In fact, I have not yet fully unpacked, because everybody in Cairo is busily doing the opposite.

I had imagined that I was going to be entrusted with some pretty serious work out here. Knowing what was wanted under our system of free and objective reporting, I was not going to concern myself with propaganda. I was going to describe soberly and sensibly exactly what I saw, and give the people at home the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, whether happy or unfavorable.

It appears, however, that the greater part of our tank force has recently been scuppered in the neighborhood of an empty barrel in the desert dignified by the name of Knightsbridge, and that our Cairo office is arranging to remove itself to Jerusalem, and from thence — should occasion arise — into the interior of Mesopotamia. Meanwhile, I am told it is imperative that I do no broadcasting at all. The situation is much too difficult for a newcomer, and although I am welcome to the entire coverage of the

desert field force if I choose to take it, I needn't think that I can make use of anybody else's transport.

Our office itself would arouse some surprise in Portland Place, London. Its location, the Sharia Gameh Sharkas, is not much of a thoroughfare. Its neat white mosque is the best thing about it. The rest is given up to small Arab shops and restaurants, in front of which the native public sits, dressed in tarbooshes, striped nightshirts, and boots. The local radio program is wafted loudly on the sultry air at most hours of the day, crooning its rhythms on three or four notes and quarter tones. A shaggy and extremely cynical-looking goat is usually tethered to a tree outside the block of flats in which our premises are housed.

The entrance hall has broken camp beds and mattresses in every corner, on which the descendants of the Pharaohs lie asleep all day, as though awaiting the kiss of some eccentric fairy prince. They are of various sizes and ages, but of approximately equal dirt. Most of them have scabs that are attractive to flies, and all of them seem supremely contented.

There is a lift that remains permanently fixed between the first and second floors, so that you have to go up by the unlit staircase, falling over the sacks and bundles that have been left there temporarily

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by the sleepers. Then, passing a cave of Ali Baba on the first floor, you reach a mysterious medical man's apartment on the second. The story is current that he is the city agent for an expensive lunatic asylum, and those seen going in and out lend color to this theory.

On the third floor comes the BBC, and above this we never penetrate. All I can say is that as you sit at your desk pondering over the problems of war reporting, American visitors look in from time to time and present you with a visiting card that reads:—

*Mademoiselle Fifi
Hostess and Social Activities*

On receipt of this card you say nothing, but silently point upward. And the callers nod and steal away and are never seen again.

I have spent very little time in this office during the few days that I have been in Cairo, as there are bugs in the arms of the wicker chairs that bite one's bare elbows, and the only secretary—a very pretty girl called Lallah—goes off every day about noon and is usually not seen again until a quarter to four. This period is what is known as the "hour of the siesta," and it includes the time of the radio link to London when our dispatches come red hot from the typewriters. So it was easier for me to do my own typing in the pressroom, and to leave our office entirely to the crates of engineering spare parts that encumber the floor space.

This Cairo siesta is an unshakable institution, and it is not in any way affected by the fact that two Panzer divisions are now trundling straight for the Nile. Even the offices of Middle East General Headquarters are wrapped in slumber during the hotter hours of the day, and no urgency in the military situation has altered this rule.

After all, the situation isn't really anybody's fault, and there is very little that can be done about it. After all, what could the chaps be expected to do with those little two-pounder antitank guns that fire a silly shell that simply bounces off a Mark IV at five hundred yards' range? I mean, it's simply murder, old man. As for those ex-cavalry officers whose only idea of armored warfare is "Whip up the brutes and charge"—why the Hun simply laughs at us. Laughs at us! I mean it's nothing short of suicide, old boy, to expect tanks to go forward until the sappers have cleaned up those bloody mine fields. Just see what happened at Knightsbridge, where we lost the whole damn lot in one afternoon. On the other hand, how can the infantry be expected to do anything without proper support from the armor? And the blasted tanks simply refuse to move! After all, look what has happened at Tobruk. I mean it's just exactly what I prophesied, old man, only nobody would listen.

In brief the trouble seems to be due to three clearly defined causes: 1) slackness and lack of un-

derstanding on the part of the people at home, 2) panic and lack of initiative on the part of the high command, and 3) too many "optimistic amateurs" among the rank and file. On the door of the Press Censors' Office in the Immobilia Building hangs a notice:—

THE TROUBLE ABOUT RUNNING THIS WAR IS THAT
THERE ARE TOO MANY POLITICIANS WHO THINK
THEY ARE GENERALS AND TOO MANY GENERALS
WHO THINK THEY ARE POLITICIANS AND TOO
MANY JOURNALISTS WHO THINK THEY ARE BOTH.

So probably it is actually my fault.

But the most memorable moment of all came at that press conference when it was finally decided to admit frankly that everything is not quite as it should be at the front—in fact that the Army is in full retreat, and that nobody knows where it will stop! Picture the packed room in the Immobilia—the trestle tables laden with typewriters and old communiqués—the map-covered wall behind the dais from which the military spokesman releases the morning's news. It is Colonel Phillpotts, Assistant Director of Public Relations, and he stands there facing the correspondents—their pencils poised above their pads, their runners waiting at their elbows to hasten the news to the censors.

Developments in the battle have resulted in certain areas losing their former tactical importance. Accordingly, the garrison of Knightsbridge has assumed a mobile role.

This sally was received with such a hearty roar of laughter that the colonel thought again, and finally deleted it from the communiqué. There is a limit, even to official understatement!

2

IT WAS from this welter of bored indifference, confusion, and buck-passing that I set forth on what looks to be my first and only visit to Rommel's desert. There were four other correspondents in the party. Close behind us, as we took the desert road for the Wadi el Natrun, came an elderly American general and his personal driver in a jeep. He, too, was going to see the sights—the vanguard of Columbia's might, hastening to our aid.

My breast was filled with the delightful apprehension that I used to experience when, as a small boy of five or six, I was taken in a horse tram to see my earliest pantomimes. There were monsters and demons ahead of us in the depths of this stony, sandy waste, toward which an endless line of telegraph poles was leading us.

How can one describe the retreat of a modern army?—the roaring, rattling caterpillar of battered trucks and dirty men; the great transporters shouldering broken-down tanks, the RAF recovery lorries towing wrecked aircraft, the field kitchens

and the ambulances, the mobile junk shops and the mass of indeterminate machinery churning the dust and spewing out petrol fumes, entangled in traffic blocks and then grinding onward once again.

Tractors and bulldozers; wrecks and runners; staff cars and clattering machine-gun carriers; armored control vehicles and map lorries; trucks breaking off from the column and bumping violently across the margins of sand and scrub, followed by long trails of brown dust; trucks lining up in the staging areas or queuing for petrol; trucks in their tens and in their hundreds and in their thousands clanging and roaring their way eastward with a ceaseless hammering of steel on steel, or dispersed in open flocks among the sand hills and across the desert to the south as far as the eye could reach.

The dust rose behind our own machine in a billowing fog that was sucked into the rear, and covered every piece of kit and gear with a layer of sand. Our eyes smarted beneath our rubber goggles, and with each mile our faces got browner and browner.

Military Police notices appeared at intervals — some serious, some semi-facetious: —

KEEP OFF THE SOFT SHOULDERS
IT SLOWS OUR BLITZ TO ARRIVE IN BITS
WHO'S YOUR HITCHHIKER?

"It's all right, old boy," one of the veterans said. "You won't really have to report it. To begin with, there won't be any means of getting the copy back. Everything will have gone to hell. And even if you could get it back, whatever you tried to say would be killed by the censors. So why worry?"

Why worry? But this was terrific stuff. I watched the men of the retreating army as they drove past in the opposite direction. Most of them were dirty and tired, and yet the impression that I had first got at Cairo still held good. They were not looking particularly distressed — only bored.

In the gateway of a nearby ordnance depot, the captain in charge chewed a sprig of coarse grass as he surveyed the busy scene. Through one entrance, a steady flow of damaged transport was coming into the repair shops, while at the other end reconditioned vehicles were going back on the road again. His face assumed a philosophic cast. "You know," he said, "sometimes I'm quite sorry for old Gerry. He tries so hard. He really deserves to win, doesn't he?"

Somebody was inquiring at a small tent marked *Information*, "Have you any idea where the forward press camp is?"

"Haven't the foggiest, old boy. Everything's on the move. We call it the Gazala Stakes."

"Do you know if there is a forward press camp?"

"We don't know anything, old chap. But if you see a sign like a flying arsehole, it'll probably be somewhere around there."

"Thanks very much."

A few miles on, we drew up beside a furious little

major in a red forage cap. He was pulling up a board from the side of the road that bore the picture of an eye and the initials PR. A fly whisk was attached to his wrist, and by his side stood an earnest orderly with powerful spectacles, holding in his hand a mug of deep brown tea.

"Excuse me, is that a flying arsehole on that board?"

The major turned and surveyed us with unconcealed distaste. "Ah, some correspondents! Well, there's no use bothering me for information. All the lines are out and somebody's been jamming the wireless. I don't even know where Main Army is."

"Any other correspondents around?"

"There's a couple of parties still forward. But we haven't seen them for some days. Well, since you're here, you'd better have a cup of tea. Private Bailey, give them some tea."

The orderly extended the deep brown beverage, and in it a deep brown thumb.

"Have you seen the BBC recording truck anywhere? I'm supposed to join it."

"George Ely is around with that engineer fellow, but you'll never find them today. Better follow me back to Maryut. They'll probably turn up there eventually, and we can try and find where Main Army is in the morning."

There are some wireless masts beside a railway line behind Burg el Arab, and it was here that we dosed down for our first night in the desert, very tired, very dry, and caked with dust. George Henry Wellington Loftus, Marquess of Ely, the BBC's conducting officer, and Skipper Arnell, the recording engineer, came out of the darkness with two small trucks, and lent me a bedroll and a piece of soap, for I was quite innocent of any camping equipment.

At about one in the morning there was a little rifle shooting in the neighborhood, and a certain amount of running around and getting into slit trenches. It might have been the Wogs trying to raid for arms, but as always with night shooting, nobody knew what it was. More easy to define were the bombers that kept passing over all through the night. I lay awake under my blanket staring up at the stars and wondering, as each throb-throb-throb approached, whether it was going to pass directly overhead, and if so, whether it could see me there.

To begin with, one imagines that one is much more important than one really is. It takes a night or two to realize that even if they could see you, the Heinkels are after bigger game than a few trucks dispersed among the scrub, and a few men lying around in bedrolls. The desert is wide, and there is a deep security in its vastness.

3

I SET forth this morning with Ely, Skipper, and their two trucks, switchbacking crazily along the

coast road, while the Gazala Stakes continued in the opposite direction. Sometimes we got an ironic cheer from a passing vehicle, and after puzzling over this, I realized that it was caused by the letters BBC painted on the side of the recording truck. For some reason, our encouraging presence did not seem to be taken very seriously by the troops.

Beyond El Imayid the road continues to undulate along its escarpment for a matter of ten miles or more. Then a couple of small salt-water lakes appear between the road and the sea, and the highway mounts into a group of hummocks covered with scrub and surrounded by a tangle of barbed wire. Ahead of us lay a small level plain bounded by another group of snow-white dunes farther west. The thinning eastbound traffic had now vanished altogether, and we were alone on the road, gazing across at the gun flashes that seemed to come from nowhere. Close beside us, a grim-looking pillbox was half buried in the sand, and the edge of a mine field was marked by a few fluttering patches of white cloth strung on a strand of wire.

"Uh-huh," said the marquess laconically. "It looks as if something's up."

He got out his field glasses and started to scan the desert to our left. It was dotted with wrecked vehicles.

"Those are just hulks," I said.

"You never can be certain," he replied with a slight smile.

About half a mile away I could see the line of the railway with a string of flatcars standing forlornly near what appeared to be some station buildings. Skipper was watching the sky intently.

"Around sunset is their favorite time for coming over," he explained.

"Where are we now?" I asked.

"In the Box," came the cryptic answer.

"Let's take a run down to the station and find out the form," said George, putting away his glasses with an air of finality.

We got back into our trucks and turned off to the left at a crossroads. Presently we drew up by the empty sidings. There was a sort of goods yard, and a compound surrounded by barbed wire on a line of crazy poles. Behind the station buildings stood a row of battered shacks with their doors hanging open. The whole place was littered with empty barrels and broken crates, and everywhere the brickwork was chipped and pockmarked by machine-gun bullets. The entire neighborhood seemed to be completely deserted, and as I mounted the platform, I read on the front of the building the name of the place: *Alamein*.

A small railway station set in the midst of some hundreds of miles of nothing whatsoever — that is all there is at Alamein. What it is there for and who uses it in peacetime, nobody can say. There was nothing to be seen there, and nothing to be done, so we got back into our trucks and headed for the

white sand hills down by the sea on the farther side of the road. They shone with a dazzling brightness in the setting sun, and I now knew why they had camouflaged my helmet a cream color before I had set out from Cairo.

In the soft sand beyond the salt lakes, the two trucks stuck fast. And then began the usual boring and burrowing, the usual digging and hauling that is the daily lot in the desert of anybody who strays from the beaten track (and sometimes of those who stay on it).

As soon as one truck was clear, George Ely and I left the other and walked across to a line of dugouts in which we were told we would find the South African Divisional Headquarters. It seemed possible that here we might get an idea of what was going on.

We did. Inside one of the dugouts, the divisional commander, a certain Dan Pienaar, was on the phone to the Air Force. It was my first interview with a senior officer in the field, and the circumstances seemed to me to be dramatic in the extreme.

"You ought to be able to do better than that," he was saying in a heavy Afrikaans accent. "If you've got to bomb my trucks, you might at least hit them. But you missed every bloody one."

There was evidently some trouble, and an agitated staff officer hurried forward to expel us from the dugout. But the general, with a flap of his hand, waved us to a couple of chairs.

"Who's talking about the Tenth Hussars?" Dan went on. "I hear you bombed them four nights ago for four hours. I suppose you'll say they never gave you the recognition signal?"

"But they *didn't* give the recognition signal, sir," the staff officer whispered in the general's ear. "Nobody knew what it was."

Then, turning to us with the face of a martyr, he added, "He's not being *fair* to the Air Force."

"Okay," said Dan magnanimously. "Forget the Tenth Hussars. That still doesn't explain why we were shelled from the rear yesterday."

We could hear an indignant voice yapping in reply.

"See here," he continued. "My father fought the British in the Transvaal, and all I want to know is what side I'm supposed to be on now. Because if I'm on Rommel's, say so, and I'll turn round and have him in Alexandria within twelve hours. Just work it out, and let me know as soon as you've decided."

He replaced the receiver and turned to us.

"This is a new correspondent, sir," said the marquess.

For a moment the general's face was distorted with fury, and then he recomposed himself. "Ah, so you're a war correspondent! Well, I haven't much time to read the newspapers, but so far as I can judge, some people are very misinformed about this war."

"I'm not really a newspaperman, General," I said. "I work for the BBC."

This was a mistake that I shall never make again.

"Oh! Then you're just the fellow I want to see. What the hell did you mean by saying that we had air cover back at Gazala?"

"Well, sir, I really don't know . . ."

"I heard it myself on the radio. The sky was full of planes, I agree, but not one of them was ours. Is that what you mean by 'air cover'?"

"This is not the correspondent who was at Gazala, sir," George interposed hastily.

But the general paid little attention. "I'm not blaming anybody in particular. All I'm saying is that when the men hear that sort of thing it makes them very annoyed with the BBC. And judging by what they tell me Churchill has been saying in America, he must be very misinformed too."

"In what way, General?" I asked, in some doubt as to the wisdom of my question.

"He says he doesn't know why Tobruk was lost. Everybody here knows perfectly well it was lost because certain people couldn't make up their minds whether it was to be held or not. So Rommel made them up for them. You can't blame the men for doing nothing when they know they're being buggered about. Can you?"

"I suppose not," I replied, my pencil still poised over my virgin pad. "However," I continued, "Mr. Churchill did go on to say that he was quite certain that Rommel could be kept out of Egypt."

"Yes, I heard that too; but I don't know what he supposes we're going to keep him out with. I've got no artillery and no armor. For weeks I've been asking to have my transport repaired, but now they tell me I shall have to indent for it through the proper channels. They say they have no more vehicles to give me, and yet I can't move on the blasted road for traffic piled up with all sorts of rubbish."

I coughed rather nervously. One's first interview with a commander in the field is an event of considerable importance in the life of a war reporter, particularly when the commander is engaged in consolidating the last ditch. Yet I could hardly see myself getting away with any of this in a press message.

OUR REPORTER, SPEAKING FROM THE ALAMEIN BOX, QUOTES GENERAL PIENAAR AS STATING THAT THE LINE CANNOT POSSIBLY BE HELD AND THAT THE PRIME MINISTER IN WASHINGTON IS TALKING BALLS.

"Well, General," I said after a pause for reflection, "maybe you could say something about the men?"

This is always a good opening for a general. They usually begin, "The men are splendid."

"What men?" he asked.

"The men holding the line."

"Oh, those! They're doing their best . . . what there are of them. There are my South Africans, of course. Then there are the Indians, poor fellows, God help them. And the New Zealanders . . . if they get back this far. Oh — and there's supposed to be some Free French, only I haven't seen them yet. Where everybody else is, I don't know. I often wonder. Probably getting ready for the second front."

I had hoped to get some trite, quotable tribute to an English regiment suitable for use in the Home Service. I must never forget that my first duty is to Home News. This was all right for Overseas, but Home News would regard it as a dead loss. Dan went on: "I'm sure I don't know what good the second front will be if we can't hold this one. Once they get to the Nile, where do we go then? Syria — Iran — the Caucasus as reinforcements for the Russians, I suppose."

"But, er, General . . . this line. That must be fairly strong. I understand that it was prepared some time ago, for the final defense of Egypt."

"I've just been looking over the line," he continued. "There are some very good stores and underground shelters, but as far as I can see there aren't any surface defenses. They were to come later on, probably. And there's a gap seven miles wide just south of here that I'm wondering what to do about. In any event the whole thing ought to be farther forward to the west. Once they break through here they're in the clear right away."

"Then you think it *will* break, sir?"

"Unless something more is sent up to me damn quick, it certainly will. I can't hold the line with what I've got now."

"Then that means the retreat goes on?"

"No, sir. Not so far as I'm concerned. I've retreated far enough, and here I stop whether we hold the damn thing or not."

4

I SHALL remember this night all the days of my life. As the sun went down over Alamein, the full moon came up behind us with neat precision, as if in the opposite scale of a balance.

The evening was full of sound . . . and then somebody turned on the wireless in one of the trucks.

The Voice of Experience from Cairo was on the air in calm and reassuring tones. However fluid the situation might be, there was no cause for alarm. Severe fighting was taking place about fifteen miles west of Mersa Matruh and there was no reason to believe that Rommel had penetrated any closer to the Nile. In official circles a quiet note of confidence prevailed, although it would be foolish not to be prepared for all eventualities.

A snort of sardonic laughter caused me to look around. The radio seems to attract listeners in the

desert, like birds around a lighthouse. They come looming up out of nowhere and sit down in a silent semicircle, their pipes glowing in the dusk, their eyes fixed on the little window of light that is the dial of the receiver. I found myself looking into the face of a young Signals officer.

"We were chased out of Matruh the day before yesterday," he commented with a grin. "Good old BBC! I'd like to meet that fellow someday."

"It's not our fault if the censor holds things up," snapped Skipper, ever defensive on the subject of our employers.

"Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't realize *this* was the BBC!"

A ripple of amusement went round the group. To my horror, the voice on the wireless changed, and it was followed by my own bland and sprightly tones describing my first impressions of Cairo. The tittering grew in volume until, after a while, they ceased to listen and the conversation became general. With the merciful darkness hiding my face I prayed to God that nobody would realize it was I who was talking.

"Wonderful how well some people manage to report a war from the bar of Shepherd's."

I should have been warned before; but then, who would be qualified to warn me of what one's own voice sounds like in the battlefield, saying such things? Someday, no doubt, textbooks will be written on the subject, and I hope that on page one will be inscribed: "The only critics who matter to the war reporter are the troops among whom he has to live." Probably this should have been self-evident, but somehow, when I did that little piece about Cairo, I was thinking more of my mother and Betty than of these men here.

As the moon rose higher and we sat talking beside the trucks, the lore of the Army was passed from mouth to mouth — how the Long Range Desert Group had taken Kufra; how an adventurous German, dressed as a British redcap, had brazenly stood at a crossroads near Agedabia directing all the British soft-skinned vehicles (including a couple of generals) up a side road into the bag; how the *San Giorgio* battleship had shot down Balbo by mistake near Tobruk, and how Collishaw of the RAF had sent over one of his own planes and had dropped a wreath on the spot.

And I thought to myself as I listened to all this, how different it is from what I had expected, and at the same time, how much more exhilarating. This is the army that is defending the jugular vein of the British Empire at one of the greatest crises in its history. Yet it doesn't really seem to give a damn. On the whole it is being lazy and fairly incompetent and extremely bored — except for the colony in Cairo, which is thronging through all the available exits as fast as it can.

This doesn't seem to be quite as it should be. On the other hand, what about these men sitting

on the beach, swapping stories before they go to sleep — stories of a strangely detached and impartial kind, many of which are cracking up a relentless enemy whose two Panzer divisions are liable to cut them off before morning? It seems paradoxical, and yet there is a kind of common sense about it that is much more heart-warming than the phony heroics that good soldiers are supposed to display.

The radio is still switched on — Grieg's piano concerto is pealing out now. And as I listen to its crashing arpeggios, I suddenly feel glad to be here, and I know somehow that I have picked up good news at Alamein — although there is precious little of it I shall ever be able to use in a press dispatch.

And now, as ten o'clock approaches, somebody looks at his watch and says, "How about our bedtime song?"

Skipper fiddles with the dial of the receiver, and in a few moments there come the opening bars of an orchestra, going oom-pah, oom-pah. And then, the softly caressing voice of a woman, singing in a deep and lovely contralto: —

*Vor der Kaserne vor dem grossen Tor
Stand eine Laterne und steht sie noch davor,
So woll'n wir da uns wiedersehn,
Bei der Laterne woll'n wir steh'n
Wie einst Lili Marlene
Wie einst Lili Marlene?*

"Why can't the BBC give us something like that?"

"How's that for a nice bedroom voice?"

It is a German woman, singing both armies to their sleep. She does it every night, and there is something in this final touch that grips my overstrained emotions and wrings them like a damp rag. It is just about all that I can take, this evening. The stirring of the night wind — the beating of the sea on the beach — the distant growling of the guns — and that woman's voice.

*Aus dem stillen Raume, aus der Erde Grund
Hebt mich wie im Traume dein verliefte Mund.
Wenn sich die spaeten Nebel dreh'n,
Werd ich bei der Laterne steh'n
Wie einst Lili Marlene
Wie einst Lili Marlene.*

Maybe I might try just that one on the censor?

One by one our visitors knock out their pipes and tramp off across the sand in search of their scattered trucks. I peel off my clothes and lie down in a bedroll in the shadow of the recording truck, my pencil and notebook still by my side. For a long time I stare upward at the stars, listening as before to the throb-throb-throb of the aircraft passing overhead.

Behind us on the skyline the transport column continues to slip by — truck after truck all running eastward — a succession of purring smudges.

So long as that traffic keeps moving, the road to Alexandria must still be open behind us.

Keep running, smudges! Keep running!



August 6 of this year will mark the tenth anniversary of Hiroshima, and this seems an appropriate moment to hear from the dean of American scientists on the motivations which spur them on today. A graduate of Tufts College in the Class of 1913, VANNEVAR BUSH has the drive, the courage, and the insight which made him a leading spirit at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where he was vice president from 1932 to 1938. It was his initiative and direction which guided the National Defense Research Committee, later the Office of Scientific Research and Development, from 1940 until after the war. In December he steps down as President of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, a position he has held for sixteen years. The trenchant paper which follows is drawn from an address he delivered before the American Philosophical Society.

FOR MAN TO KNOW

by VANNEVAR BUSH

1

TO ATTEMPT to view the current scientific effort, to catch a glimmer of where we stand and where we may now be headed, is a difficult thing to do, and no two men will formulate alike even the present status of our understanding. Science is so vast, even when the discussion is confined to the natural sciences, the scene is so diverse in aspect, that such attempts often succeed merely in giving false impressions of simplicity. They are bound to leave out entirely areas from which the most important advances may emerge; they are bound to be colored by personal background; and, in place of a clear summary, they may merely produce more confusion. Yet the attempt may be worth while, if for no other reason than that it is refreshing to back out of the laboratory and the library and gaze out over the landscape. So, with full realization that every man will describe the landscape for himself and emphasize features dearest to him, with recognition that one can only pick and choose, let us take a look, and then ponder on the motivation which urges us on.

We need not spend much time with the physicists. They are busy digging into the nucleus of the atom, picking off a new elementary particle every few weeks, speaking a mathematical language which completely bars the unsophisticated from participating in the excitement of their delving. They seem to be having a very good time among themselves, but they have left the rest of us for a time; and we can merely hope they will later come up for air and tell us in a common language what it is all about. From a distance it appears that they may soon quit multiplying particles and

tell us more about how one transforms into another, settling down perhaps again to a very few that are truly fundamental.

We can sympathize with their difficulty in educating the rest of us; for, as they attack the forces binding the nucleus, their formulations necessarily take mathematical forms which have nothing to do with familiar things — nor should we expect them to. And when they toss out results which strongly affect other areas of effort, we shall certainly know about it, as we did when they split the atom into substantial pieces. In the meantime, classic physics is being left largely to the applied physicists and the engineers. It has become difficult to tell these two groups apart, just as it is often hard to tell a Democrat from a Republican. And classic physics is bounding forward, giving us new materials and new instruments, clarifying somewhat the solid state, giving birth to wholly new varieties of electronics, even beginning to make some sense out of the weather.

So, let us turn to a field where trends are much clearer and arguments are easier to grasp, where we look at large things rather than little ones. The cosmologists are having a field day; several roadblocks have been removed, and they may be about to give us a consistent picture of the origins of the universe, its present status, and its future up to a point. There now seems to be a rapidly widening area of agreement among cosmologists, which is a phenomenon in itself. The red shift is widely regarded as showing a true expansion, as acceptable evidence that the galaxies are rushing away from us into space with velocities roughly

proportional to their distances, rather than that light becomes weary in its long journey, or that cosmic dust nips off minute tributes in energy from the passing photons. The receding velocities are now measured up to 60 per cent of the velocity of light, or 180,000 kilometers per second.

There is nothing sure about this theory of an expanding universe as yet; Finlay-Freundlich and Born have recently given pause by a theory which links the red shift with radio waves from space and leaves the astronomers merely measuring a temperature instead of a recession. But the reason why true expansion is now so generally accepted is perhaps that the expansion hypothesis is so simple and leads so neatly to intriguing speculations on the mode of origin of the universe.

There is now in process of refinement a new scale for the universe; for some of the early measurements have been found to be faulty, which is hardly surprising considering their nature; and the new scale brings the astronomers and the geophysicists nearer together on an estimate of about five billion years for the age of the visible universe. We are now told that, five billion years ago, there was nothing except a mass of nuclear fluid of enormous density and temperature. Then there was a tremendous explosion, and in the first thirty minutes following the explosion the elements were formed. What preposterous temerity — to analyze what happened in a half hour five billion years ago! Yet the hypothesis seems to work, and to yield correct figures for the ratios of elements we observe. Then, a bit later, mutually receding clouds of gas condensed to form dust, and the galaxies separated and evolved. Stars were formed as the dust and gas condensed, and continue thus to be formed today. The old Kant-Laplace hypothesis comes to life, as Weizsäcker avoids the pitfall which once wrecked it — its failure to account for observed angular velocities — by taking into account turbulent motions and loss of hydrogen from the evolving system, thus obtaining results which correspond to the composition, spacing, angular velocities, and masses of the planets. Billions of stars are conceived to have been born in billions of galaxies, and it appears that planetary systems may have been frequently formed. There may, indeed, be millions of planets with conditions so nearly similar to those on earth that life such as we know would be possible, although perhaps still improbable. The life history of stars is also falling into line as the atomic energy cycles that maintain their brilliance become sorted out, although we as yet have very little idea why stars occasionally explode.

There are plenty of other mysteries left; for example, how a star can have an enormous, rapidly reversing magnetic field. We do not yet know the distance-speed relations of the galaxies at all well, or the variation of galaxy spacing with dis-

tance. It may take some time to find out, for we use the absolute magnitude of a galaxy to measure its distance. The light coming from the most remote galaxies that we can observe left them something like a billion years ago; so we need to find out more about the variation of total light emission with age before the relations can be pinned down well. Thus we have no present measure of space curvature; neither can we say for sure that the velocities are such as to bar the hypothesis that expansion is a cyclic performance, although it appears as though the galaxies were leaving us, and every other point, irrevocably, and hence as though we were not just repeating over and over an explosion and subsequent collapse.

If we do not wish to consider a universe that just bounces occasionally, we can consider, if we will, that space itself began with the primeval explosion, that we have a continually altering curvature of space, that we live in a three-dimensional bubble being blown up in a four-dimensional space. But, since we are three-dimensional beings, with three-dimensional minds, we can hardly expect to proceed at once to go much farther in our speculations. Nevertheless, the cosmologists are now giving us a logical, consistent pattern of the development of the universe. And in doing so they have obligingly allowed us plenty of further time on the earth for our speculations and formulations. We apparently do not need to hurry, except to fend off the disasters which we ourselves may create.

2

WE ALSO have a consistent and logical account of organic evolution on the earth, entirely on a mechanistic basis. Population genetics and its statistical treatment have placed natural selection on its feet so that there is no longer mystery in the gradual shifts or in the origin of new species. The story starts with the beginning of life in the fortuitous appearance of self-duplicating molecules in the primeval seas. More complex forms appear as these special molecules combine into forms capable of seizing materials from their neighbors.

There is no longer difficulty with the second law of thermodynamics as evolution thus produces more complex and apparently less probable states, for it is the organism plus its environment that constitutes a system, not the organism alone. Higher species appear, and evolution radiates to fill all available niches in the environment. Over-specialization occurs and species succumb. Characteristics which appear to be evolved at random, and actually detrimental, persist, and sometimes prove to be highly adaptive when the species shifts to a new environment, whereupon they become used and perfected. The interaction between environment and the statistical trend of the genetics of a population is by no means entirely worked out, but it

appears that we have here the key which opens the door to a valid scheme of natural selection.

Everything I say would be contested in some quarters, for scientists are unanimous on very little. But there is today little tendency to call on vitalist or finalist theories to account for the marvelous variety and intricacy of living things. Thus the process of evolution is conceived to have proceeded mechanically for many hundreds of millions of years, until finally there appeared the primates and man. The evolutionists take the appearance of consciousness during this process in their stride, and the philosophers now seem to concentrate on nuts that are not so tough to crack as this one. So now we have conscious evolution, with man in partial control of his own destiny, with the exercise of a free will, tacitly accepted.

Many of the old arguments concerning evolution have dissolved because of the remarkable progress in genetics. Wearying of sorting the genes of fruit-fly chromosomes, the geneticists turned to lower organisms, to bacteria and viruses, to find there the elementary beginnings of a complex system. And they found the same old complexity, with units of heredity, mutations, and all the rest.

Gone is some of the old assurance, the dogmatism which could assert the general negative — that the environment has no influence on the hereditary mechanism — because a theory and a system had been constructed, mathematical in its precision, thought to be capable in full development of explaining everything. A set of genes, self-duplicating chemical compounds, occasionally mutating at random, immortal, passed from generation to generation without change and uninfluenced by the host, producing hormones which in turn controlled all development — this was much too simple and too pat. It is somewhat difficult to envisage the way in which such a mechanism could produce a bird with full individual knowledge of how to build a complex nest or to follow a pathway of migration, or a spider that could build a web. The day has not yet arrived when a student can embark upon examination of possible racial memory in a homing pigeon without encountering raised eyebrows. But geneticists are becoming more humble as their systems lead them deeper into intricacy; and this is well, for the story is only in its first chapter, and much hard work lies ahead before another Mendel can create a system adequate for the problems which confront us, many of which we now merely avoid.

3

ALL of life in its origin, growth, and hereditary mechanisms seems to revolve about the self-duplicating molecules, the proteins and the nucleic acids. These extraordinary chemical compounds, which can produce replicas of themselves out of the build-

ing blocks of their environment, lie at the heart of the great mysteries of life. A full understanding and a capability for adequate manipulation in this field call for a new type of chemistry which can deal with molecules of an atomic weight of a million, for a new type of special thinking, and for new aids to thinking. Some powerful aids are already available, in tracer techniques, chromatography, electronic instruments. Recently there has been a striking step forward, for Crick and Watson have presented a logical explanation of the mechanism by which a nucleic acid can form duplicates of itself in an appropriate medium. Soon we may begin to understand and imitate the formation of the proteins which are vital to us in such an intimate sense.

Biochemistry is making progress on many fronts. The chemistry of muscle becomes more clear. Hormones have been isolated and synthesized. The vitamins, then the enzymes, lead us toward an understanding of catalysis which reaches far beyond combination on a crystal surface. Photosynthesis yields very slowly to attack, but chloroplasts can now be caused to function in vitro; and we may soon be able to isolate chlorophyll itself without altering its form and association in the living cell, surround it with an appropriate set of pigments to interchange the energy of incident photons, and cause it to fix carbon dioxide in a test tube. It is strange that this particular chemical compound, which is central to life on the earth, which appears throughout the plant kingdom in closely allied forms, which evolution provided as the means for seizing and using the sun's energy, resists so long our attempts to watch it work in an artificial environment.

We have long cultivated living tissue in glass bottles; and recently the cultivation of viruses on such tissue has opened up important vistas in the attack on disease. We have proceeded far in the subtle electrochemistry of nerve action. But our distant view of brain action, through encephalography, is very far from providing means for more than a glimmer of understanding of the mechanisms of the brain. Medicine is still largely empirical in spite of scientific progress in biochemistry and physiology; it has new and powerful tools but understands and controls them only vaguely; and its progress toward logical processes, based on sound, far-reaching hypotheses, is slow because of the appalling complexity of its subject matter. Biochemistry is in its infancy — an exceedingly attractive field for men of courage and fertile minds. This is true also of psychology. And where these meet to attempt an attack upon the brain processes of man, there is a situation comparable to that in evolution before Darwin; many of the essential notions have been or are being excavated; but the critical exciting syntheses all still lie ahead.

These are only a few sample areas. Science is expanding exponentially, limited now by the mental capacity it can attract, but threatened also with limitation in other ways, as indeed is all free thought. The evolution of science has some parallels with organic evolution. It is a radiating evolution, producing new species of science almost daily. There is intense specialization to fill niches in the environment. Certain species have specialized to the point where they have lost contact with the main thread — perhaps have lost their capacity for adaptation. Areas have been occupied in which traditional scientific methods really do not apply, where mutation has not yet produced adequate substitutes, and where natural selection acts but lamely.

Civilization generally, science in particular, proceeds because man can store, transmit, and consult the record; because the experience of one generation is available to the next; because an individual can share the knowledge of his neighbor. There has been great progress in transmission, in communication, with telephone, radio, facsimile transmission, television; but this has thus far touched scholarly affairs only lightly. There is progress too in the storing of the record, with microfilm and new methods of printing. But our methods of consulting the record are archaic and essentially unchanged. The library, as we know it, cannot cope with the task before it. Science may become bogged down in its own product, inhibited like a colony of bacteria by its own exudations. There are thousands of journals in physics alone. One of these publishes five thousand pages a year, mathematical, abstruse, difficult. Who can be familiar with it all, and who can find in the great mass in storage the grain of wheat needed for his next step? The pile is mounting daily, science is becoming polyglot, duplication is rife; synthesis, crossing many fields, becomes increasingly difficult and more and more necessary. In such a morass, how are the great syntheses of the future to be brought to light?

There are a number of things that can be done about it. Aids to man's thinking have proceeded far beyond pencil and paper. Analytical machines are evolving rapidly. Digital machinery, at the moment, holds the center of the stage with analogue machines in the background. Yet one can conceive an analogue machine which could handle the routine of organic chemistry far better than a man can do. It could have a far more extensive and accurate memory. It could manipulate relationships far more rapidly and with greater and more accurate restraints than a human brain. It could even learn by experience if necessary, like Shannon's mechanical mouse, which blunders through a maze by trial and error the first time it is inserted, but the second time proceeds un-

erringly to the exit, thus showing much better learning capacity than the mouse produced by evolution.

Machines for proceeding from an X-ray spectrograph to the parameters of a crystal still need human intervention to supply missing phase relations, but they may be freed of this disability and become powerful instruments indeed. There are rapid selectors, which can examine a thousand items a second and print out the text of the items selected in accordance with a complex code. It is possible, on paper at least, to build a machine which will proceed from item to item by principles of association, as does the brain, without relying on pyramidal indexing. There is no reason why man should not relegate to the machine all those parts of his thought processes which are repetitive or subject to precise formulation. There is every reason why he should do so and should turn over to the machine all similar parts of the job of recording and consulting his scientific record. In fact he must do so if he is to handle at all the mass of data he is creating.

But the developing of such machines is now everyone's business in general and no one's business in particular. It requires a major effort over many years and great facilities and support. The coding of existing material presents a barrier to progress which has thus far dismayed those who might otherwise have plunged in to attack the difficulty broadly. So we nibble about the edges, and the main central bulky problem remains almost wholly untouched.

It appears that science needs new methods as it approaches problems which reach beyond the simple relations on which much of its present success has been built. These methods will involve new ways of storing and consulting the record, no doubt. But they will involve also new patterns of collaboration where several highly specialized disciplines, beyond true mastery by any one individual, are essential for full insight. We can proceed effectively on many of the paths now open only when we learn to interrelate the thought patterns of allied minds with far more intimacy than is now furnished by books, lectures, or seminars. As this occurs the ways in which a scientist will proceed about his business, the ways in which youth will be trained, the position of science in society, will be altered greatly.

4

WHY do we pursue science at all? What are the motivations of scientists? It is well to examine these from time to time, but especially so as we attempt to consider the trends and the ways in which scientists may be called upon to work together in new relationships.

Much of the motivation is clear and immediate.

We need not consider applied science, conducted for commercial or military reasons. Nor do we need to consider basic science pursued because it may later contribute to profitable applications. There are more important categories. One is the research aimed at bettering man's lot, without thought of gain: the attack on disease, or ignorance, or overpopulation. Here the immediate objective is clear, though the underlying motivation is usually unexpressed. But there is a category of research that has no relation to material advantage; it is fundamental science, directed merely at the extension of man's understanding of himself or his environment, or at the extension of his ability to understand.

The motivation behind much of this kind of scientific inquiry is, no doubt, mere curiosity — that strange characteristic of man which, more than anything else, has led to his ascendancy on our planet, and which drives him still toward the mastery of what may now seem the unknowable. Joined to curiosity, and responsible for some of the most amazing flights of genius, is the same aesthetic urge that leads to great art and music. This is peculiarly the case with respect to some of the more abstruse developments in the fields of astronomy, physics, and mathematics. And many scientists derive their strongest motivation from religion and carry on their mission by faith.

The number of youth entering on a career in science today is great, and the interest of the public at large in the work of scientists has grown enormously. What do we say to the young man who is immersed in science, with his whole life wrapped up in it? The new things that he must master, if he will advance with his fellows beyond superficiality to creative activity in a specialized field, are so numerous and difficult that he has little time to spend on the philosophical thinking of the past. He is prone to acquire his philosophical orientation accidentally or casually from his scientific teachers, and in doing so he may easily be misled. For I fear that some of the things that are told him in this respect by scientists are erroneous, logically unsound; yet they are likely to be accepted by him just because they appear in scientific dress.

Science has been enormously successful in its representation of reality. Many subjects, once thought to be beyond its purview, have finally yielded to its attack. It normally recognizes, as it proceeds, that there are things it will never know, things that lie permanently beyond the weak sense of man, however extended by instruments. Yet its scope is the whole panorama of the physical universe and all physical aspects of organic life on earth; and these vast areas of knowledge, it is confident, will one day be subjected to its dominion. And out of this confidence, too vaguely defined, there sometimes grows a degree of scientific ar-

rogance. Scientists forget momentarily the limits which science initially set for itself.

Let us consider a presentation that is being made today very forcefully and convincingly. There is nothing fundamentally new about it, for the same presentation appears throughout the history of human thought; but it now acquires a completeness and elaboration which are highly attractive to those who think logically, or believe they do. In substance the presentation goes as follows: —

We find ourselves in a mechanistic universe, riding on a fragment from a primeval explosion, projected into nothingness, destined to plunge through space for a while, and then to cool to utter inertness. On this fragment evolution has occurred, an entirely mechanistic evolution from the chance appearance of reproducing molecules, through a myriad of species, sorted out by natural selection, to the appearance of man. Now man, the highest animal, is destined to ride for a while and then perish. There may be millions of other fragments, with organic life on them, sentient beings, conscious of their presence in a role not of their own choosing, riding also to their deaths.

We need not quarrel with this presentation so far. Its formulation is one of the tasks of science. In it science confines itself strictly to the things that can be measured and recorded. It carefully skirts all questions that are not answerable by its methodology.

But from this presentation of the mechanistic universe some recent writers have gone on to formulate a code of ethics as though it followed in logical consequence. This code, in summary, is very simple. Man controls his destiny; let him so control it as to build for himself a better life. That is good which leads in this direction. The code is laudable enough as far as it goes; but it is incomplete and without a logical base in the facts from which it purports to be derived. For it is based on a tacit assumption that the mechanistic account of the universe that has been constructed within the accepted limitations of science is in fact a complete account, and a proper basis on which to build a complete ethical code.

This is to assert that there is no reality beyond those things which we can measure with a rule or time by a clock and that value can be deduced from a statement of fact. But man's motivations emerge from his entire experience. The seat of ethics is in our hearts, not in our minds.

Yet there must be motivations for the moment; we cannot wait until our children perhaps lift the edge of the veil a bit, in order to orient our lives today. Thus there is no fault to find with those who go no further than to consider: here we are; let us build a better world — provided this is stated merely as a working formula. Upon such a simple formula, joined with an equally simple definition of what would be a better world, can be erected

an acceptable code of ethics. Such a code has been erected by a large portion of those who work in science. It is at times as fine a code as any that has been adhered to by serious men to guide their lives.

Within limits man now controls his destiny. True, the processes of evolution are still effective, and man's control is as yet feeble. But his power is growing, and can be consciously enhanced. By this power let us build a world in which men may live happily. Let us conquer disease and banish the causes which distort men's minds. Let us end war and the pressure of population upon the means of existence, which is one of its causes. The construction of an environment in which there is peace and harmony is worthy of our best efforts. It may enable a little child to be happy and healthy and to avoid the mental distortions which produce distress. In it there will be music and art and a flowering of those attributes of the race which somehow transcend the dull problems of food and shelter. In it man may develop his individuality and rise to true dignity. Let us so build that our children may lead better lives. Our code will be a simple one: that is good which leads toward this consummation.

It is dangerous, however, to regard such a code as logically derived from our scientific attainment. The same logic and the same attainment could equally well support a far different conception of what is good. It does support motivations today which are in stark contrast with those by which we wish to live. Logic alone can lead one toward a code which subordinates all means to their end, means of cruelty and deception to an end of regimentation where the free spirit is at the mercy of a communistic state. The urge to serve one's fellow man is not based on any scientific dogma, and the attempt to give it scientific justification involves a dangerous fallacy. The urge is based upon a deep-seated aspiration of the race, which is its only hope.

The simple creed of service set forth above suffices for the day's work for many a scientist. Yet there is joined with it a deep conviction, a faith if you will, which for many a man furnishes motivation and satisfaction, entirely apart from the current struggle. This is the conviction that it is good for man to know, that striving for understanding is his mission. We are embarked upon a great adventure, and it is our privilege to further it. Even though at times the box that is opened be Pandora's, even though there are both good and evil in what we learn, it is our duty and our calling to extend man's grasp of the universe in which he lives, and of himself. By this process, of beginning to understand, we have made such progress as we have. Though the path be thorny, this is still the way in which we should proceed if we

would finally emerge from darkness into the light.

For who can tell what we may yet learn? Are we now so wise that we can see the picture whole? A million years is a long time, and it was only yesterday that we embarked upon the great adventure. Who are we to conclude that those things which may be today expressed in ergs or quanta encompass all that we shall ever grasp? The concrete convictions from experiment have seldom lasted more than a generation or a century. The gap between the now knowable and unknowable is vast, and the border line may shift in unexpected ways. We may still learn many things, and our immature science is no rock on which to erect a final structure for man's ethical guidance.

Thus, as we build codes, even simple codes for the ordering of the work of the day, we need to supplement and extend, to incorporate the scientific faith that the extension of knowledge is a good in itself. If we build well, our children's children may lead happy lives. That alone, yes, is worthy of our best. They may lead lives of harmony, and mutual respect, and diversity, such as we can only dream of. But they may increase in understanding. They may be wise. Their grasp may include mysteries which now elude us, even some of those which we now believe to be forever beyond our ken. We would build for them. We would build not only so that they may live the good life; not only so that man may develop to the full extent of his organic potentialities; but we would build so that our sons may penetrate the gloom a bit, may increase in wisdom and understanding, and perhaps even begin to realize what the great adventure is all about.

Here is a key to a motivation and code that we can in all honesty place before youth. To those young scientists who derive their motivation from their religion we do not need, as scientists, to speak. To those who have lost this anchor, sometimes through the very intensity of their devotion to science, we would offer a motivation that is worthy of their best efforts. When we lean upon the simple faith that it is man's mission to learn to understand, there is no place for a fatalism, for an urge to live in comfort and enjoy, for tomorrow we die. There is no true logic in codes that would submerge and regiment and destroy man's spirit. We wish to so act that those who follow may be healthy men, unharassed, in decent and dignified relationships, free and individual, and to develop the powers of the mind to the utmost.

This is our definition of the "better" though not of the ultimate good, and it is not subject to distortion for the enslavement of man's spirit. The definition does not flow from logic but from faith, even from the simple faith which is exemplified by our own devotion to the advance of science. If we build well our children may indeed think more deeply and more surely.



Not since André Maurois created the legendary Colonel Bramble some thirty-seven years ago has a Frenchman written so entertainingly about the French and their British cousins as PIERRE DANINOS. Well known to readers of the Figaro as one of the wittiest of contemporary French journalists, he is the author of last year's French best seller, Les Carnets du Major Thompson, which has already sold 400,000 copies and is due to be made into a film starring Alec Guinness. An American translation under the title The Notebooks of Major Thompson is to be published in September by Alfred Knopf, and from it the Atlantic is privileged to draw this excerpt.

WHAT IS A FRENCHMAN?

by PIERRE DANINOS

1

ONE day, in the secrecy of his Harley Street office, a friend of mine who is a famous brain surgeon opened up an Englishman. Inside he discovered the following: one of Her Majesty's battleships, a mackintosh, a royal crown, a cup of tea, a bobby, the Rules and Regulations of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews, a Coldstream Guard, a bottle of whiskey, a Bible, the Calais-Mediterranean timetable, a nurse from Westminster Hospital, a cricket ball, some fog, a bit of earth upon which the sun never sets, and — at the very bottom of his lawn-covered subconscious — a cat-o'-nine-tails and a black-stockinged schoolgirl.

Aware of having committed an unpardonable indiscretion rather than appalled by his discovery, he called neither Scotland Yard nor the Vice Squad; he simply closed him up again. And he was obliged to admit that all this went into the making of a really good Englishman.

I have often wondered what my friend would find if he opened up a Frenchman. (What the Major does not say is that the surgeon was French. A little later he had to undergo a brain operation himself. To everyone's amazement, when his skull was opened, there were found inside nineteen ex-premiers, three dancers from the Folies-Bergère, half a box of overripe Camembert, a completely finished Maginot Line, and several lorry loads of devaluated francs. P.D.)

By Jove, how can one define a Frenchman?

The accepted definition of the Frenchman as someone who eats bread, knows no geography, and wears the Legion of Honor in his buttonhole is not altogether inaccurate (although the Legion of Honor on closer inspection often turns out to be the Order of Ouissam Alaouite). But it doesn't go far enough.

I'm alarmed by the thought that if my friend were to open up a Frenchman he would be seized

with dizziness and fall into an abyss of contradictions. For really! How can you define these people who spend their Sundays proclaiming themselves republicans and weekdays worshipping the Queen of England; who call themselves modest, yet always talk about being the torchbearers of civilization; who treat common sense as one of their principal exports while keeping so little of it for themselves that they overthrow their governments almost before they are set up; who keep France in their hearts but their fortunes abroad; who are the enemies of Jews in general but intimate friends with one of them in particular; who love to hear their comedians make fun of the army, but whose legs assume a martial gait at the first bugle call; who detest having their failings exposed but are constantly running themselves down; who say they love purity of line but cherish an affection for the Eiffel Tower; who admire the Englishman's straightforward honesty but would think it ridiculous to declare their real incomes to the tax collector; who revel in stories of Scotch thrift but always try to buy at a price lower than the one marked; who hate crossing a frontier without smuggling over a little something but don't like not being *en règle*; who insist on proclaiming that they are people who "can't be taken in" but rush to elect the first deputy who promises them the moon; who say "In April don't take off a stitch of clothing!" but shut off their heating systems on March 31; who vaunt the charms of their countryside but deface it with architectural monstrosities; who have a marked respect for law courts but never go to a lawyer except to find ways of getting around the law; and finally, who fall under a spell when one of their great men talks to them about their *greatness*, their *great* civilizing mission, their *great* country, their *great* traditions, but whose dream is to retire, after a pleasant *little* life, to a quiet *little*

corner, on a *little* piece of land, of their own, with a *little* wife who, satisfied with inexpensive dresses, will concoct nice *little* dishes for them and know how to receive their friends charmingly when they come for a *little* game of cards!

What is a Frenchman? A being who is, above all, the living contradiction of what you think he is.

If I had to determine the dominant feature of a Frenchman's character, I would say that it is skepticism. My old friend Monsieur Taupin says that he is much attached to republican institutions; yet if a deputy closes a speech with an appeal to the great principles of 1789, he smiles ironically. Obviously he no longer believes in them.

Invaded, occupied, oppressed, bullied, dragging behind him memories of 1900 and the gold standard, Monsieur Taupin is a man who believes in nothing, because in his opinion there is no longer any point in believing in anything.

Take the Chamber of Deputies. You might think the French manufactured deputies just to have them there to throw out. If I ride in a bus with Monsieur Taupin past the Chamber, his face lights up with a sarcastic smile. Is he a Royalist? No. A Bonapartist? Not that either. Does he long for a dictatorship? No, he has a horror of dictatorships. Well, then what is he?

He is a moderate whose revolutionary spirit is limited to requiring him to vote Radical or, if he is really in a bad temper, Radical-Socialist. But he votes all right; and he has a deputy. And yet even *he* doesn't believe in deputies any longer. Monsieur Taupin claims that a man is no longer the same once he has taken his seat in the Chamber with six hundred others. Perhaps he is right. In any case it is clear that Monsieur Taupin treats his representatives with scant good-will — almost with that look that we reserve for the bounder who has the nerve to sport a black tie with blue stripes when he never went to Eton. And to judge by their expressions, his neighbors think as he does. Never would one think that the passengers of this bus had sent to the Chamber the people who are sitting there. They seem to belong to two different planets.

Generally, the situation is summed up by a gentleman wearing a decoration: "What we need is a strong man to clean things up a bit in there. A good house-cleaning — that's what we need!"

You might suppose that these people were hoping for a dictator. Well, you'd be wrong. Just let the strong man appear on the horizon, let him talk about reforming institutions, restoring order, establishing discipline, and for every man who's pleased you'll have a thousand up in arms. He's a traitor, he's a scoundrel! He wants to butcher the Republic! The heavy artillery of republican slogans is brought up, 1789 is invoked, and this date which a moment ago made Monsieur Taupin laugh now makes him very grave.

An impartial observer might thus be tempted to

believe that what the French have most at heart is universal suffrage, the expression of the will of the people, republican institutions; in a word — the Chamber. But you have only to pass by in a bus . . . (see above).

2

GEOGRAPHY books and dictionaries say: "Great Britain has forty-nine million souls"; or else, "The United States of America has one hundred sixty million inhabitants." But they should say, "France is divided into forty-three million Frenchmen." For France is the only country in the world where, if you add ten citizens to ten others, you get not an addition, but twenty divisions.

As for enumerating all the divisions that separate the French, I give up. One remark, however: if a Frenchman gets up and announces that he has become a nudist in Port-le-Boue, you may be sure that another Frenchman will arise in Malo-les-Bains and proclaim himself an anti-nudist. You might think the antagonism would end there. But no! The nudist founds an association which elects an Honorary President (himself) and a Vice President. The latter, having quarreled with the former, founds a neo-nudist Committee, rather more leftish than the first. The anti-nudist, for his part, having put himself at the head of a Presidential Committee . . . and so on.

The same process holds true for politics, for in the heart of every Frenchman there slumbers an "anti" ready to awaken at the approach of the slightest "pro." This explains the inextricable puzzle of French political groups. How can a normally constituted Englishman — that is to say, one just barely able to differentiate between a Conservative and a Socialist — appreciate those essential nuances that separate a *Gauche Républicain* from a *Républicain de gauche*, or a deputy of the *Union républicaine et d'action sociale* from a deputy of the *Action républicaine et sociale*? Really, I can't.

And inasmuch as I am incapable of examining the hundreds of thousands of divisions among Frenchmen (who, as is well known, hate hairsplitting), I will content myself with studying the difference which daily divides France into two armed camps: officials who tell you that they are being maltreated and trampled upon, and non-officials who claim that the whole trouble is caused by the officials. The result is that every day except Sunday — the day of truce when the French frankly confess that they are bored — forty-two million citizens are arrayed against the forty-third.

At first sight this numerical inferiority would seem to condemn the officials. But in France you must never judge things at first sight. Fresh mysteries are always coming to light, so that you end up by understanding perfectly why these people are so incomprehensible.

The citizen who ventures into a police station, savings bank, or a town hall reminds one of a bowman about to set out for the Hundred Years' War. Armed with a bad temper and a quiverful of sarcastic rejoinders, he knows in advance that he won't get his way, that he will be sent from Bureau 223 on the mezzanine floor to Guichet B on the third floor, from the third floor to the police station, from the police station to the prefecture, where he learns that a new by-law dispenses with the necessity for producing the certificate he thought he had to have, in favor of a new one which is the same as the old one except that it requires fresh formalities.

Sheltered behind his grille, the official maintains his calm: over the applicant he has that advantage which people seated in a café have over the passers-by. Sometimes the combatants are separated by glass perforated at a certain height by a dozen small holes. I used to believe that these holes were made to facilitate the passage of verbal bullets. Not at all! They are arranged so that the mouths of the official and the spluttering applicant are never on the same level. The opponents are therefore reduced to shouting a bit louder. Sometimes a small opening is arranged on a level with the head of the official. That means that the applicant is forced to lower his head, and this movement at once places him in an inferior position.

Through these slits, holes, and gratings, the Frenchman devotes a precious part of his existence to proving that he does exist, that he really lives where he lives, and that since his children are not yet deceased, they are alive.

You might think that any Frenchman who is not dead is alive. Wrong! In the eyes of the administration he is not alive. He must first have a birth certificate, then a life certificate, and sometimes both. It is true that lately the life certificate has been replaced by a certificate of non-decease. (The French are decidedly fond of playing with words, even with words that it is best not to play with.)

Having proved in black and white — if I may be allowed such a funereal expression — that he is alive, the Frenchman must still prove a lot more if he wants a passport to go to Italy. Strange as it may seem, a Frenchman's trip to Italy begins in the office of his concierge, the concierge being empowered to deliver to him on the hour — or later, depending on his mood — the *certificat de domicile* which he needs. An adult Frenchman cannot by himself certify that he inhabits the house he lives in. For that he needs the statement of his concierge. After that he will have all the time in the world to exhume old memories while searching for his military service book, which is rarely in the place he left it ten years ago.

Some time ago I ran into Monsieur Taupin on his way to the police station. He needed a new identity card. A naïve observer might think that Monsieur Taupin, who has been well known and respected in

his neighborhood for some thirty-five years, would not need someone else to declare that he really is Monsieur Taupin. Well, he'd be wrong. To declare who he is, Monsieur Taupin must produce two witnesses. You would think that these two witnesses would have to be people who had known him a long time. Wrong again! The witnesses called upon to state that they know him don't know him at all, but they do know the Inspector. Usually it's the nearby *bistro* owner and the grocer who make a nice little something on the side in the daily witness trade.

The important thing in all of this is the form. I realized that fact the minute I set foot in France at Calais, when I heard a disillusioned customs officer with a luscious Auvergnat accent say to a traveler guilty of two infringements of the law: "If you go on like this, I'll be obliged to enforce the Regulations."

3

THE French may be regarded as the most hospitable people in the world so long as you don't want to enter their homes. Many foreigners who come to spend a little time in France dream of living with a French family. After many unsuccessful efforts I have decided that the best way to manage it — short of becoming a governess, which it must be admitted is somewhat difficult for a British major, even in kilts — is to settle down on the spot, find a Frenchwoman who will have you, and start your own family. That's what I did.

An Englishman with whom you have just struck up an acquaintance may at the end of the hour — unless you have shocked him by an excess of intelligence or curiosity — ask you to spend the weekend in his cottage. Five years later you'll discover that you don't really know whether he likes women, men, or postage stamps.

At the end of an hour, sometimes sooner, a Frenchman will have explained to you how and why he is occasionally led to leave his wife, who is, he assures you in passing, "*très gentille, un ange, mais voilà . . . vous savez ce que c'est*" . . . (yet how on earth should I know?). Ten years later you'll realize that you have never spent a night under his roof.

The first time I went to Lyons, Monsieur Taupin warned me: "Now remember! Lyons society is very exclusive. Just be patient. When they get to know you, you'll be received everywhere."

This, he explained to me, was a particular trait of Lyons society. Yet I received exactly the same warning (with the emphasis each time on the purely local character of this attitude) in Bordeaux, Lille, Marseilles, and even in Mazamet. Most important — Mazamet. You may know Paris, Roubaix, Toulouse, and Carcassonne, but you won't know France if you haven't become familiar with Brisbane-sur-Arnette, I mean Mazamet, the sheep capital in the wool sock country. There, as elsewhere, I was told,

as I stood in front of noble town-houses with austere façades: "Once they've adopted you, you'll see, they'll receive you like one of the family."

Here's another of those vicious circles in which this healthy land of France abounds: to be received you must be known, and to be known you must be received. The most important thing about these closed societies is to start getting into them. What you mustn't do, as the people of Limoges say when they've forgotten their latchkey, is *rester fermé dehors* — to stay shut outside. (An expression that can be compared to *finissez d'entrer* — stop coming in — which the Limousins also use for someone who seems to have congealed on the doorstep.)

Just how long may this period of observation — I was going to say of incubation — last? It's impossible to say exactly. Some say six months, a year. But that's an obvious exaggeration. It can last ten, twenty years. The best thing, therefore, is to prepare for the second generation, which will start being received, then receive in turn, and will finally become very exclusive itself.

I must admit that there is a great difference between the provinces and Paris. In the provinces you are told at once: "They're very exclusive." They cite the case of the businessman from Central Europe who spent seven years laying siege to Bordeaux without ever effecting a breach; or that of the family from Oran which waited half a century before the doors were opened to it (and which of course in its turn became very exclusive). But in the end, after all, you are received.

In Paris you are not received at all; you are taken out. The arrival of the Nicholsons or the Martinizes has a rather curious effect on their Parisian friends. I happened to be at the Daninoses' one day when the telephone informed them of the arrival — I believe they spoke of the *landing* — of the Svenssons who had put them up for a fortnight in Stockholm. The announcement of a major catastrophe couldn't have caused greater dismay.

"We'll have to take them everywhere!" I heard. Confronted with the prospect of such a trial, my hosts seemed terribly tempted not to take them anywhere at all. In the end, the dinner "at home" having been put off to a later date, the Svenssons were invited to *prendre un verre* at a Champs Elysées café; and then, after several more days of postponements, they were taken to a couple of those sanctuaries of art and pleasure where Parisians rarely venture unless accompanied by foreign mentors.

I must say, in defense of the French in general and of the Daninoses in particular, that the Svenssons' appetite is monumental. I'm not speaking of the table (though many foreigners who eat like birds at home simply gorge themselves when with the French) but of stone buildings. Gunnar Svensson is a formidable devourer of stone. I had always thought that the Swedish stomach was modeled

along roughly the same lines as any other. Well, that's a mistake. He swallowed the *Sacré Coeur*, for example, just like an *hors d'oeuvre*.

"Now," said Svensson, "we must see Catacombs."

If the Catacombs had been in Florence, Monsieur Daninos would doubtless have already visited them three times. But having lived in Paris for forty years, he hadn't yet got around to visiting them. He merely recalled that one day — when he was seven years old — his father said to him, "If you're a good boy I'll take you to the Catacombs on Sunday." He couldn't have been good, for he had never set foot in them.

My hosts made a serious attempt to talk Gunnar out of his project: "Instead, why don't we go and have a drink on the Place du Tertre?"

But no. Foreigners sometimes have fixed ideas. Gunnar wanted his Catacombs. Just try throwing a Swede off his bearings some day!

"It's simple," said his host, "I'll take you there."

Admitting that he has never visited the Catacombs is pretty embarrassing for a Frenchman. But not even knowing where to go and look for them is really awful. On the pretext of having to go buy some cigarettes, my friend and collaborator disappeared for a moment and tackled a policeman. "Tell me, what's the best way to the Catacombs?" The policeman hesitated, smiled, then took out his pocket guidebook. It seems they even shook hands — just between Frenchmen, you know.

As for hospitality as such, I really do believe that it's easier for an American to gain admittance to the drawing rooms of Buckingham Palace than to lunch with the Taupins. On arrival he is told: "You must come to lunch with us. Yes, you really must!" Then the weeks go by. Something unexpected happens, the children are ill, the cook has given notice. Finally the Parisian takes the stranger, hungry for local color, to an American Grill, where the menu isn't even printed in French, as it is in America.

I exaggerate, no doubt. Well, if you stay more than six months in France, I admit, you'll end up being invited by certain families. Then you are warned: "You'll have to take potluck." That kind of luck, of a truly skeletal meagerness in England, assumes the most generous proportions in France. It explains the whole problem. For you begin to understand, when you see the French treat you to such elaborate potlucks, why this improvisation, like the impromptu speech of a British M.P., must be prepared long beforehand. No English hostess could achieve such a result without several months of work. The whole question, then, is one of deciding whether it is better to be invited immediately by the English or to wait six months to be invited by the French. For my part, I incline to the latter solution. Good Lord! The meal is so splendid that you don't mind at all having waited.



Son of New Bedford and heir of her best seafaring tradition, LLEWELLYN HOWLAND makes his anchorage at Padanaram, where, between cruises, he writes about skippers and ships, the islands off the rocky coast, and the fare which sailors thrive on. Atlantic readers who enjoyed his earlier stories — “Clambake,” “Journey Cakes,” and “Man of Iron,” which were eventually published in his book, Son’west and By West of Cape Cod, and his latest volume, Triptych — will be glad to see him in the Atlantic again.

A BOAT IS BORN

by LLEWELLYN HOWLAND

I

IN THE early spring of 1893, as a sixteen-year-old schoolboy, I spent many dismal weeks abed in the grip of typhoid fever, to enjoy later a long convalescence under the eye of my old friend and mentor, the Skipper, at his shore farm, “The Cottage,” on Clark’s Point, that long finger of land facing the western entrance to Buzzards Bay.

On my arrival at The Cottage in midafternoon of an August day, I was greeted, owing to the Skipper’s temporary absence, by the hitherto austere and unapproachable Deborah, cook and general factotum within doors, who to my amazement hugged me to her ample bosom. After helping me upstairs and settling me on a bed smelling of freshly sunned sheets and lavender, she left me for a few minutes. Presently she returned with a tray charged with a jug of steaming beef-tea seasoned with chopped chives, a brace of chestnut-brown beaten biscuits, a pat of unsalted butter, a jar of strained honey, and a glass of Madeira, all of which she insisted I must dispose of before taking a “snooze” while I waited for the sounding of the gong that would announce the Skipper’s arrival and that of our supper in the gun room downstairs.

When I was roused from my nap by the purring of that gong, which had served its time aboard the ship *Saint George* to boom messages across miles of heaving seas to distant whaleboats, my one thought, as I nipped down the crooked staircase, was to bask in the sunshine of the Skipper’s greeting. But again to my amazement his welcome was as sober as Debby’s had been effusive, as, kneading my scrawny hand in his and looking me up and down, he said severely, “Well, well! It’ll take a lot of Deborah’s cookery to fair out the hollows in your outline” — a remark, as I took it, that implied, “All this trouble’s your own damn fault,” which tended to season an otherwise delicious supper with the gloom of my hurt feelings.

My gloom was relieved only when, on the coming of dessert — a decanter of port, a basket of English walnuts, and a pot of black coffee — the Skipper said with a cheerful smile, “I’ve been hoping you’d help me with a job I have on hand here. If you like, we’ll start tomorrow morning at eight-thirty in the carpenter shop, where I’ve installed that jack-of-all-trades, Abel Handy, for a month or so, while you and I try to find out what design will give us the best boat for cruising on our New England coast. Meantime I’ve got something to show you here in the house before we go to bed, if you’re up to it. How about it?”

A nod and, I assume, a hangdog look in my eyes — the only answer I could muster at the moment — were evidently intelligible to the Skipper; for after lighting a cigar, he led the way into the living room, a long, narrow room with three exposures — east, south, and west — that had about it an air of comfort in spite of the disproportion of its dimensions.

As I paused on the threshold to peer into this familiar room, dim in the lingering light of the after-glow, I sensed rather than saw that the collection of Chinese porcelains and bronzes which usually graced the long, narrow center table of rubbed teak had been replaced by a tall, shadowy something which, as the Skipper scratched a vesta and lit the brass student lamps at either end of the table, revealed itself as the model of a three-masted, lugger-rigged vessel, upright in her cradle and with her sails set.

Unversed as I was in the niceties of model building and classification when, for the first time, I stared up at those lofty sails — pale pink in the soft light of the lamps — I was nevertheless deeply impressed by the perfection of workmanship which they and the entire fabric supporting them proclaimed. Overcome by admiration, I fell into a reverie from which I was aroused by a long, low whistle causing me to look at the Skipper, only to

realize from his chuckle that I — not he — had been the involuntary author of this demonstration, an embarrassment he relieved by saying, “I’ve never seen the like of her, either! And the more I see of her the better she looks. Let’s start in on the cradle and work up to that sliding gunter of a main t’ gallant mast.”

And from then on, my memory of that evening has had about it the ecstatic quality of a vivid dream — a dream more real and rewarding than reality, and one that never fades.

For at the small cost of ardent scrutiny with a magnifying glass, treasure after treasure of the mechanic arts was revealed; as for example the cradle’s heavy baseboard of yellowish, close-grained pearwood, as level and true as a billiard table, on the face of which was engraved in delicate black lettering: “Saint Esprit du Conquet”; and below, the date “1799”; and still lower and to the right, the metric scale to which the model had been built and by which the Skipper had computed the overall length — 86 feet 4 inches — of her prototype. On the longitudinal center line of this baseboard ran a procession of turned, ebony balusters, spaced at equal intervals and varied in height to support with exactness the raked and slightly rockered keel of the *Ghost*, as we thereafter referred to her. Of these balusters, four were pierced by ebony cross-timbers to which were hinged, to port and starboard, a pair of arms that with their adjustable and padded bilge-blocks firmly embraced and steadied their burden.

But, as seasoned lovers of ship models are well aware, the study of details, to be rewarding, is a matter of “small doses oft repeated.” And so it followed that within an hour, and to my regret, the Skipper called it a day and after blowing out the lamps followed me back to the gun room.

Here, in the soft light of four spermaceti candles — he in his armchair and I stretched out on a rattan-bottomed bedstead, a relic of the old Indian *Rousseau* — the Skipper recounted the saga, as he had pieced it together, of the original *Ghost*, the vessel so meticulously recorded by our model in the room we had just quitted.

2

WHEN that model of ours first came into my hands from your twice great-grandfather’s old house on the end of the Point,” the Skipper began, “she was in a dustproof glass case which was so big that when we finally landed it in the dining room I felt I’d been stuck with a white elephant. But when I got round to translating a bill of materials — a masterpiece if I ever saw one — which I’d found tucked into a corner of the case, I discovered that our *Ghost* was one of a pair — duplicates — which had been built by order of the Minister of Marine in Paris, from lines and specifications furnished by a ‘Monsieur le Capitaine Pierre Reynard, construc-

teur de bateaux, du Conquet’ — a bit of information that set me thinking I’d fallen heir to a good thing and wishing I could find out more about this Captain Fox — or, as I thought likely, ‘Peter the Fox,’ all things considered.

“But talk about starting one of our New England foxes when the sun’s dried up the dew on the footing. That’s nothing to tracking down this gentleman I’ve been after for the past six months; until a few weeks ago, when of all places to find it, his story, such as it is, showed up on some loose sheets in Captain Smith’s handwriting which were shoved in between two of the blank pages in one of the *Euphrates*’ logbooks, stowed away in my own counting room.” Here the Skipper paused to light another of his Manila cheroots and after a few long puffs continued his story.

“Captain Smith’s account, like the entries in his logbooks, was long on dates but shy on the highlights and shadows of a career that, considering the times and the sphere of action, was astounding. To get the full flavor of it you have to keep these facts in mind: that in 1789 a boy about your age, from nowhere and known only as ‘Pierre,’ showed up in the harbor of Le Conquet — a French fishing village on the Kermorvan Peninsula, a little south and west of Brest and southeast of the Island of Ushant — with three waifs like himself in an old battered lugger without identification marks; that three years later that boy, ‘who said little but worked hard,’ had become well known locally as ‘Monsieur Pierre,’ the owner of a boat-building yard employing many hands; that in 1795 ‘Monsieur Pierre’ was known as ‘Monsieur le Capitaine Pierre Reynard,’ commander and sole owner of the armed lugger *Saint Esprit*, a product of his own shipyard and a notoriously fast and able vessel; and that from then until 1807, when ‘Le Capitaine,’ a rich and respected citizen of France, swallowed the anchor, he and his command were employed in a coasting trade of which little was known other than that the two were seldom seen in their home port but were said to be constantly on the move, at all seasons, in the area known as ‘the English Channel,’ which if stretched a little takes in a big expanse of open sea, as rough and dangerous to navigate as can be found, the control of it at the time being Napoleon Bonaparte’s number one problem.

“Just think of it! The seamanship and nerve of the man — running cargoes, both ways, of contraband from rum and tobacco to specie and secret agents and Lord knows what besides, while the open sea bristled with British men-o’-war and all harbors and their approaches were patrolled night and day by flotillas of armed boats with shore batteries to back ‘em up. No wonder he’d given his best to the designing of this able flyer of his when every trip she made was a race for a barrel of gold against a stretched neck for him and his big crew of cockalorums. I tell you, old man, Monsieur Pierre had a

right to his surname if any man ever did! And finally, when both France and England set a whacking price on his head, alive or dead, and the going got tough even for him, what does he do but trade the British a package of French secret papers and his promise to go ashore for keeps for a handsome cash-down payment; and then trade Napoleon a bundle of British Admiralty undercover documents and his *Saint Esprit* for a pardon, citizenship papers, a life pension, and, for good measure, our model there in the next room, which Captain Smith bought from a storekeeper in Le Havre who said he'd known 'Le Capitaine' and described him as a small, dark man — a Basque, he thought — with a big nose and gimlet eyes. A rascal who stopped at nothing, yes — but a genius, too; and one with whom it paid evidently to be friendly! And now," the Skipper said as he glanced at the clock, "old man, to bed!"

As I slipped down between cool sheets that evening, the breathing of a little breeze sweetened by the fragrance of early blooming buds of English ivy fringing the open window seemed to assure me that at last I was clean again — in a wholesome state, the immediate effect of which was a sleep without unease of body or mind, a sleep from which I awoke in time to spend a half hour in the living room with our *Ghost* before the gong boomed its call to breakfast in the sunshine on the "south terrace." And yet, much as I relished that leisurely meal, it was nearer eight o'clock than half past when I arrived at the open door of the carpenter shop — a unique structure, formerly a ship's caboose or deckhouse containing the galley and quarters for cook, carpenter, and sailmaker, and now one of a range of outbuildings beyond the farm barn.

3

THAT morning when I entered this little shop with its flavor of old times and the sea, Abel Handy, a retired ship's carpenter and the ace of all trades, was already at work; and without so much as a nod of welcome or the lifting of his eyes from the bench over which he was bowed, he observed: "Ben sick, ain't yer? 'Take an' chaw one o' them pine shavin's till yer jaws ache. An' swaller yer spit — best cure for bowel complaint, an' won't cost yer a red cent." This advice, coming from an old acquaintance, I adopted without question, to find it effective at least to the extent of choking off conversation, as the trace of turpentine in the delicate curl of white pine stung my tongue and puckered my throat.

Finding Abel engrossed with his work, I too lined up at the bench, on which were ranged the hulls of twelve model boats — some no more than roughed out, and some almost completed. As they lay, bottoms up, in an orderly row and beam to beam, it was evident they were all of one length — three feet — but otherwise bewilderingly unlike both in design and dimensions. But before I had time to

assess these variants, Abel, handing me a nicely squared block of maple around which was wrapped a strip of fine sandpaper, pointed out one of the hulls and said, "Squint out and feel out them humps and hollers on that un and then sand 'em out — but God help yer ef yer dish the fair o' the lines or leave a holiday."

Time passed — perhaps an hour — while I "chawed" on my pine shaving and sanded the boat, until the busy silence was disturbed by the arrival of the Skipper, first to inspect and then to comment on the work accomplished since the day before. As he and Abel conferred, I gave over my sanding to follow their discussion and thereby pick up the threads of their plan of time-racing these models and also to become more conversant with the individual characteristics of the boats themselves.

Six of the hulls — three sets of twins, and each pair differing in detail from the others — composed a group to be raced, twin against twin, under different rigs and sail plans; but as all but two of them conformed in general to the fashion of the times, they were referred to as "the moderates." The other six — no two alike, and called "the extremes" — were examples of the wide and shallow and the narrow and deep, both of which types in those days had their advocates who were engaged in noisy but inconclusive argument.

This enlightening conference of half an hour or so was concluded by the Skipper's departure for town, which left Abel and me to continue our work until twelve-thirty, when he opened his lunch basket to "munch-up my victuals where I be," while I went back to The Cottage to submit to more of Debby's coddling. Then came the afternoon's spell of work in The Caboose, lasting until Abel said, "Time to close up — see yer in the mornin'," which left me an hour before supper to visit the *Ghost* in the living room and fall deeper in love with her than ever. And ah, what a contrast that supper was to the one of the night before! For not only was it one of Debby's best but this one was salted with animated "boat talk" and the further unfolding of the Skipper's plans for the testing, which I learned was to take place in a cove bitten out of the east face of an islet, the largest of several which formed all together a little archipelago known as "The Egg Islands," a scant mile across the ship channel of New Bedford's outer harbor.

Under the discipline of such daily routine, broken only by a day off at a Potomska Clambake and a moonlight picnic at the fort on the tip end of the Point, two weeks flew by, in the course of which six boats — the three sets of twins — were completed, rigged, and ready for trial. And here it should be borne in mind that this building and testing of little boats had been undertaken as no mere pastime analogous to toy-boat sailing, but rather to satisfy the Skipper as to the validity or invalidity of

certain theories and practices which at the time were influencing both the design and construction of sailing vessels, particularly those intended for cruising and racing. And further, these boats, designed and built for the sole purpose of implementing the Skipper's long-considered experiments, were high-powered sailing craft which, with their extremely light hulls and heavy ballast, were sparred and rigged to carry a maximum of sail to ensure their being driven to the speed limit of their length and individual characteristics.

To carry out the trials, all our resources were organized: The Caboose and Abel, as arsenal and shop; The Boathouse and Levi, the boatman, as dockyard; a spring wagon with "Old Bill" in the shafts and Gus, the farm boy, with the reins, as transport; Sally, a sailmaker's daughter, and a room in the ell of The Cottage, as sailmaker and sail loft; Deborah as commissary-general at Headquarters; the Skipper as admiral of operations; I, as clerk of the works. The working hours were set from 7 A.M. to sunset; lunch for the detachment afloat, eleven-thirty to noon; and off time for all hands, Sunday evenings.

So organized, the first day was devoted to the breaking in of personnel, transporting of finished boats and their gear to The Boathouse, laying out and buoying of courses in the Egg Island cove, equipping the gig (boat) and two light skiffs with sundries for emergency adjustments, and, late in the afternoon when the breeze softened, giving all six boats a sail-stretching maiden trip, off the boat-house beach — an enlightening experience for us, in that we found we had to row all-out to keep up with the little flyers when the puffs hardened.

By the end of a week all of us involved in the trials had "learned our ropes" and the work in hand was going smoothly. In the mornings, which were usually calm, the Skipper and I were busy in the sail loft, The Caboose, and The Boathouse preparing untested boats for trials and readjusting rigging, sails, and ballast of those already tried out and considered susceptible of improvement. The afternoons, if the breeze served, would find the Skipper, Levi, and me afloat in the cove, with the two skiffs and the gig, sailing, sailing, and sailing the two, three, or sometimes four boats selected for that day's testing over the buoyed courses — a beat to windward, a reach and a run to leeward — with more attention given to *how* they performed than to timing them between buoys. It was a strenuous business altogether, calling for concentration, a row of three or more miles, and a thorough soaking — in sweat if we wore oilskins, and in salt water if we didn't.

Without compulsion, other than that of giving every one of the twelve model boats her day in court, two more weeks slipped away during which, although there were three stormy days preventing operations at the cove, our logbook of notes, timings,

and records was completed except for a summary of the collected data and, to finish the job with a flourish, a statement of the conclusions reached as to design, rig, and dimensions most likely to produce a cruising boat fulfilling the Skipper's requirements. In the twilight of our last day on the cove, the Skipper and I chose a footpath crossing a grassy hillside as the shortest way home from The Boat-house. The plaintive note of a meadow lark in flight evoked a feeling both of elation and regret that we had come to the end of our undertaking — dual emotions which Debby, as she cleared the table in the gun room after dinner that evening, interpreted by saying as she looked me up and down with an expression of pride in her eyes, "Well, there's one thing I'll say for all this triffin' and trouble — it ain't done you no harm, and you feel kind o' smart now it's over. But I guess if you live to be a hundred you'll hanker some for our victuals and the bed here that give you the chanest to learn to work, even if what you done ain't of much account." A mouthful for me to savor, while the Skipper tipped me a wink as he lit a cigar and started to study the notes of the afternoon's testing.

Later that evening I had my first lesson in summarizing collected data and soon realized that in building a sound wall of proof, the bricks of evidence should be laid dry, uncushioned by the mortar of prejudgment. And when at last it came to setting forth our conclusive argument I held my breath, as little by little the scales of justice inevitably inclined in favor of specifications that barred all extremes and emphasized many of the salient details of hull design and construction inherent in Le Capitaine Pierre Reynard's *Saint Esprit du Conquet* — not a "thing of beauty" but *the* "thing of beauty," which for me will endure forever.

On the following Sunday evening I fetched up with a bump on the hard sandbar of school, where I was greeted by the headmaster with the news that I must work out the "dead horse" of an eight weeks' absence before Christmas or abandon all thought of continuing with my class. Thus rewarded for misfortune and dismissed to my room, I was overcome by that "hankering" that Deborah had predicted; and when I came to sit on the thin, hard bed in my bare quarters and contemplate the future, my first reaction was to double-damn typhoid and all its works. But on further reflection, that affliction took on a new significance; for was it not to it and to it alone that I owed those fruitful and never-to-be-forgotten weeks at The Cottage for which I was to pay so inconsiderable a price as a few hours of extra "grinding"? By thunder, Deborah was right; and as for extra schoolwork — pooh, pooh!

4

THROUGHOUT the sixty-two years that stretch between that Sunday evening at school and today, I

have been conscious of a faith that luck — good or bad — more often than not is in the nature of a paradox, not to be defined on the spur of the moment but only after the passage of time has crystallized it into its true shape and significance. And coeval with this point of view as to luck has run that insatiable, beggaring plague — a love of boats — that has imposed on me the burden of owning one or more “sailing sirens” as a necessity. Consequently, year after year, I have bought boats — with a single exception — as I bought my shoes, in the ready-made market with the foreknowledge that while they might fit to a degree, they could not and would not give me the comfort and satisfaction that a boat of my own design and built to my order might be expected to produce.

Then — wonderful to relate! — the long succession of make-fits was brought to an end in the fall of 1938 when a hurricane roaring over our southern New England coast destroyed not only lives and property — my boat of the moment among hundreds of others — but also landmarks, such as our Egg Islands, which for generations had stood imperishable. On first thoughts, this storm that had bitten so deep into our countryside was an irreparable disaster; but in retrospect it could be accepted as a lesson in geography-in-the-making and the transitory nature of all things, even the living rocks.

As to the loss of my boat, it was as if I had been stripped in a public square and were under the compulsion of providing myself with a suit of clothes to cover my nakedness. Speed was the essence of the situation, and within a few days I had marshaled my forces and gone to work with the one thought in mind that, after years of experience with makeshifts, I had at last the opportunity to suit myself regardless of fashion or any other consideration.

In my need for haste I freely called on the time and skill of many willing hands to help me carry out my plan for the creation of a forty-foot boat which, in essence, should sail on her bottom, not on her side, and, at that, approach the speed limit of her length under the widest range of weather conditions likely to be met with off or along shore on our Atlantic seaboard. All other details were subordinate to these cardinal qualifications.

And when it came to interpreting these controlling factors by lines on the drafting board, I was secretly elated to see that, owing to the restrained proportioning of length-to-beam-to-draft, my boat-to-be gave every promise of having that dimensional symmetry from which indubitably flow those fair, sweeping lines and graceful arcs inherent in Nature's works, particularly those pertaining to the sea, and which, unless they are intentionally or carelessly distorted, are bound to bring forth that “thing of beauty,” be its purpose what it may.

Thus was this boat conceived, and after ten busy months, during which it was my good fortune to be able to devote myself to the innumerable details of her construction and equipment, she was successfully launched and rigged as a yawl.

And then at last on a summer day the time came to sail this substance of long-imagined shapes and aspects out into the hazy blue of Buzzards Bay; and when *Java* — as I had christened this boat of mine in memory of a lucky ship, a *Java* of long ago which a great-grandfather had owned — dipped, rose, and then topped the first head sea she met, without pause or fuss, I hope my still vividly remembered sensations may have approached those of an Old Master on finding his picture good.

Fifteen years — a long stretch in the life of a boat — lie between that June day of 1939 and the early summer of 1954. During that period this *Java* of mine had fulfilled to overflowing my cup of hope for her success by the excellence of her performance, be the weather what it might. And further, she had acquired that “shipshape and Bristol fashion” patina produced only by the passage of time, unstinted labor, and unremitting attention to the upkeep of her entire fabric, both aloft and aloft; all of which, when combined with the considered elimination of every nonessential item of equipment and the choice of the simplest and best necessities, had given her, besides, that subtle quality of “fitness for a purpose” which she deserved. And again, as time had passed, she had earned a good measure of “the sincerest flattery” by reason of the growing number of replicas of herself that were afloat.

But though I thought I required no further confirmation of my own opinion that *Java* was a good all-round cruising boat as she lay at her mooring in Padanaram Harbor on the evening of June 24, 1954, still, I have to admit how greatly enhanced this opinion of her was when I was roused out of bed early next morning to read a message from Bermuda to the effect that a friend and *his* boat, *Malay* — *Java's* twin sister — had won that blue ribbon of ocean racing, “The Bermuda Trophy.”

This news called for a celebration with my dear old boat, and so once more she and I sailed out into the Bay, and as she met the first white-capped sea of the Sandspit tide rip, suddenly out there to windward, in my mind's eye I spied the *Saint Esprit du Conquet* tearing by on a close reach, her lofty, tanned sails rosy in the sunlit haze, her tilting deck alive with red-capped crew. And as she ranged ahead athwart our course, I had a fleeting glimpse of bronze-green counter and, standing at the helm, the unmistakable figure of “Le Capitaine,” who at that moment threw out his left arm and opened hand, as if to say: “*Bonne chance, ma petite soeur!*” — both a salute and a subtle reminder of the almost forgotten debt I owed that pair for the intrinsic worth of my own command.



"Government by amateurs, semi-pros, and minor-leaguers will not meet the challenge of our times," writes Mayor JOSEPH S. CLARK, JR., of Philadelphia, and in the article which follows he confronts us with a scarcity which many Americans prefer not to discuss — the scarcity of good men for public office. Here are the reasons for that scarcity, cited by one who turned away from his chosen profession, the law, because he felt it important to serve his home town. Mayor of Philadelphia since 1952 and an Overseer of Harvard College, from which he graduated in 1923, Joe Clark and his fellow Philadelphian, Dicky Dilworth, have spearheaded the Democratic movement which recently took over that Republican stronghold.

WANTED: BETTER POLITICIANS

by JOSEPH S. CLARK, JR.

1

JUDGED by the standards of baseball, how many politicians have we in the country who could play left field for the Giants? How many have we who could even get into the 3-I League? I think we have too much mediocrity in the business of running the government of the country, and it troubles me that this should be so at a time of such complexity and crisis.

Why should this be so in politics when it is not so in business and the professions? Why are there ten qualified candidates for medical school for every one accepted, when thousands of elective public offices and party posts go by default to mediocre contestants? Why are there five candidates for admission to the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration for every vacancy? Why do so many students who major in government gravitate to teaching and to the civil service instead of into politics? Is it because the qualifications for entry into politics are neither many nor exacting, and there is no need to pass an examination to prove one's competence?

Men become politicians in one of three ways: —

First, they may start at the bottom as precinct committeemen, work for the party organization in the primary and general elections, become ward leaders, township or county chairmen, and be nominated for office as a reward for faithful service to the party. Sometimes, of course, they may skip one or two rungs of the ladder. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Harry Truman, Joe Martin, and Leverett Saltonstall followed this general course. These four became skilled in the art and science of government through long tenure in elective office before they reached the summit of their careers. They knew "practical" politics from the ground up.

A second way is to ignore the party organization and to plunge into politics as a maverick, mounting the hustings in support of one's own claim to office and obtaining nomination and election without the support, and frequently despite the opposition, of the old regulars. This has been done by men of integrity as well as by mountebanks. Former Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., of Massachusetts, Mayor deLesseps Morrison of New Orleans, and Mayor Quigg Newton of Denver can attribute their success to this method; but so could Huey Long and Joe McCarthy. All of these individuals knew very little about politics when first elected to important public office.

The third way is to be drafted by a political organization to save it from defeat when none of the old regulars is thought to have much chance of winning. Dwight Eisenhower and Adlai Stevenson are outstanding examples of this route to public office and a political career. Neither of them was versed in the art of politics when first pressed into service.

Chairmen of party organizations all over the country would sell their shirts every year for committeemen and ward leaders with integrity, administrative ability, a gregarious nature, and the willingness to work the long, hard hours which are a necessary part of a political campaign and of public office. Every year they wring their hands over the lack of candidates with public appeal, with an understanding of government, and with the ability to speak clearly and tersely in public.

It takes much energy and self-discipline to speak constantly, intelligently, and persuasively on street corners, before captive audiences, over radio, and on television. Almost every year the political

leaders have to look around for some citizen willing to be drafted who has not come up through the normal political channels. They have to take what they can get, and too often it is pretty bad.

Business and the professions, in their programs of recruitment and training, have kept pace with the times; politics, still operating on the elemental level of chance, is getting the leftovers.

2

MY FATHER, who is still alive, cast his first vote for Grover Cleveland in 1884. In that happy and relatively uncomplicated era, there were no telephones, typewriters, electric lights, subways, automobiles, airplanes, radio, radar, television, proximity fuses, or hydrogen bombs. Women did not work, and children quit school whenever their parents wanted them to. Hardly anyone went to college; most children did not finish high school. Labor unions existed in only a few industries. Nobody thought government had any responsibility in the field of social justice. Municipalities paid scant attention to health, welfare, recreation, or housing. Airports did not exist. Volunteer fire companies put out fires if they could. Air and water pollution, traffic regulation, and superhighways were headaches of the future. There was no income tax. The federal government operated on a surplus from customs receipts. The real-estate tax was low and ample to support the cost of local government. Laissez faire was a popular slogan in both politics and economics. Men still quoted with approval Jefferson's dictum that government is best when governing least.

We could afford incompetence in politics in those days. We did not require much ability or experience of our mayors, congressmen, governors, or even at times of our presidents.

Today, government is both an art and a science; and the matters it deals with affect our safety, our welfare, and even our souls. We have only to compare the national platforms of the two political parties in 1884 and in 1952 to see how far we have come in our political thinking within the lifetime of one voter. We need only total up the federal budget, or read an annual report of the Atomic Energy Commission, or spend an hour on duty with a policeman or municipal traffic engineer to appreciate the vastness and intricacy of modern government, and the absolute necessity of ensuring a competent corps of politicians as well as administrators to support it.

But do you know your mayor, your city councilman, your state legislator, your governor, your congressman, your senator? What qualifications do they have for the offices they hold? Are they as good men in their field as your doctor, the teachers in your local school, or the officers of your bank? Each of these elected officials has powers, alone or

in conjunction with others, which affect your daily life at least as much as your doctor, schoolteacher, or banker.

This nation was fortunate at its birth. After 175 years the founding fathers still look good; and it is no coincidence that almost all of them were experienced politicians. In the succeeding years, whenever a serious national crisis has arisen, some great statesman has turned up to help pull our chestnuts out of the fire, to bring imagination and political skill to the solution of difficult problems. In my book there are five of them: Jackson, Lincoln, the two Roosevelts, and Wilson. Four of them had wide political experience before assuming the presidency. The fifth was the country's leading authority on American government, and had just completed a term of office as governor of New Jersey. There was not a political amateur — and no touch of mediocrity — in the lot.

These men were few, they were recruited by chance, and they exceeded — thank God — the expectations we normally are content with as requirements for public office — which are little more, I am afraid, than a genial personality, boundless energy, and a loud voice. (Since the invention of the microphone, one doesn't even need a loud voice.)

We need more skilled politicians if our democratic government is to continue to be a success. We haven't enough of them, and we haven't bothered as yet to learn why, let alone do anything about recruiting them.

Former Governor Bradford of Massachusetts once put it this way: "To live long in politics you must possess the hide of a rhinoceros, the memory of an elephant, the persistence of a beaver, the native friendliness of a mongrel pup. You need the heart of a lion and the stomach of an ostrich. And it helps to have the humor and ubiquity of the crow. But all of these combined are not enough unless when it comes to matters of principle you also have the ornery stubbornness of the army mule."

It may be conceded that these qualities can be developed without much experience in politics. Of course they can. One can also admit the validity of David Lilienthal's contention that young and middle-aged men of ability in industry, in labor, and in the professions should regard it as part of the obligation of their career to serve a tour of duty in Washington or City Hall when called upon.

But all of this should not blind us to the basic fact that politics is a profession which can seldom be mastered by an act of will or by sudden and short exposure. If the career of a Winston Churchill, or of a Robert Taft, or of a George Norris proves anything, it is that training is as important to a mastery of the art of politics as it is to medicine, engineering, or the law.

Why then do we not produce more and better

politicians in America? The reasons, I think, are these: first, our national attitude toward the profession; second, its economics; and third, our lack of competent personnel planning. The average American has a picture in his mind of the successful surgeon, "the man in white," conducting a delicate operation to save a human life. He sees the successful lawyer arguing eloquently before the Supreme Court of the United States. He sees the engineer constructing the Hoover Dam. But the politician he sees as a heel on a soapbox making a fool of himself.

This attitude is reflected in the poll taken a decade or so ago which showed that seven out of ten American fathers did not want their sons to go into politics. I suspect the ratio has changed little if any. This attitude is reinforced by occasional contemporary outcroppings of corruption and smear tactics in public life. They create a climate of opinion which denies to politics the respect in which it is held in other successful democracies. In England, Switzerland, and Scandinavia, politics is an honorable profession. Until it becomes such in the United States, we are not going to get as many good and well-trained politicians as we need.

The second cause of our shortage of skilled politicians is economic. The governor of Maryland gets a salary of \$4500 a year, the governor of Indiana \$8000. No governor receives more than \$25,000 a year — not even in New York, where the annual budget is a billion dollars. A position of comparable responsibility in private industry would pay at least \$50,000 a year and probably more. A state legislator in Tennessee gets \$4 a day; in Kansas, North Dakota, and Rhode Island, \$5 a day. In Connecticut he gets \$600 for a term of two years. The average legislative salary is \$1000 a year, and the maximum — in Illinois and New York — \$5000 a year. Considering the time which must be devoted to the job, my guess is that the rate of pay for most state legislators in America violates national minimum wage standards, being considerably less than 75 cents an hour.

This is the pay if one is successful in getting elected. The defeated candidate or the ardent political worker in a campaign which turns out to be unsuccessful gets nothing.

Finally, we have no peacetime method in America for channeling ability into those places in our government where it is most needed. We educate our young people more thoroughly and better than most other nations. We design and operate complicated machinery with great skill. We are pre-eminent in our supply and logistical activities. Our technicians are the envy of the rest of the world. But in the field of personnel planning, a necessary function in a civilized society, we rely on luck. We believe that the law of supply and demand will eventually take care of shortage and surplus. But it won't; and while we relax we may well go the

way of other democracies which died for lack of leadership, notably Athens after the death of Pericles.

3

WHAT can we do to change the system? When I was a boy, Negroes were "niggers," Jews were "kikes," and Italians "dagoes." I blush now as I write the words; I would be ashamed to use them in public — and if I did, I would be justly pilloried by all who heard me. This change of attitude has come from a campaign of tolerance and education in the principles of the Declaration of Independence, the Bill of Rights, the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Amendments. It is the result of a nation's education which began in the schools.

It may be difficult to persuade our newspaper columnists and our radio and television commentators that politicians are entitled to the same respect as doctors and schoolteachers. We have to begin by recognizing the danger facing the democratic form of government if we continue to hold elected officials up to scorn. The schools, of course, are the place to start.

In a sense, we have to break up a vicious circle. Politicians will be held up to scorn as long as they act from ignoble motives or prove incompetent as public servants. So until we get better politicians the profession will continue to get a bad press; and as long as it gets a bad press it will be hard to persuade people of competence to make it a career.

Hard but not impossible. There is enough glamour, enough challenge, enough opportunity for a life of service, in politics to attract a fair share of ability if the economic and social liabilities I have listed can be even partially overcome. Here are a few tentative suggestions: —

1. The compensation of elected public officials must be increased until the financial reward is comparable with the return in other professions requiring comparable talent for success.

2. Pension and retirement systems should be substantially improved. Sixteen states make no pension or retirement provisions for elected officials. Hardly any state's system is adequate. The federal government, on the other hand, has a first-class pension system available for congressional as well as for executive service.

3. Business, labor, and the professions should encourage young men and women in their employ to take up politics as an avocation. The tendency at present is all the other way. Political activity on the part of the young lawyer in a successful law firm, for example, is definitely discouraged in most big cities. A young banker or businessman would be likely to have his advancement slowed down, if not ended, were it known he was active in local politics (particularly if he happened to be a Democrat). Young men and women should be encour-

aged to go into politics, congratulated if elected to public office, given leave of absence during campaign time, and allowed to return to their jobs without loss of status and with a friendly pat on the back if they get licked. They will be more useful to their employers for the experience.

4. Women should be encouraged to participate more actively, especially where their husbands are also interested. By and large, women tend to raise the level of integrity and imagination in politics.

5. Political organizations must be persuaded to welcome intelligent recruitment to their ranks and must be more willing to reward men and women of high caliber and integrity who, in turn, are willing to do the often dull jobs which effective political activity requires. The best way of doing this is to break up political machines based on patronage and on alliances with racketeers and grafters. This, of course, is a long, hard process in which inevitably there will be many setbacks. I believe, however, that the trend since World War II has been toward a far higher standard of morality in political organizations than formerly.

6. Departments of Government and Public Administration at our universities should be encouraged to institute in-service training programs for elected public officials. Such courses might well be connected with the summer school programs. During World War II special ten-week courses were run by the Army's Command and General Staff School at Leavenworth, Kansas, to indoctrinate staff officers and division commanders in the duties they were about to undertake. They made a real contribution toward the winning of the war. Similar arrangements for candidates for public office should substantially improve the caliber of public service.

7. We might well consider the British system of equipping the local organizations of both parties with paid staff trained at national party expense and recruited on a career basis. This might be a partial answer to the current dilemma of how to adjust the need for paid party workers to the passing of the patronage system.

8. We must stop deriding politicians as men with lower standards than their contemporaries. A politician must have a thick skin. He will want to dish it out and he must therefore learn to take it, but he is entitled to a presumption of integrity to the same extent as the doctor, the schoolteacher, or the banker. And his private life is no more subject for public comment than that of members of other professions. Fear of smear is a deterrent to the entry into politics of many good citizens.

I have reserved to the last my definition of what we should look for in the skilled politician. He can be described, I think, in terms of the things he must be able to do. The good politician must be able to comprehend the problems of modern government in their range and in their detail; to link his actions and his thought with both the past and the future; to dissect problems of government, cut quickly to their core, and formulate alternative courses of action; to understand, support, and control intelligently the vast technocracy which now constitutes our career civil service; to exercise both compassion and restraint; to find a common denominator which will reconcile competing interests without diminishing the public good; to distinguish practical questions from moral issues; to know when to fight and when to yield, and above all, when and how to compromise; to withstand criticism without becoming insensitive to it; to know what to conserve and what to reform; and to keep his sense of humor.

In the belief that all men are created equal and with equal rights under the law, Americans regard the consent of the governed as a preliminary to effective action. Fearful of tyranny, we have divided responsibility among the judicial, legislative, and executive branches of our government without placing ultimate control anywhere. Jealous of civil liberties, we are prepared to lose a good deal of prompt efficiency in order to protect the individual against unscrupulous governmental action. Conscious of the fact that the greatest enemy of mankind is man, we impose wise restraints on elected officials — which, however, often keep necessary things from being done quickly.

Our Federal Constitution reserves residual power to the several states and to the people. Our system of local, state, and national government creates three layers of authority, often with overlapping duties and obligations.

Such a complicated system, designed to preserve liberty and yet encourage progress, can work in the modern world only if staffed with men and women of sound judgment and high intelligence. Government by amateurs, semi-pros, and minor-leaguers will not meet the challenge of our times. We must change our attitude toward the profession, increase its material and spiritual rewards, and offer the same minimum security to its practitioners as is present in competing occupations.

Above all, we must realize that it takes great competence to run a country which, in spite of itself, has succeeded to world leadership in a time of deadly peril.



*Philosopher, poet, and one of the most beautiful stylists of our time, George Santayana resigned from the Harvard faculty in 1912 determined to live in Europe and to write the books which had been pressing for expression. His first work of philosophy, *The Sense of Beauty*, was published in 1896, and he continued to write until the year of his death, by which time some thirty volumes had appeared under his signature. His ties with America he maintained in a spirited and affectionate correspondence, and from his *Collected Letters*, edited by DANIEL CORY, we have selected these of particular beauty and significance.*

THE LETTERS OF GEORGE SANTAYANA

Edited by DANIEL CORY

WHEN I undertook the task of assembling the letters of George Santayana, I was a prey to certain misgivings. In the first place, he had lived to the ripe age of eighty-eight, and had been an established writer for over sixty years, so that it was obvious the volume of correspondence to be investigated must be considerable. Secondly, Santayana was such an accomplished artist in so many fields — he was a philosopher, a poet, an essayist, a novelist, and an autobiographer — that I wondered if in the more spontaneous role of correspondent he might fall short of the very high standard he had always set himself. I knew that he had never sent anything to his publisher in an untidy condition, but always dressed for a public appearance. Above all, I did not want his friends or critics or general audience to say of him what has unfortunately been said of other distinguished writers: What a pity his letters were ever published.

With the arrival of the first batch of letters, however, most of my anxieties were set at rest. The volume of correspondence might prove formidable, and the business of eliminating merely “polite” or trivial letters a bit tricky; but on the other issues — the depth of observation, the quality of writing and therefore literary reputation — there was no occasion for alarm. Although I was Santayana’s closest friend for the last twenty-five years of his life, and have read everything he ever wrote, the investigation of this large collection of letters soon proved a fresh and exciting adventure. They are essential as a revelation of his life and mind, and a further confirmation of his literary power.

TO WILLIAM JAMES

After his graduation from Harvard in 1886, Santayana had gone to Germany with his friend C. A. Strong. They shared a Walker Fellowship for re-

search work in philosophy. As William James had not heard from Santayana, he wrote to him and mildly scolded him for not reporting on his impressions and work in Germany. In his letter James remarks: “I can imagine no happier phase in an intellectual man’s life than to be, at your age, turned loose into Germany to absorb all he can. And I doubt not you’ll make the most of it. ‘To thine own self be true.’”

BERLIN, January 9, 1887

DEAR PROFESSOR JAMES: —

I was delighted to get your letter this morning, and hope you will forgive my not having written. . . . I have been having a good quiet time, picking up some German, and finding out which way the philosophical wind blows in these parts. On the whole, I think this semester has done me good, although I have not carried out the plan about doing laboratory work. Strong, to whom I have handed your letter, has probably told you that we have taken Professor Ebbinghaus’s psychology and Professor Paulsen’s ethics. These with some public courses I hear go over the ground covered in the philosophical courses at Harvard; and they have served to get my notions in shape and to convince me that it is high time to turn to something less general. . . .

I find it pretty hard to make friends among the Germans, although they are good, simple-hearted people. The Americans are so much more lively that I always find myself going with them. There are a great many here, studying everything and nothing. I have been to some American dinners and kneipes, but otherwise I have poked comfortably at home, reading Goethe, with whom I am in love. I find no difficulty in reading and understanding lectures, but I am helpless when it comes to talk.

We still propose to take up physiology, but I am afraid as far as I am concerned I shall do little in that direction. I don't know how to work. I think apart from the spelling book and the Greek grammar, I have never studied anything except for pleasure and with enthusiasm; and I find it terribly hard to peg at things that I don't seem to grasp. I recognize that all this is an additional reason for trying to get a feeling for the severe, minute way of handling things, and I shall try to do something in that direction. But my vocation is towards the human, political problems. Even the metaphysical and ethical puzzles appear to me rather as obstacles to be cleared than as truths to be attained. I feel now as if I could pass beyond them into the real world. And as far as the world we live in — I mean the social world — is to be got at by study, it strikes me it is to be found in history and political economy (not counting literature). It is in this direction that I am drawn. Of course, if one could study everything, it would be very nice to understand the physical world too; but isn't it a fact that popular and secondhand science, bad as it is, is less treacherous than popular political economy and history? I can better afford to be misled about chemistry or physiology than about free trade or the Reformation. That is why I am anxious to look into these subjects for myself. . . .

I am awfully sorry about your wakefulness. . . . Perhaps your having less to attend to this year is a good thing for it. Loeser [Charles A. Loeser, a classmate, and later collector and writer on art] writes me that the philosophical club is much less active now, which I suppose means that '87 has few philosophers in it. I look back on our discussions there with great pleasure. Indeed, Cambridge stands in my mind for everything that's cosy and homelike.

With best regards to Mrs. James, I am,

Most sincerely yours,

GEORGE SANTAYANA

To ABBOTT LAWRENCE LOWELL

PARIS, June 6, 1912

DEAR MR. LOWELL: —

Your letter about the proposed lectures at some French universities reaches me when I was about to write to you in a wholly different sense. The death of my mother, which occurred shortly after I left America, has made a great change in my personal situation, leaving me without a home in Boston and with most of my close friends and relations living in Europe. It seems clearly to mark the moment when I should carry out the plan I have always had of giving up teaching, returning to live in Europe, and devoting myself to literary work. Each of these things is an object in itself sufficient to determine me, and the three conspire together. The plan which you kindly proposed and we agreed upon last winter, that I should continue to spend four months of each year at Harvard, certainly had

many advantages; but it was a compromise. I hardly think we could have been faithful to it long. I should not have attained my object of a change of life, and I should not have left the field open for you to choose my successor. In any case, under the changed circumstances, I could not bring myself to return to Cambridge. I therefore enclose a formal resignation of my professorship, and I hope you will not ask me to reconsider it. This is a step I have meditated on all my life, and always meant to take when it became possible; but I am sorry the time coincides so nearly with the beginning of your Presidency, when things at Harvard are taking a direction with which I am so heartily in sympathy, and when personally I had begun to receive marks of greater appreciation both from above and from below. But although fond of books and of young men, I was never altogether fit to be a professor, and in the department of philosophy you will now have a better chance to make a fresh start and see if Harvard can secure the leadership of the next generation, as it had that of the last. . . .

Yours,

G. SANTAYANA

To OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

SEVILLE, January 21, 1914

DEAR MR. HOLMES: —

I need hardly say that it is a great satisfaction to me to have your letter and to see that my book [*Winds of Doctrine*] pleased you enough to make you write it. I think that there is a sort of background of agreement among all men, especially those of the same generation, although publicists often obscure rather than represent it, being taken up with party controversies or special causes. I am not a great philosopher, but in my separation from the world of action, and now even from the academic world (for I have retired from teaching), I feel that I can distinguish the normal and inevitable lines of human opinion from the modish flourishes that overlay it. This is my solid standing-ground outside and around special systems, of which you speak with an insight which goes to my heart. In *Winds of Doctrine* this fund of human orthodoxy is assumed rather than formulated, but I am trying to give it a more explicit expression in a book [*Realms of Being*] on which I am now at work. I daresay you, and most judicious people, would have much to quarrel with and correct in this systematization of common sense which I am attempting; but after all my training has been that of a technical philosopher, and I feel I owe it to my *Fachgenossen* to put my conclusions into their language, and not retain the unfair advantage of seeming reasonable by not admitting clearly the implications of my suave opinions.

I am now a wanderer, almost without impediments of any sort, and fortune may take me any day to Washington or Boston, where it would be a great pleasure to see you again. My center is sup-

posed to be in Paris, at No. 9, avenue de l'Observatoire, where the few books are that I have not wished to part with. I am there regularly in the spring and early summer — in case by any chance you should find yourself there.

It was really very kind of you to write and to give me the encouragement of so much sympathy from so welcome a quarter.

Yours sincerely,
G. SANTAYANA

TO WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

PARIS, September 8, 1920

DEAR PHELPS: —

I am much pleased to have your letter and your review of the *Little Essays*. All the first part of it makes me feel as if I were reading an obituary notice by anticipation, and I can almost imagine some Phi Beta Kappa orator, in the not very distant future, spreading this sort of roseate sunset glow over my uneventful history and limping personality. I don't object to the headlines; Harvard in the 1890's being me, and America Today being you; and I think the view of the Yard has much the same quality of cautious idealization. Yours is not a cubist portrait of your humble servant, nor yet a Dutch inventory of his features and circumstances. I think it is very good and fair, if one allows for the friendly partiality you do not disguise, and also for a certain glamour or pathos of distance that already bathes our memories of youth. The only fact that is wrong is your saying that my mother was an American; she was Spanish — we never spoke English together — but had been first married (in Manila) to one of the Boston Sturgises, so that my half-sisters and half-brother belonged to that once prosperous and always agreeable tribe; and it was in consequence of this connection, and money matters concerned in it, that we went to live in America. A point of interpretation where I feel that you are also somewhat misled, or at least reticent, is in regard to my reasons for leaving Harvard. Weariness had something to do with it, but weariness with lectures and with the "problems" of technical philosophy rather than with college committees, on which I seldom appeared. They knew I was no good at business! But my chief motive was a lifelong desire to live in Europe and — which is only possible here — to be left alone. In respect to higher things, most of what you say pleases and satisfies me greatly, especially your mention of Schopenhauer: that is to hit the nail on the head. There are only two points in which perhaps you don't understand me: it seems to me unfair to suggest that, unlike the wizened Morley, I am not frank about immortality; a scholar like you ought to know that the platonizing or Spinozistic things I say about it, taken in an ideal sense, are the *original motif* of this doctrine in the European tradition: the notion of ghosts or of resurrection has been merely confused with it, and it is no

compromise or hedging on my part to separate the two views once more. The other point is about liking life, and the poets who relish it. My disgust at Browning is not because he loves life or has it abundantly, but because he doesn't love it (as Dickens does, for instance) for what is *good* in it, but for what is base, tawdry, and pretentious. I protest against being called a snob; what I love is what is simple, humble, easy, what ought to be common, and it is only the bombast of false ambitions and false superiority that I abhor.

Before the war I was on the point of going to give some lectures at the University of Wisconsin and at Columbia, but I doubt now whether I shall ever cross the Atlantic again. I have my headquarters here, and go away at intervals. Last winter I was in Italy, now I go to Spain, and I was in England throughout the war. All places, where there is an armchair within and something human to see without, are much the same, and I lead the same life everywhere. You will find me somewhere on the beaten track whenever you next come to these parts.

Yours sincerely,
G. SANTAYANA

TO GEORGE LAWTON

When a student of philosophy at Columbia, Dr. Lawton (he is now a practicing psychiatrist) had written to Santayana and strongly urged him to give up "metaphysics" and devote all his energies to literary criticism.

ROME, March 29, 1922

DEAR MR. LAWTON: —

It is always pleasant to be urged to do something on the ground that one can do it well; and I have some sympathy with your cry: No more metaphysics. I am nevertheless at work on a book of philosophy (which I do not like to call metaphysics); it will take a year or two; after that I promise you to renounce the subject — except as an ingredient in pleasanter things. . . . But now I come to the part of your advice which I don't mean to follow at all. Criticism is something purely incidental — talk about talk — and to my mind has no serious value except perhaps as an expression of *philosophy* in the critic. When I have been led to write criticism it has never been for any other reason; and you don't know me at all if you suppose me capable of reading up Meredith or Thomas Hardy or anyone else who hasn't come in my way, in order to describe them to other people. If you like that sort of vicarious literary nourishment, read Croce, or any other competent person who sets out to express the impression which literature has made upon him. But I should advise you to read the originals instead, and be satisfied with the impression they make upon you. You know Plato's contempt for the image of an image; but as a man's view of things is an image in the first place, and

his work is an image of that, and the critic's feelings are an image of that work, and his writings an image of his feelings, and your idea of what the critic means only an image of his writings — please consider that you are steeping your poor original tea-leaves in their fifth wash of hot water, and are drinking slops. May not the remarkable sloppiness and feebleness of the cultivated American mind be due to this habit of drinking life in its fifth dilution only? What you need is not more criticism of current authors, but more *philosophy*: more courage and sincerity in facing nature directly, and in criticizing books or institutions only with a view to choosing among them whatever is most harmonious with the life you want to lead. For as Dryden (or is it Pope?) says, "If you think the world worth winning, think, oh think it worth enjoying." I accordingly intend to devote such years as may remain to me exclusively to philosophy, although I hope the form in which it will be expressed will not lead you to call it metaphysics.

Yours very truly,

G. SANTAYANA

To HENRY WARD ABBOT

ROME, December 12, 1923

DEAR HARRY: —

Someone has sent me a clipping from the *Boston Transcript* — what an odor of old maid comes from those words! — in which you resuscitate some old memories of ours and incidentally supply your address. There has long been a suppressed impulse in my nervous system — not strong enough to produce any Freudian phenomena — to write to you, and ask what has become of you in these thirty years. . . .

As to me, you know all that can be told and probably can guess the rest. My health is good, and I manage to avoid most of the troubles that most people bring upon one another, by keeping to the life of a wandering student, which has been my ideal from my earliest days. I do nothing that seriously disturbs my digestion or my agreeable isolation; and I read and write when the impulse comes, and not under pressure. Sometimes my literary projects become something of an incubus, and I ask myself whether I shall live to carry them out; but what does it matter? I have already had my say, although I confess that I am still young and enthusiastic enough to feel that what I have *in petto* is far better than anything I have yet done, and that it *must* see the light. You may be surprised to hear that the most lively of these embryos is a novel! I began it [*The Last Puritan*] long, long ago — in the early '90s — as a story of college life. That part has now receded into a mere incident; not that my heroes have become much older, since on the contrary I have gone back to their childhood and parentage, but that the scene has widened, and the fable — it is all a fable — has become more

organic, knit more closely around the central *motif*, which is Puritanism repenting, but unable to reform.

Haven't you written any novels? It is the only living art, and now it seems possible to print what in earlier days we hardly ventured to whisper.

Your old friend,

G. SANTAYANA

To VAN WYCK BROOKS

ROME, May 22, 1927

DEAR MR. BROOKS: —

Although I am not sure whether I owe the pleasure of reading your book, *Emerson and Others*, to your initiative or that of your publishers, I would rather thank you personally for it, because I have one or two things which I should like to say, as it were, in private. Your pictures of Emerson are perfect in the way of impressions — not that I knew him (he was dead, I think, when I first reached America, aged eight), but that, whether true to the fact or not, they are convincing in their vividness. But just how much is quoted, and how much is your own? Am I to believe — I who haven't read the *Journal* and know little of the facts — that Emerson was such a colossal egotist and so pedantic and affected as he seems on your pages 39 and 40? Or have you maliciously put things together so as to let the cat out of the bag? Sham sympathy, sham classicism, sham universality, all got from books and pictures! Loving the people for their robust sinews and Michelangesque poses! And for the thrill of hearing them swear! How different a true lover of the people, like Dickens!

You apologize because some of your descriptions applied to the remote America of 1919. I who think of America as I knew it in the 1890's (although I vegetated there for another decade) can only accept what I hear about all these recent developments. On the other hand, when you speak of the older worthies, you seem to me to exaggerate, not so much their importance, as their distinction. Wasn't this Melville (I have never read him) the most terrible ranter? What you quote of him doesn't tempt me to repair the holes in my education. The paper I have most enjoyed — enjoyed immensely — is the one on the old Yeats. *His* English is good; *his* mind is quick.

One more little protestation. Why do the American poets and other geniuses die young or peter out, unless they go and hibernate in Europe? What you say about Bourne (whom again I haven't read) and in your last chapter suggests to me that it all comes of *applied culture*. Instead of being interested in what they are and what they do and see, they are interested in what they think they would like to be and see and do; it is a misguided ambition, and moreover, if realized, fatal, because it wears out all their energies in trying to bear fruits

which are not of their species. A certain degree of sympathy and assimilation with ultra-modern ways in Europe or even Asia may be possible, because young America is simply modernism undiluted; but what Lewis Mumford calls "the pillage of the past" (of which he thinks I am guilty too) is worse than useless. I therefore think that art, etc., has a better soil in the ferocious 100 per cent America than in the intelligentsia of New York. It is veneer, rouge, aestheticism, art museums, new theatres, etc., that make America impotent. The good things are football, kindness, and jazz bands.

Yours sincerely,

G. SANTAYANA

To WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

HOTEL BRISTOL, ROME, February 16, 1936

DEAR BILLY: —

Your letter about *The Last Puritan* was one of the first that reached me, but I have put off thanking you for it until others began to come, so that I could have a certain background on which to place your judgment, other than my own necessarily internal or *a priori* view; because the hardest thing for an author, especially when he has lived as long as I have with his characters — forty-five years — is to conceive how they will seem to other people, when conveyed to them only by *words*. I have pictures, quite as distinct as memories; and my characters *speak to me*, I don't have to prompt them. This doesn't contradict the fact which you mention, and I point to in the Epilogue, that these characters speak my language, and are in some sense masks for my own spirit. On the contrary, that makes, or ought to make, them more living, since they are fetched from an actual life, and only dressed, as an actor on the stage, for their social parts. And I think you are partly wrong, like so many other critics, when you suggest that my characters are ghostly and not "living." Even the admitted literary character of their talk is not incompatible, as poetry is not incompatible in the drama, with individuality in tone and temper. Of course, I don't always succeed; yet I think, if you drop all preconceptions or clichés, you will find that there is a good deal of individuality in the way my characters talk, within the frame of what you might call my *metre*. It is my writing, but it is their sentiment. Only the book is very long, it can't leave distinct images if not allowed to settle. The great point is, as with poetry, to get the mind docile and free for suggestion, and then the dramatic spell will work. At least, that is what I can't help feeling, and what is confirmed by various witnesses. One notices Mrs. Darnley's special speech; another tells me he can *hear* Rose talk; and the author of *Elizabeth and Her German Garden* at once recognized her late husband [the second Earl Russell, the elder brother of Bertrand Russell] in Jim: "whose person and conversation," she writes, "are

somehow curiously familiar." And surely Irma and Mrs. Alden are not echoes of myself.

However, that isn't the point that matters most in the book or in your letter. You say I don't love life and that faith is necessary. Very true: I don't love life unconditionally; but I enjoy the "mere living" (as Browning has it) when I am in good health, which is most of the time; and I enjoy the episodes, unless I am rudely prevented from doing so. If you have my *Dialogues in Limbo*, and will look at pages 156-161, you will find Socrates and me defining the matter exactly. It was Oliver, not I, who didn't love life, because he hadn't the animal Epicurean faculty of enjoying it in its arbitrariness and transiency. He was a spiritual man, incapacitated to be anything else, like Christ, who couldn't be a soldier or athlete or lover of women or father of a family (or even, though I don't say so in the book, a good believing Christian). Now that is a tragic vocation, like the vocation of the poet; it demands sacrifice and devotion to a divine allegiance; but poor Oliver, ready for every sacrifice, had nothing to pin his allegiance to. He was what the rich young man in the Gospel would have been if he had been ready to sell his goods and give to the poor, but then had found no cross to take up and no Jesus to follow. Faith, as you say, is needed; but faith is an assurance inwardly prompted, springing from the irrepressible impulse to do, to fight, to triumph. Here is where the third sloppy wash in the family teapot is insufficient. And without robustness an imposed intellectual faith wouldn't do: it would only make a conventional person. You say you can't understand how I seem to hold my own in the world without faith, and almost without the world. It is quite simple. I have the Epicurean contentment, which was not far removed from asceticism; and besides I have a spiritual allegiance of my own that hardly requires faith — that is, only a humorous animal faith in nature and history, and no religious faith; and this common-sense world suffices for *intellectual satisfaction*, partly in observing and understanding it, partly in dismissing it as, from the point of view of spirit, a transitory and local accident. Oliver hadn't this intellectual satisfaction, and he hadn't that Epicurean contentment. Hence the vacancy he faced when he had "overcome the world." *Basta*. Thank you a thousand times for your friendship.

G. SANTAYANA

These letters should also serve to dispel some current misconceptions about Santayana. What was his precise position in relation to the Catholic Church? His letter to Father Hoehn is the official answer. What did he really think of Mussolini, and was he in any sense a neo-Fascist? The letter to Corliss Lamont should settle that issue. Let us hope it is still possible (even in America) for a man

to be a conservative without being branded a Fascist, or a liberal without being labeled a Communist.

To the REV. MATTHEW HOEHN, O.S.B.

CORTINA d'AMPEZZO, August 10, 1939

DEAR FATHER HOEHN:—

I was christened in the Church and profess no other religion, so that from the point of view of the census-taker I am unmistakably a Catholic. My Protestant and Jewish critics also discover a good deal of Catholicism in my writings; but I have never been a practicing Catholic, and my views in philosophy and history are incompatible with belief in any revelation. It would therefore be wholly misleading to classify me among "Catholic Authors."

This is a sufficient answer to your inquiry, for the purpose of your book of biographies, in which I ought not to be included. Yet I may add, in case you are at all interested in my real relation to the Faith, that a well-grounded Catholic student might find my philosophy useful (like that of some of the ancients) in defending the moral, political, and mystical doctrines of the Church. I think that all religious ideas are merely symbolical; but I think the same of the ideas of science and even of the senses: so that the way is cleared for faith, in deciding which set of symbols one will trust.

Sincerely yours,

G. SANTAYANA

To CORLISS LAMONT

VIA SANTO STEFANO ROTONDO, 6
ROME, December 8, 1950

DEAR MR. LAMONT:—

Besides your letter of Nov. 21st, I have one from Mr. Runes regarding a new preface or note to the coming edition of your *Humanism as a Philosophy* in which you quote and comment upon a letter of mine about the different quality of your naturalism and mine, and end by placing that difference, just as I should, in the difference between your *militancy* in ethics and politics and my lack of it. That this is what distinguishes (very naturally, if you consider our respective backgrounds and interests) will become even more evident to you if you read my forthcoming book, *Dominations and Powers*, where I make "The Militant Order of Society" a special section of the whole work, in contrast to the "Generative" and the "Rational" order of it. And it is precisely this distinction that determines the nature of my "Fascism" (as it existed or exists, so far as it does so at all) and the "Fascism" which seems to you and to Joel Bradford positively immoral. Because you really agree with him and not with me about this; only that as you are not willing to think me a criminal you try to deny that I am a Fascist, even in the somewhat hesitating way in which Bradford seems to call me one. And I think that your

defense of me is unconvincing, because you say I am a good fellow instead of proving, as you wish, that I can't be a Fascist.

Of course I was never a Fascist in the sense of belonging to that Italian party, or to any nationalistic or religious *party*. But considered, as it is for a naturalist, a product of the generative order of society, a nationalist or religious *institution* will probably have its good sides, and be better perhaps than the alternative that presents itself at some moment in some place. That is what I thought, and still think, Mussolini's dictatorship was for Italy in its home government. Compare with the disorderly socialism that preceded or the impotent party chaos that has followed it. If you had lived through it from beginning to end, as I have, you would admit this. But Mussolini personally was a bad man and Italy a half-baked political unit; and the *militant* foreign policy adopted by Fascism was ruinous in its artificiality and folly. But internally Italy was, until the foreign militancy and mad alliances were adopted, a stronger, happier, and more united country than it is or had ever been. Dictatorships are surgical operations, but some diseases require them, only the surgeon must be an expert, not an adventurer.

Let me in turn put this question to you. Can a Humanism that is a *complete* philosophy be naturalistic? Can *human* nature be the ruling force or universal moral criterion for the universe? Can the universe have any *moral* basis? Isn't morality the proper hygiene for a reasoning animal?

This brings me back to the point you raise at the end of your letter to me about the "eulogistic" use of the word "eternal" for certain temporal states of reasoning creatures. But to attribute an everlasting existence to any state of mind would not be eulogistic: it would be nonsense, because a state of *mind* is a process of thought, a perception or a conception that has to be called up, rearticulated, and propounded. Now, the eternity of a truth, say of the perfection of some action, or the reality of some affection, is a quality of its form, not the length of its duration; and it is not the state of mind that is eternal but the truth which it discovers. There is no doubt a regrettable play of words in this matter when "eternal" is understood to mean everlasting or self-repeating for ever. That would be tedium *in excelsis*. But sympathy with ideal qualities rather than with variations in one's own condition is the "life of reason"; the *human* side of animal life.

I had not meant to write such a long letter, but the subject is an old favorite of mine. Spinoza is the clearest philosopher on the "eternal," but Aristotle is quietly sound about it. Plato too often shows that his heart is in the right place, but his political preoccupations make him lean more and more, as he grows old, to popularize his myths into dogmas.

Yours sincerely,

G. SANTAYANA



In our tendency to regard the machine as all-sufficient, it is easy to lose sight of the indispensable human ingredient. LT. CDR. GERALD G. O'ROURKE entered the Naval Academy at sixteen and went on to a career in naval aviation. He served on a night fighter team on a carrier off Korea, and in Korea with Marine All-Weather Fighter Squadron 513. His account of a routine night mission shows what can happen when a pilot loses touch, even for a few seconds, with his mastery of his machine.

VERTIGO ALLEY

by LT. CDR. GERALD G. O'ROURKE

I

LATE one night in May, 1953, two U.S. Navy AD Skyraiders were droning through a murky haze some hundred miles off the Atlantic coast, on what is called in press releases "a routine night training flight" from the U.S.S. *Franklin D. Roosevelt*, one of the Navy's crack attack carriers. The pilot in the first plane suddenly heard a worried call from his wingman. "Bill, are you turning right?" The voice was that of Lt.(jg) Ian (Scotty) Frazier, the pilot of the second Skyraider, a scant 50 to 100 feet away. The question sounded a mental alarm well known to all experienced night fliers. Scotty was having vertigo trouble, the demon disease of the mind that has killed hundreds of excellent pilots. Bill checked his artificial horizon to be certain, then answered in soft, urging tones, "Straight and level, Scotty. Are my lights too bright? Over."

"No, they're OK, I guess," came the hesitant answer. "I'm having a little trouble here. Seems like we're turning right. I think my gyros have tumbled."

Even as the panic-edged words came through, Bill saw Scotty's plane fall back and down, then rush up, fall back, and disappear behind and below. In a twinkling, Scotty dropped out of sight, as Bill broadcast a rapid "Scotty, Scotty, level off, level off. Do you read me? Do you read me?"

As Bill released his mike button, the frantic rush of Scotty's breath was heard for an instant, then — silence. Suddenly the water's surface, 2000 feet below, was exposed in a blinding flash several miles to Bill's port side. Old man vertigo had taken another good flier to a watery grave, along with two young crewmen.

What is this killer? Why should a pilot with years of training and study suddenly become helpless and inept and unable to keep his aircraft on its way? Why should it strike one pilot, yet leave many others untouched, even in identical situations? The

old-timers scoff. Those ancient pioneers of flight, who never heard of an instrument, who flew always by the "seat of the pants," may chalk it up to new-fangled training. But the fact is that the old-timers who really experienced vertigo just aren't here any more. They have long since become another fatality statistic.

What, then, is this mystery?

For the answer, let's go for a literary ride in a Navy Banshee night fighter, the F2H-4. Let's say you are aboard the U.S.S. *Lake Champlain* in the Mediterranean Sea, off Malta, and that the night is black and rainy. Turbulent seas rock the "Champ" like a toy boat. Way up forward, lashed to the catapult with heavy cables, is our plane, gassed, checked, and ready for a "routine night training mission." You climb aboard, anchoring yourself to the plane with seat belt and safety harness, leaving only arms, legs, and head free for movement. A plastic helmet covers your head, and an oxygen mask is snug across the bridge of your nose and around the point of your chin. Only your eyes are uncovered.

In a semicircle around you is a maze of buttons, dials, panels, switches, and knobs, all of which you should know as familiarly as the headlight switch on your five-year-old sedan. Directly in front are the newfangled gadgets that make flying in this weather possible. There's an altimeter, an air speed indicator, a turn and bank needle, a gyro horizon directly ahead of you. Why the choice location? Because that's the little dandy that tells you where the horizon is; or, more exactly, it tells you which way is up. It is, of course, your most important single aid and your life insurance against old man vertigo.

The myriad other dials all have their jobs to do, their stories to tell. There are engine gauges for the speed of the two whining jet engines nestled in your

wings; thermometers for measuring the temperature of the roaring fires in your tail pipes; a radio altimeter, to tell you the height above water; three compasses, to tell you where you're headed; and countless other dials. On your left console is a very complicated panel, the controls for the large round scope on the right side of your instrument panel. This is your airborne radar, the ultimate in American electronic wizardry. The radar will look ahead for you, seeing ships, planes, weather, land, and sea miles ahead in the blackness.

By now you've gone through all your preflight checks, started both engines, and given the ready signal to the dark shadow on the deck. Suddenly a green light appears, waving wildly. You push your throttles forward, brace your legs and arms, check your gauges once again, then reach back and flick on your running lights. All around you a blue, green, and white haze springs up, reflections of your outside lights and the rain. Now you brace your head and fasten your gaze on the gyro horizon, and Bang! — dials, gauges, and lights go crazy while you are held immobile by the G force of a catapult shot. Without thinking, you reach forward, flip up the gear handle, close the canopy, start milking the flaps up, a bit at a time, to keep you from settling back to the water some 80 feet below. Your eyes are subconsciously scanning the dials now — air speed 170, building fast; altitude 100 feet on the radio altimeter; 0 on the pressure altimeter; wings are level, nose quite high, needle centered, ball slightly left — a hangover from prop days when a strong right foot on the rudder was necessary at slow speeds and high powers to keep the engine torque from rolling you into a left bank. Right thumb pushes forward on the trim button, evening the control pressures as you accelerate to jet speeds. Eyes back to the gyro horizon, a little left stick to center those artificial wings. Lots of speed now, 250 knots, altitude 500 feet, and everything is becoming normal as you turn to an assigned heading and start your climb. The radar shows a sweep and even a few targets, other ships in the force.

Suddenly a thought strikes you: you haven't let your eyes stray for even an instant's glance at the windshield or the canopy; you haven't looked outside at all! Now you try it, just for kicks. Nothing — absolutely nothing but dark gray clouds all around you and the glow of your outside lights through the haze. You resume your instrument scanning now. Even in that momentary glance outside, your Banshee has strayed into a 20-degree bank to port. Impossible, you think, but you ease in the necessary aileron and watch the little artificial airplane again resume its level position. As you do, though, you don't feel right. You feel, "in the seat of your pants," that you are in a small bank to starboard. You check the gauge again — level, as before. There's a moment of panic. Is the gauge bad? A lightning glance at the needle ball says "No!"

since both are centered. You still feel more and more that you are falling to the right. What is it? *Vertigo!* Your first taste of real, honest-to-goodness night-fighter vertigo.

You laugh to yourself at being taken in so easily, blink your eyes, shake your head, and the feeling of falling is gone as suddenly as it came.

On you climb, up past 10-, 15-, 20,000 feet. The plane bounces and rocks. A rapid tattoo of washboard bumps tells you that you are passing through some heavy cumulus clouds. You glance at your wings and notice that your wing lights are no longer visible through the haze. A bit later you notice out of the corner of your eye a high white glow — the moon, a mere sliver made foggy by the cloud layers above you.

Thirty thousand feet now. The moon becomes clearer, and directly overhead a few stars begin to show. But ahead is still nothing. True, a much lighter nothingness than back at the carrier, but still nothing. At 32,000 feet you break out into a blue-black sky glorious with bright, bright starlight. The moon is clear and sharp, and a distinct horizon is visible all around. You breathe a sigh of relief and let your eyes feast on the wonder and the beauty of the night.

2

AN HOUR or so later, your hop is almost completed. The important part — the "mission" part — is finished. All that now remains is for you to descend through 32,000 feet of clouds and plant your 16,000 pounds of airplane in an area the size of a football field, at a speed of nearly 150 miles per hour. You head for the carrier's position, relying on your radar and other instruments. You cross the carrier's zenith, turn to a heading of East, throw a switch which thrusts out your speed brakes — flat, perforated slats which extend from your wings, slowing you down. You pull back your throttles, ease over your nose, and down you go, plunging back into the turbulent clouds — 25-, now 24-, now 22,000; start your turn. The blackness has closed in once more. The plane buffets and shakes as the speed brakes do their work — 20-, 18-, 16,000; now stop your turn and head inbound toward the ship. Your radar picks out a small blob ahead some 20 miles, slightly off to port.

Suddenly, as you pass through 10,000 feet, the radio crackles with a message for you, "Your signal is DOG." Immediately, as you answer your order with a "Wilco," you level off, and cut one engine completely, for the message tells you in one word not to come down, but to circle the ship close by and await further instructions. It means difficulties below, perhaps a mere problem of lights or further turns to bring the "Champ" into a capricious wind. It might mean that rare occurrence, a crash on deck — an ever-present fear. At any rate, the ship is

directly below you somewhere, just on the other side of two solid miles of weather. Now you set up a pattern, cross the ship's position on any heading, turn right, reverse directions, level off, cruise for a minute, turn again, recross the ship, and so on, waiting until someone says "Charlie," which means "Land — and right now."

Things are really under control as you go through the pattern, cruising slowly and economically on one engine. Your eyes ceaselessly scan one instrument and another. Suddenly — trouble strikes. The lights go out. You instinctively reach for a familiar switch, throw it, and the entire cockpit is drenched in the sickly red glow of the emergency floodlights. Much harder to see the instruments now, but at least they are visible. You force your attention back to the gauges.

The gyro horizon shows a 45-degree bank. It couldn't be — the plane feels straight and level. You check the needle ball. Right! It shows a steep left turn. You force the stick to the right, much against your inner impulse to leave it centered. You feel yourself and the plane falling to the right. You center the stick. The gyro horizon still shows a 30-degree bank to port. Could that thing be haywire? Did the short which blew your lights also ruin your gyro horizon? It's so hard to see properly in this ghastly light. Impossible that the two circuits could both be affected, you tell yourself, but the subconscious fear grows that you are "chasing a bad gauge."

You again throw the stick over to the right, and it seems to take superhuman strength. "That's wrong, it should roll easily," you remind yourself. You glance at the compass — twirling rapidly. "Good Lord, what now?" Vertigo, that's what it is. A glance at the altimeter affirms your worst fear — 9000 feet, descending rapidly. You realize once more what a fool you've been as you fight to level the plane from its left "graveyard spiral." You haven't been believing your gauges and you've almost allowed old man vertigo to chalk you off. You've let the "seat of your pants" almost fly you right into Davy Jones's Air Wing. Close your eyes, shake your head, get on those gauges and stay on them. Rock the plane left and right, get the proper feel. There you are now, straight and level, and there's a radio message for you.

"Charlie," crackles the UHF radio. Light off the engine, descend, turn toward the ship. At 500 feet you break out under the dark scud, into a rainy but fairly clear area. Ahead about a mile is the ship, with lights blazing. You turn to match the ship's heading, drop your landing gear, flaps, and tail hook. As you pass the ship at 300 feet, you go back to the gauges, for now you must fly the instruments to sheer perfection. Lower gently, down to 200 feet, start the turn to port, the infamous upwind turn which calls for the most precise piece of instrument flying that any aviator can perform. You can't be

fast, can't be slow, can't be high, can't be low. Your plane is sluggish and dirty at this slow speed, yet you must guide it within fine tolerances, all on the gauges alone.

Ahead is blackness. To look aft to the lights of the ship is pure suicide, since there is no horizon behind them to offer a reference point. You complete the turn, steady out on the downwind leg, drop lower to about 125 feet, glance at the lights of the ship, judge your turning point, and slow down even more. Your tolerances now are even closer, your speed and altitude less, but you have some measure of reference from the ship's lights ahead to port. A fleeting glance at the gyro horizon is enough. Here the altimeter and air speed are the vital instruments, but ironically you must rely heavily on the "seat of the pants" feeling to make a good approach. You must keep your eyes away from the instruments, peer forward, pick out your correct line-up for a landing and search for the "paddles." Instead of flags, as you would see in daylight, signaling from the Landing Signal Officer, you now see lights in the form of a man's skeleton, with the outline of the paddles rimmed with small Christmas-tree bulbs. The LSO's job is to help you fly the plane to that single spot astern, at the exact speed and exact altitude where he can give you a cut — at which point you *must* pull off the throttles and gently ease the plane into a milky-white red-rimmed pool of light which marks the landing area.

This is it — too much forward stick and you'll hit like a ton of bricks, driving the landing gear through the wings and demolishing a half million dollars' worth of taxpayers' aircraft and radar. If the hook misses a wire in that instant of contact, you may be flung back into the air, to crash into wire and nylon barriers and barricades, or perhaps to settle in a stall over a side into the black cold waters. Not enough forward stick may be worse, for you will then "float" up the deck, tail hook dangling futilely inches above the waiting wires. The term "float" is a glorious misnomer, for you are actually traveling across the deck at about 100 miles per hour of relative speed. The end result is the same — barriers, barricades, and a mangled airplane.

You neither "dive for the deck" nor "hold off," however, and the landing is "uneventful." That means a shuddering, slamming, tooth-rattling wire engagement and deceleration as the plane comes to a halt. It's all over now, save for the taxiing and climbing out — all over until tomorrow night.

3

THE plane captain clambers up the side of your parked plane, helping to release you from the webbing and belts. "How did it go, sir?" he asks, just to be friendly. You nonchalantly answer, "Routine — nice weather up on top." But an hour or two

later, while unwinding over cigarettes and coffee in the wardroom, you tell all to the gray, balding, bright-eyed man at your side. "Had quite a tussle in vertigo alley tonight."

The gray head bobs slowly in a comrade's true sympathy, while the eyes crinkle ever so slightly. You give him all the details, since he is your skipper, a veteran of several hundred landings like the one you just made.

"Nothing to be ashamed of," he says; "happens to the best of them." Then he tells of Lt. Col. Bob Conrad, USMC, one of the Marine Corps's finest aviators, who, with some 4000 hours of transport flying behind him, wangled his way into the Marines' night jet program and ultimately came to command VMF(N) 513, one of the most famous of all night-flying squadrons, during the closing months of the Korean War.

Bob Conrad had logged so many instrument hours in transports that he no longer bothered to keep track of them. But in the night jet program he had to learn instrument flying all over again — the hard way. At that time, VMF(N) 513 was doing yeoman service flying night-fighter escort for the Air Force B-29 strikes deep into North Korea. On one of his first missions, Bob was jumped from behind by a Commie night MIG.

When Bob's radar operator, a youthful Marine technical sergeant named Cohaskie, reported the tail contact, Bob threw the plane into a violent right bank and pulled for all he was worth. From there on he wasn't quite sure exactly what happened, but as nearly as he could reconstruct it later, he performed, in rapid succession, a 720-degree turn to the right (twice around), a split S (the bottom half of a loop), a half loop, followed by an inverted spin, normal spin, progressive high-speed stalls, and high-Mach buffet (the shaking and shuddering of an aircraft which is going faster than it was designed to go). All that he can positively state is that he started at some 31,000 feet of altitude, just above a solid overcast, and finished at 5000 feet with eyeballs and teeth rattling and slightly unsettled nerves. The cause: vertigo, at a most critical moment, in a tight turn with a MIG hot on his tail.

It would be interesting to know just what happened to the MIG. He may possibly have been an uncounted "kill," thanks to vertigo. Cohaskie's memory is rather dim. "I blacked out early and stayed late" was his only comment.

A foolproof solution to vertigo, according to Captain Tom Danaher, another ex-513 member, is to get the plane somewhere near level and do several slow rolls, both left and right, on the instruments. This cure would make the oldest transport pilot blanch, but is effective since it shakes and rattles your brain so much that you have to believe the gauges.

The skipper goes on remembering — this time about Jim Brown, a Navy lieutenant and another alumnus of 513. Jim always claimed that vertigo is at its worst in daylight. "At night," says Jim, "I don't bother with outside light. I just turn up the instrument lights full bright and forget the outside, but in the daytime, in a good, misty, turbulent cloud layer, you just can't close your mind to the varying intensities of outside light."

Vertigo, of course, is a simple matter for any doctor to explain. The inner ear, with its sensitive hairs and fluid, is the culprit. The mechanism is only as sensitive as is required to keep a human being thinking properly when walking or running on solid ground. With the advent of the airplane, other factors — gravity, acceleration, and high speed — put the poor old inner ear in a turmoil, with resultant false impressions being sent to the brain. For the non-aviator, the same experience can be had for the price of a good drink. Ever hear of an inebriate falling out of bed? That's vertigo.

Every pilot knows all about the medical aspects and causes of vertigo, because they've been told time and time again, in aero-medical lectures, the reasons and the attendant physical aspects. It's easy to believe that your inner ear can play tricks on you when a flight surgeon says so in a classroom, but alone on a dark night, amid rain, ice, and turbulence, with 10 tons of airplane strapped to your back moving at 400 knots, it's a bit more difficult to believe the gyro horizon when it tries to tell you the same thing.





An Atlantic Story



An engineer who studied at Harvard and the University of Tulsa, JOSEPH WHITEHILL two years ago turned to full-time short-story writing. Moved by his Navy memories and by his respect for the work of Joseph Conrad, Mr. Whitehill wrote a sea story called "Able Baker" which we published as an "Atlantic First." The story below, he says, is his respectful bow "to the impossibly beautiful prose of Isak Dinesen, the mistress of us all."

THE ACADEMICIANS

by JOSEPH WHITEHILL

AS FAR as anyone watching him could tell, Phillip Tussig had no intention whatever of entering the wide gate before the Academy of Art. To all appearances, he was just another Easter stroller. But as he walked slowly beside the high iron fence which enclosed the huge old building, bearded with straggled ivy and horned with gargoyles, he wondered in tense anxiety whether or not he would turn in when he came to the gate. Indeed, he had spent most of the hours since his early train had arrived that morning weighing the risk he ran in even getting near the Academy. As if the town itself were not risk enough, he thought, angry at his own foolhardiness.

Phillip Tussig had that rare and curious quality of appearance which made passers-by glance once at him, then look away bored. There was a smallness to him, and an ill-tailored look, and a dullness in his brown hair, which turned aside the eyes of the curious and let him move unseen about his errands.

Yet he stood now by the stone gatepost with the smiling Easter sun warming his shoulders under the tweed of his rough gray jacket, tensing with an inchoate sense of his conspicuousness and trying to discover why he should now feel watched. Suddenly, with a klaxon blare through the halls of his brain, his hands cried for his eyes' notice! . . . That was it! . . . His hands!

Phillip had grown so used to his lame hands, and lived so well within their deficiencies, that hardly once in a month would he affront them — bend a wrist too suddenly to suit the rubbish of bones inside, or misjudge the weight of an object and drop it from his numb fingers. He had even learned, many years ago, how to shake hands without flinching.

For weeks, in his room at night, he had stood before the mirror smiling fixedly back at himself, shaking his right hand with his left, learning to a fraction of a degree the precise angle at which he must hold his wrist to lessen the crackling sound when his hand was shaken.

His hands cried for notice, he knew, because he was now, for the first time, standing outside the gross old building where he had lamed them some twenty-three years ago. And such a foolish, wanton misfortune it had been! Yet he could recall nothing in his later years which had had the same elemental nature of trial as the day, when he was twelve, that he had allowed himself to be trapped in the dare of the Shaft.

The faculty, in Phillip's days at the Academy, did not even suspect the existence of the Shaft. Indeed, he felt, it was unlikely that they had ever learned of it at all, for it was a passionately guarded secret kept, as boys' knightly secrets are held, with a dire and solemn fervor. Somehow, in the erection of the Academy hundreds of years ago, an error was made, or an early idea of the architect was later forgotten; for a slender flue dropping plumb through all four stories had been left behind, with no use assigned to it.

In Phillip Tussig's day, when he was a promising young student of painting, the Shaft was reached at its upper end by removing some of the boards at the back of the sweeper's closet on the top floor where the boys slept, and it fell straight down through the building with not another opening, until it emerged beneath a heavy iron grate in the alley between the Academy and the building next door. The Shaft was airless and black, not much

more than half a meter square, and its walls were of brick roughened where the rotting mortar had wept out of the course joints when it was laid.

2

THE Shaft had been held by the boys to be a ritual touchstone of bravery, and so indeed it was. It was regarded, by those who had not dared to descend its length, as the most fearful challenge to their chivalric mettle they could conceive. Only four boys in Tussig's memory had climbed down the Shaft, panting in the dark, and squeezing in a terrified brace against the walls. True, some had gone down it on a rope, but this achievement was met only with derision, and served not at all to enhance the esteem in which they were held.

One boy, little ape-like Becker, had gone down the Shaft not once but *four* times, and had then crowned his glory by climbing back up, something never before attempted. Tussig remembered that day well. A long piece of twine, knotted off in meters, had been lowered to the bottom, where Becker had tied its end to the little chain inside the collar of his jacket. Then, barefoot, he had begun the ascent, with a boy in the sweeper's closet above taking in the twine to measure his progress. As each new meter was gained, the boy on watch at the top left the closet furtively and reported the progress to the rest of the boys waiting tensely in their rooms.

Becker, then only thirteen, had remained in the Shaft more than five hours, even calling for food and drink, which was lowered to him in a small hamper. In the days after, Becker had been accorded all reverence, and for a while he did not seem to anyone to be the boaster and prank player he once had been. After the lapse of a week, however, his fame declined as the event of his deed lost its immediacy, and he had returned to his old annoying ways.

That had been the real cause of the trouble, Tussig reflected. Teasing and insulting him, Becker had one day so enraged Phillip with his taunts that the smaller boy had unthinkingly caught at the proffered dare, and angrily agreed to make the descent of the Shaft without a rope. Many times, during the hours until midnight when all the faculty would be asleep, he had bitterly regretted his folly and tried to devise an honorable escape from the trial; then, just as quickly, he had rescrewed his courage and joked with the others about it.

Of the actual fall down the Shaft, Phillip remembered little. He had wormed his way about a third of the way down when a bit of mortar had broken under his heel and, with gasping suddenness, he hurtled down between the rough, abrading walls until he struck the littered bottom. When he had awakened and begun to think again, it seemed to Phillip he must have landed on his knees, with his wrists beneath them, in a kind of foetal position; for in the dim light that came down through the

iron grate he could see that his limp wrists no longer bent at a definite joint, but appeared to wilt smoothly over a longer curve, as though made of rubber.

He had shouldered aside the heavy grate and climbed out into the alley between the buildings, racked with greater pain than he had ever known. Leaning weakly against the wall, he knew that none of the boys could come to help him, for they were locked in for the night. With his eyes fogged over and his head whirling in agonized disbelief at what he had done, Phillip had limped around to the front entrance and climbed the high stone stairs. Down on his aching knees, he had caught the brass knob of the bellpull between his teeth and pulled on it repeatedly until at last one of the monitors awoke and let him in. (Even now, more than twenty years later, Phillip Tussig could call back the taste of the sour brass bellpull and the anesthetic slipperiness of the greasy, graphited wire it was fastened to.)

He had mumbled a story of somnambulism to the frightened assembly of nightshirted instructors, which was accepted without question because of their surprise and shock. A wise and daring little boy who had perched out of sight on the stairs above had heard Phillip's exculpating tale, and had run to open a third-floor window at the front of the Academy, thus to give visible corroboration to the story.

When Phillip Tussig had returned to the Academy a week later with both his arms in casts to the elbows, Becker had been one of the first to greet him. Becker had led him into the seclusion of his own room and passionately apologized to Phillip for having set the dare upon him. He had pleaded so earnestly, gesturing and grimacing in his Iberian manner, that Phillip smilingly had to tell him that no grudge was kept.

Then Becker had asked, "When will you be able to paint again?"

And Phillip had replied, "I don't know. I may never be able to." Phillip had invented this awful fate for himself only to watch Becker writhe in the coils of his guilt, but later, after the casts were sawn off, the terrible thing was true. His hands, though unscarred, felt like fish flesh, and his wrists were agony to bend.

Thus Phillip had prepared Becker for the grievous shock without preparing himself, and it was Becker, quieter and more serious now, who had helped Phillip grow used to his disablement and to think of ways of accommodation. Phillip's instructors had discreetly withdrawn their demands of performance upon him, and had subtly shifted the weight of his studies in an academic direction, so that he no longer had to submit charcoals or washes, and it was even rare that they asked him to use a pen to write with.

It was at about this time, within a month after Phillip's accident, that the Committee of Judges had selected one of his earlier pastels, a still life,

for permanent purchase, and had bought it from him and hung it in the Central Gallery on the third floor. When the news was out, Becker had run to Phillip's room to congratulate him. "How perfectly marvelous! To know that a picture of yours is going to hang there forever! Ah, how I envy you, Phillip."

Phillip Tussig's feelings were impossibly mixed over this affair of the pastel. First, of course, was his prideful buoyance over the bare fact of the honor. Second, and naturally enough, he believed with shame that had he not ruined his hands, the Committee would not have considered his picture at all; that the members had offered him this distinction as a sop or recompense (the only one at their disposal) to express their sorrow at his misfortune. Then, and worst of all, Phillip knew himself a fraud in accepting the award, for had the faculty known the true circumstances of his fall, they would have said he deserved his fate. Out of this caldron of contrary feeling, Phillip had replied to Becker, "You can envy me safely, I know. But you would not exchange places with me, would you?"

A short time later, Phillip Tussig had modestly resigned from the Academy, and returned to his parents' home in the Province, leaving his pastel hanging on the gallery wall.

It was this drawing he was thinking of now. Somehow, in spite of the great personal danger he courted by exposing himself to view in this town, he was driven by an obsessing need to look at it once more. . . . It will not be as I remember it, he thought. None of this town has been as I remembered it. . . . This was absolute. Everything seemed smaller and dirtier, and seemed to have grown ragged at those edges he recalled as gentle and smooth.

3

So it came to pass that Phillip Tussig returned to his Academy after more than twenty years, deserting for just this once the safety of his guardian wit; the wit which had so long kept him whole, or at least protected that wholeness which was left to him. For Tussig, during all the years of his service, had never carried a pistol or a knife. He had learned early that his hands were too slow for such things, but some time after learning it he had found that without these weapons he was estimated by others as inexplicably more formidable than those who went armed.

Promising himself that he would stay only a moment — just long enough to see his picture — Phillip crossed the courtyard of broken terrazzo, moving among the holiday groups of students and their parents, and climbed the hollowed marble steps to the entrance. He observed as he passed through the door that the brass-handled bellpull had been replaced with a tiny ivory button. That

was too bad. He would have liked to have it for a souvenir.

Inside, he was forced to pause in the dark, cool atrium to orient himself. Groups of best-dressed folk were talking in clumps or silently studying the paintings hung around the walls. Scanning quickly, Phillip Tussig saw that his was not among them. He caught sight of a blue-sashed monitor loitering at the foot of the great staircase, talking with two younger students. They looked up respectfully as he approached, and he asked, "Please, might you tell me where the Permanent Exhibit Awards are hanging?"

"What year, sir?"

"Nineteen — ah, between nineteen twenty-five and nineteen thirty." Phillip could have bitten his tongue at his folly.

The boy consulted a printed card. "They are on the third floor, sir, in the Center Gallery."

"Thank you."

When he had reached the top of the staircase, Phillip looked down. The boy with the blue sash had disappeared. Phillip felt sweat starting in his armpits. Instead of ascending higher, he walked down the long corridor he remembered as leading to the music rooms.

He found one empty, and after shutting the thick door, he sat down on the piano bench to think. His heart was beating far too fast for his taste; he felt the blood moving in his tingling wrists. . . . What use is all that training and proud experience if I must run like a hare at the sight of my shadow? . . .

He fingered the keys of the piano silently while he tried to divine the source of his panic. The rumors he had heard of Becker's return to this country had never been confirmed. Besides, it was highly unlikely that Becker knew of his, Phillip's, part in the opposition movement. Phillip's communicants had for years posted him on Becker's movements and activities, and nothing in their generally sound reports had indicated that Becker was aware that now he and Phillip were pulling on opposite ends of the rope, or indeed, that he even remembered Phillip. But in these affairs, even positive certainty is a relative quantity, and not to be trusted for support.

It must have something to do with Becker and the Shaft, and my hands, Phillip thought. This must be one of those places and times when a man's early conditioning suffocates his rationale.

"Fah!" he exploded as he rose decidedly from the bench. He left the room and walked down the corridor toward the side stairs he remembered. As he climbed the stairs alone, the risks seemed to have returned to proper dimension.

While he stood at the door of the Center Gallery listening to the emanating hum of voices, Phillip suddenly discovered with a shock that he was staring right at his own drawing. The back

hair of his head crawled in the nostalgic joy of seeing it again after so long. And that it now hung directly before the door! Just where it was the first to be seen when one entered! Seeing it there, meriting its position by its own virtues, so to speak, Phillip guiltily knew that his suspicions of the motives of the faculty in buying it were those of an ingrate. It appeared exactly as he had remembered it, yet somehow more finished, and he hastened forward in single-eyed intentness to look at it more closely.

As he looked at his drawing, a simple design of a brace of partridge and a large ring of keys, he re-experienced the total process of its execution: the placement of his subjects, the graphite outlining, the simplification of the birds' variegated plumage, and the painstaking hours with the chalks as he spilled into his effort all he knew of shape and size and position. For a moment, standing before it now, he became dizzy with excitement. But, in the years since he had done that drawing, other skills had intruded which could not be stilled even now, as he stood rooted in his past. The habit of noting and assessing details for their content of peril was now as habitual as his unconscious care of his hands.

The small brass plate tacked to the wall beside the drawing read not his name, but another's, and titled another picture from another year. How is this? he thought. Somebody has made a stupid mistake. Then he noticed that where his picture now hung, the monk's-cloth wall showed a rectangular area of cleanliness that matched neither the size nor the shape of his own drawing. Part of the cold truth was already upon him as he thought, My drawing does not belong here at all. Someone has put it here in place of another. And, as he remembered how he had entered this room, eagerly and in a straight line toward his own picture, an icy awareness of *trap!* came over him. He stepped back in momentary indecision, then coolly turned toward the door.

4

IN THE side of his eye, Phillip saw what he knew he must. Becker was indeed there, talking to two heavy-shouldered young men with close-cropped hair, and watching him with a slight smile on his large-lipped mouth. Phillip's scalp tightened, but he gave no sign he had seen Becker, and continued toward the door, though the way now seemed longer.

Becker left his two companions with a nod and, striding swiftly with his ape's gait, intercepted Phillip at the door. "Ah, dear Tussig! So many, many years has it been! How are you — how are you?" Becker's hand was groping for Phillip's, but Phillip kept his hands in his pockets.

Phillip Tussig looked annoyed, and as he shouldered past Becker into the corridor, he shook his head and shrugged "I don't believe —?" His voice

was now the nasal singing of the Portuguese, an alien accent in this land.

"Oh, come, Phillip. Don't tell me you don't recognize me?" Becker was talking loudly, in a shatteringly cordial shout, and loping sideways along beside Phillip.

Phillip kept walking, rudely shaking his head. "No — no." He was trying hard to reach the Gallery of Sculpture, just ahead, where he saw the safety of a large crowd and an open room with several exits.

"Phillip, Phillip!" Becker kept up. "It's I — Becker! Surely you know me!"

Phillip, seeing now that Becker was certain of his identification, allowed a light of recognition to show. Above all, there must be no disturbance. "Ah, yes. Becker. How are you these days, Becker?"

"Busy as can be. Let us sit over here where we may talk." Becker led the way to a couch at one side of the Gallery of Sculpture.

"Believe me, Phillip, I am glad to see you," Becker went on when they were seated. His eyes flickered over Phillip's face and person in a proprietary manner which reminded Phillip of the way of an Argentine beef buyer. Then the animation left his face and he went on, "We were terribly afraid you wouldn't come into the Academy at all. It was my idea to wait for you here. We could hardly have gone out into the street to get you, you know. That's the exasperating part of it all. One must be so discreet, is it not so?"

Phillip shifted on the couch and said puzzledly, "I'm afraid I don't know what you're talking about."

Becker's bland face belied the fury in his voice, which hissed somewhat as he lowered it. "Look, Tussig, let's stop this. Personally, I would delight to sit and chat with you about this and that, but we haven't time. Let me be plain. Just as you know of me, so I also know of you. I know what you have been doing all these years. Our Corps may move clumsily at times, but our information service is just as adept as your own. Now . . . are we understood together?"

Phillip paused, assessing the chances of a quick bolt down the staircase, then said, "What do you want, Becker?"

"Now, that's better." Becker smiled briefly the old smile of fraternity. "Really, you know, it is quite curious that our ways have not crossed before. Do you suppose we have been being polite?"

"I thought you were in a hurry," Phillip said.

"*Touché*, Phillip, so I am. Well, to go on — you surely know what we're after, do you not?"

"No."

"Of course you would say that. I will tell you, then. We want to know, first, how it was that you people managed to engineer that little currency coup of yours in February? Only the very highest men in our Corps knew when that transshipment was to

take place, but you clever little people were there right on time. Submachine guns in a hay wagon — well, *really!* Tussig, we *must* know where our leak is. And the other thing we must know is, why are you yourself in this town at this time? That is all.”

Phillip squinted thoughtfully. “Supposing for a moment that I know the answers you want, what is to induce me to tell them to you?” This, Phillip knew, was just a formal question.

Becker pulled at his lower lip while he paused in thought. At length he said, “I was just trying to decide how much to tell you. I think we will save time if I tell you everything. The two men with whom you saw me in the gallery are my platoon leaders. In this building are the members of their platoons. There are eighteen men here throughout the Academy who know by now that you have been found and that I am talking to you. If you tell me what we want, I will walk with you to the gate outside and let you go your way. If you don’t tell me what I need, you will be dead in an hour. . . . Phillip, do not force my hand. Please.”

Phillip Tussig was touched by the irony of Becker’s plea. “You seem to wish to avoid a disturbance.”

“No more than you yourself. We are a weasel and a fox in the same henhouse.”

“Why do you not take me away for torture? I have heard many reports of your excellence in this area. Why this gentlemanly method?”

Becker shook his head sadly. “Phillip — Phillip. This is unkind of you. I shall again be truthful. Right now, it is mechanically impossible for us to take you anywhere. We have nowhere to take you. They watch for us everywhere. We are as alien here as you. But you are outnumbered. Myself, I am glad of this, in a way. Do you assume that because we find ourselves today in opposition, I can put out of my heart all I know of my friend Phillip Tussig? Indeed, do you believe I *have* no heart? Of course not. Simply because our generals and our colonels tell us that you are black and I am white, or you are North and I am South, must we believe this to do our work?”

Watching Becker’s earnest face, and the tense, pleading gestures of his hands, Phillip Tussig was half moved to believe that Becker was right; that it was possible to admit humanity to their two-valued system. How odd it was to be caught in a mortal trap, yet find that to love the trapper was not impossible. Phillip said, “Becker, I must have time.”

“How much?”

“An hour.”

“Too long. My friends and I must be away from here and out of the town in an hour.” Becker paused. “Fifteen minutes.”

“Half an hour, then.”

Becker looked worried for a moment, then smiled quickly and gently grasped Phillip’s hand. “For a

friend, yes,” he said. “Ah, the hands. How are the hands, Tussig?”

“Better than they were once.”

“I am glad. I have dreamed of those hands often.”

Phillip grew impatient. “What must I do? Where will you be when the half hour is up?”

“By the foot of the great staircase. Please, Phillip, do come to me. If you are not down in time, I will leave alone, and my friends will come to you, wherever you are. I know your head is on straight, but please remember you will be watched every second. Do not make a scene.” Pressing his hand once more, Becker rose from the couch. “Half an hour, then,” he said softly, and with a little wave he strode from the Sculpture Gallery.

5

PHILLIP sat for long minutes with his elbows on his knees and his hands dangling loosely toward the floor. . . . That this is where the end should be, he thought. Right here again where the end might have come twenty years ago, had chances so said. The preposterousness of his position, and a concomitant sense of the unreality of it all, made him raise his head to look about the vaulted room and among its statuary, to find whoever it was who watched him. There were several men of differing sizes and types standing each alone and absorbed in the sculpture. None seemed interested in Phillip. Probably, he reflected, he would never have time to see their faces when they, whoever they were, came to him. He sighed and rose from the couch.

Moving slowly, and in evident aimlessness, so as not to alarm the secret eyes, Phillip went to the door of the Center Gallery and glanced in. Yes, there it was — his drawing, so placed that it was the first thing one saw on entering the room. Phillip stepped aside to the statue of Perseus, which stood with bowed head and sightless eyes, holding aloft the marble head of Medusa with his hand buried among the marble snakes. Phillip took off his coat and folded it neatly and put it across Perseus’ feet. He loosened his tie and collar and pushed up the cuffs of his shirt sleeves. Then, with a bustling walk, he sallied into the Center Gallery.

There were nearly a score of visitors there, grazing like cattle among the paintings. The two heavy-shouldered young men were no longer there. Phillip hurried in, then came to a flustered halt, raising his hands in a Gallic gesture of shock as he looked at his own drawing. Several of the visitors looked at him. “Tut tut,” Phillip said. “Such a stupidity! Ah, the help one gets these days!” He smiled sadly at a young couple who were attending his monologue. “Just look at that, I ask you,” he said as he pointed fussily at the drawing. “*Completely* out of place!”

Then, like a hound on a baffling scent, Phillip Tussig trotted around the walls of the gallery peer-

ing at the little brass title plates; craning, bending, and dodging for his view around and between the amused visitors. At length he found the plate which carried his name, over in an ill-lit corner, with the wrong picture hung beside it. The pain in his wrists as he lifted it down brought quick tears to his soft brown eyes, but he shook his head in a petulant way so that people could not see.

With every step he took across the room bearing this wrong picture to its right place, he felt his wrists flex and could hear the stony grating of the bones inside. He almost dropped it as he put it down under his own drawing; yet, without pausing, he took down the pastel of the two partridges and the ring of keys, and carried it back to its proper place. Though to hang his picture took a nearly superhuman denial of the pain that echoed now even to his elbows, he achieved it at length and, straightening the picture with one hand, he mopped his face with a handkerchief wrapped around the other. Mercifully, a helpful visitor had rehung the other picture by the time he returned to it, and he nodded to the man in thanks. Really, he thought as he looked at it, this is a much more suitable picture for this place. In the style of Rouault, it was a ghastly stained-glass-like affair built of triangles.

Now that his picture was back in the obscurity where it deserved to hang, Phillip Tussig left the gallery without another glance at it. Outside, he took his coat back from Perseus and put it on. Then he straightened his tie and ambled out of the Sculpture Gallery toward the side stairs. When he looked over his shoulder, he saw two men approaching; two men who before had been standing apart looking at separate statues.

. . . Better now than not at all, Phillip thought, and he raced up the stairs three at a time.

When he reached the top floor, his thin legs tingling and trembling with the exercise, he took a great lungful of air and held it, the better to hear his pursuers. They were, from the sound of their pounding feet, not far behind. Phillip ran down the hall and had to try two doors before he found the sweeper's closet. He pulled the light cord and quickly shut himself inside.

He stared a moment at the closed door, lit by the pendulum swing of the feeble bulb. Now it was the Lord's turn.

6

MOVING as quietly as he could in his haste, he pulled out the canisters of sweeping compound and powdered soap, and the broached case of toilet paper, biting his lip to distract the agony of his wrists. He could hear the men outside in the hall trying doors and calling to each other in voices of strained softness.

Finally the back wall of the tiny closet was bare, and Phillip's shoulders sagged in relief as he saw in

the dim light the blessed dirty thumbprints of countless young heroes on the loose boards there. In an instant he had slid out the boards and switched off the light, and swung himself feet-first and awkwardly into the small opening. Bracing with his elbows and knees against the rough walls, he inched himself downward a little way, then stopped as he heard the door open in the closet above him.

"Look at that."

"What?"

"The light cord swinging. He has been in here."

As Phillip listened to their talk, he opened his throat as wide as he could, to diminish the noise of his breathing.

"There is a hole back here."

"Would he go into a hole?"

"Give me a match."

"Here. Try it this way. Strike the match and drop it while it still flares."

The match spluttered brightly and dropped. Phillip gasped in pain as the burning match landed with a wasp's sting on the bare nape of his neck.

"Did you hear that?"

"Yes. He is there, all right."

"You had better go down and get Becker."

"Very well."

"Be quiet about it."

"Of course."

Above, there was now silence. Phillip Tussig, cramped between the walls of the Shaft, loosed one hand and beat at the smoldering collar of his coat where the match had set it afire. The pain in his wrist as he brushed with his hand brought him near to fainting, so he stopped and scraped off the coals by hunching against the bricks.

Then he began descending the Shaft, moving in those tortured inchworm motions that brought so little travel at each cycle. First, Phillip, your left knee down. Brace it. Then right knee down. Brace it. Then skid your back down the wall and bring your elbows down one at a time. Thus ten centimeters are gained. Now repeat all the motions and keep repeating them, long off into distant time; for to reach the bottom whole, you must do this a hundred and fifty times.

Like a crippled beetle, Phillip Tussig made his way down the Shaft, counting wordlessly as he began each cycle, thus to prove his progress. He dislodged a chunk of mortar and breathed deeply twice before it struck the bottom. He heard a whispered voice above him and stopped, head hanging on his chest, to listen.

"Phillip," said the whisper. "It is I, Becker. I have found a rope. Will you take it?"

Phillip shook his head.

"Here it comes."

A hard, dusty snake of rope fell across his straining arms, and Phillip cried out in anger, "Get that thing off me!"

"Quietly, quietly," said Becker from above. "Please take it, Phillip. I don't want you to do this thing."

"You left me wide choice," Phillip gasped, suddenly sensing for the first time the hungry void below him. "Take away your rope, for God's sake. It's heavy!" The rope rustled and went back up in the dark.

"I never believed you would do this, Phillip," Becker whispered when he had retrieved all the rope. "All you had to do was tell us two little things, and then you could have walked out. Not *this*."

Phillip Tussig did not answer. Left knee down. . . . Brace it. Right knee down. . . . Brace it. . . . A great cramping pain settled on his shoulders, and he was tiring. His feet found a course of brick which protruded just enough to hook his heels on and let him rest. Mortar dust sifted into his mouth and grated loudly inside his head when he set his teeth. Phillip heard from above the sounds of a conference. Evidently all three of them were in the little sweeper's closet with the door closed, for he could easily hear every word they said, nor was there another sound to confuse the meaning of the words. Briefly, Phillip wondered if it would be like this to hang still in dark outer space and listen to the Lord and two angels chatting quietly about him.

"We could drop our knives on him. Point down, you know."

"Ass. What for?"

"Well, to kill him or make him fall or something."

Becker said, "Those little knives of yours have no weight. They would just sting him even if you managed to hit him."

"They might make him fall."

"To what end?" Becker asked. "What good would his falling do us?"

"Well, he would be punished for running away. He would be dead, perhaps."

Becker sounded choked; whether with rage or tears Phillip could not tell. "Oh, you *fools!* Stupid, beastly fools. Do you think I want that man dead? Werner, listen to me. Are your ears open, Werner? When Tussig was caught out here in the building, I told him to inform or be killed. His life or death was just an article of currency between us. It is information I want, not killing. Don't you think I live with enough already, without having his idle death on my head?"

"I thought he was an enemy," the other said sullenly.

"*Agh!* He is first a man."

Becker's voice now came down more clearly as he leaned into the Shaft and said, "Hey, Tussig, are you all right?"

"Yes."

"How are the hands?"

"Not too bad."

"How far down are you?"

"I'm not sure. Perhaps halfway."

Phillip began again to climb downward. The joints at his elbows and knees seemed to hurt worse after his short rest. They felt abraded and warm, as though they might be bleeding. He climbed down for a time undisturbed. It might have been fifteen minutes, or half an hour — he had no way of telling — before Becker again broke the silence.

"Phillip."

"Yes."

"Do you think if you fell now you would be killed?"

"I don't know. I don't think so."

"That is good. . . . I think you need some light."

There was a sound of scraping and rustling from above, and Phillip dared not look up. A brightly flaring match tumbled by him, and another, and another. Then came an incandescent shower of them, hissing and leaving smelly sulfur trails. Several landed on Phillip's clothing, and he brushed them off as best he could, before they set him afire.

Becker's voice came again, sounding hollow and gleeful in the distance. "That was light for your soul, Phillip. . . . Now, here is something to whiten your soul, Phillip." Several thumps sounded, and Phillip lowered his head and tried to cover it with his aching hands. A cascade of powdered soap poured over him, filling his nose and causing him to sneeze loudly several times.

"*Gesundheit!*" whispered Becker in a voice with some love in it. "Now, let me see. . . . Ah! Here, Phillip, this is to teach the soul humility under degradation!"

An avalanche of cedar-smelling, greasy sawdust flowed down over Phillip, seeking out every gap in his clothing and trying to smother him with its warm, oily filth. Phillip kept moving as best he could, hurrying to escape this catechism.

"Now, this is the last, Phillip," Becker cried hoarsely. "This is to remind the soul of its humanity." A roll of toilet paper struck Phillip a soft blow on the shoulder and rolled off into the dark. Then came another, partially unrolled, trailing a tangling, spidery-feeling train. Soon they were falling in a rhythmic bombardment, some hitting him, and others missing in their hurry.

Phillip knew he was about to fall. Sheer will could no longer keep him wedged there between the walls of the Shaft. His arms and legs no longer obeyed, and, in their numbness and weakness, they seemed not his, but a child's. He looked down for the first time. Then he loosed his legs and dropped the last three meters and landed in a sprawled heap on the pile of soft stuff Becker had used for ammunition. He was hardly jarred.

He flopped out of the Shaft like a dirty, tired seal, to a place in the well under the iron grate, and lay there limply on his back, looking up at the small piece of the blue sky, the Easter sky, which he could see between the tops of the buildings.



The Atlantic receives on an average as many as 1500 poems a month. They come as frequently from men as from women, and are evidence of an interest in poetry which never slackens. As an incentive for those writers yet unestablished, we shall from time to time devote a number of pages to the work of young poets.

THE YOUNG POETS

MY GRANDMOTHER'S PROVINCE

by ALLYN WEISSTEIN

SHE embarked
From Hesperia cornered by four carved pineapples.
In the hour when things rise from the deep,
The long cool mouth engulfed her.

Remembrance must go calliope's way
Down-river rainbowed in the great wheels' spray.
The buried captains raise their mossy heads —
Old snapping turtles sunken in the hills,
Stone-backed and wrinkle-eyed, perhaps not dead
But paralyzed by the dreaming of the town
Whose murmurs trickle into mole-pierced ears.

Cold from the night sweat of the curfew's chime
Where the Seven Sisters climb
With taloned fingers, tendriled stairways still;
More restless than the moon that draws its charts
Black and bone-white of the hidden rocks,
Sandbars, and driftwood trees that shiver
Keels once worn tattooed above their hearts,
The ghost pulse of the captains moves the river.

This was my grandmother's province:
She whom we buried in such mist
Perhaps the lilies covered a canoe
That floated her, like an Indian, to the Ohio.

Where, having burdened her with Paradise,
Her concerts ended, now she makes
Portage past waterfalls of lace
And all those roses reaching from the stage
Into a night that captains would forbear;
We, in the motionless tapestry of chase
Stand for a prayer, and marmalade and toast —
Lost Dauphins, mirror-strangers minted
From one medallion ghost.

THE SEARCHERS

by ROBERT BERKOWITZ

MOSTLY we get data
From the public sources,
Lists of sums rebated
Which were not deserved;
Artifacts of all kinds
Delineate and tell us
Of civilizations
And the gods they served.

So, this iron hammer
Handle we examine
Tells us that they worked it,
Loved *Sachlichkeit* and more;
A proud, pragmatic people
Devoted to creating,
Furious in making,
Murderous in war.

We have found such traces
In the highest mountains,
Stumbled on them, lying
In the radioactive plains.
We have seen their faces
Pressed on discs of copper;
The owners still elude us,
Mock us for our pains.

Even the Curator
And the best professors
Lent to the Museum
To clarify the paths

Admit complete confusion:
"Probably they were the
Wiseest of all creatures.
Or else, psychopaths."

But as we, receiving
Much of our strange being
From these very people,
Have come at last to see,
Either/Or's deceiving;
Such a complex thing as
Culture may be neither
Or both, and still be.

In a time of wars when
Verticular cities
Hurl their horizontal
Forces at the foe,
No coherent picture
Satisfies the living;
We, who come long after,
Cannot hope to know.

We shall clean the relics
Carefully with brushes,
Package them in cotton,
Leave this ancient ground.
Our report is standard:
"Valuable information
But no final answers
Were the things we found."

LANDSCAPE

by LUKE ZILLES

THE inland lies, far island infinite
in blue beneath the feathery air that hovers
over all and quietly discovers
distance and the marvelous violet

of the Adirondacks standing in the light
as if the far-off evening coming forever,
through vistas of silvery moisture and the quiver
of woods as dark and lovely as the night.

This is the timeless weather and the land,
with blue above and blue on either hand,
and light like stairs of angels far away,

a view of Eden that enlarges itself like thunder
and opens in the mind the wide wonder
of all the earth, the world, on a single day.

MYCENE

by JOHN SALY

HAD the thin golden mask hidden your face
Completely, Agamemnon, I had never
Come here to question dusty mysteries
Spread on the blackened flagstones like a dream.

The summer stream was dry: sand, grains of gold
And unknown bones. The passage to the cistern
Still smelled of mud. Your soul crusted the stones
And through the shroud of years cruelty seeped.

Somewhere beyond the day the falling, falling
Water was still your blood.

Buried beyond my eyes in rippled limestone,
Choked with the inward tears of soundless weeping,
Shadow on shadow, clinging to the powder
Of rusted swords and spears: the furies wait.

"THE SLEEPING GIPSY"

(*Rousseau*)

by SAMUEL FRENCH MORSE

THE poet, like the lion, needs
A noble fury of delight,
As Le Douanier knew, who saw
Poised in the frosty desert night

That wakeful beast whose golden eye
Betrays his hunger and his care
For Orpheus with a mandolin,
The sunburnt gipsy dreaming there.

"THEY GAVE HIM VINEGAR TO DRINK"

by JUDITH JOHNSON SHERWIN

OH, now they come, the channering rains come down,
The years, the rains, with worrying tongue and tone;
Water rubs steel to rust and rain rots bone,
Rots hands, rots brows worn down with their long frown.
Living and dead, flesh melts and teeth stain brown,
The firm brain turns, like butter on warm stone,
Runny and brown again, and down they drone:
The churning channering rains still chisel down.

Oh, now the round clouds close, and now they wean
Their rust-robed crying child, their grief-stained green
Worn knight of bitter drink and crown of thorn —
They chide no more; the years, the tears, the lean
Embittered rains find him eroded clean:
The eaten bone then feels no need to mourn.

CIRCUS IN THREE RINGS

by SYLVIA PLATH

IN THE circus tent of a hurricane
designed by a drunken god
my extravagant heart blows up again
in a rampage of champagne-colored rain
and the fragments whirl like a weather vane
while the angels all applaud.

Daring as death and debonair
I invade my lion's den;
a rose of jeopardy flames in my hair
yet I flourish my whip with a fatal flair
defending my perilous wounds with a chair
while the gnawings of love begin.

Mocking as Mephistopheles,
eclipsed by magician's disguise,
my demon of doom tilts on a trapeze,
winged rabbits revolving about his knees,
only to vanish with devilish ease
in a smoke that scars my eyes.

RIMBAUD: ON HIS MUSE

by MOORE MORAN

OLD birches, full of autumn, sound —
like rain, their few excited leaves,
while stained and versatile, the ground
enhances sense which time deceives.

Among the trees she comes and leaves
with words, too deep for sense to hold,
of dissolution as it weaves
through learning where the mind is old.

The calm she looks for in my figure,
restraint or death itself conceives;
through my long dream I trusted neither:
blind will alone confronts the leaves.

My skill was stronger than the leaves,
and yet it falls away as fast;
she frowns and waits and disbelieves
that madness found me out at last.

Beside her now my shadow heaves,
like meaning seen but never formed,
hugely alert among the leaves,
where worse than madness is performed.



The son of a famous French physiologist, JEAN MAYER came to the United States before the war to pursue his studies; but the war called him home, and as a Gaullist he fought for five years with the Free French forces. He got a Ph.D. at Yale Medical School in 1948, a D.Sc. from the Sorbonne, and in 1950 joined the faculty of the Department of Nutrition at the Harvard School of Public Health, where his studies on obesity have attracted wide attention. Last month we published his first article, entitled "Exercise Does Keep the Weight Down."

OVERWEIGHT AND OBESITY

by JEAN MAYER

I

ONE of the products of present-day obsession with overweight has been the wide publicity given to tables which provide "normal," "ideal," or "desirable" weights for stated heights and, sometimes, for stated ages. To use these tables, it would appear that all you have to do is to know your height. You can then read the weight at which, at best, you will be considered most "desirable" and, at worst, you will be "normal" for your age. Knowledge of your physical type ("big-boned," "delicately built," "average," or whatever) should enable you to choose the appropriate "frame" column. If you are above the stipulated weight you are too fat. Your chances of having heart disease, hernia, or diabetes and of losing the affection of your loved ones are multiplied; you must diet. If you are below the stipulated weight you are too skinny. You are the prey of similarly horrifying diseases, if not of equally catastrophic events; you must stuff yourself.

Life insurance companies and, in particular, Dr. Louis Dublin, the eminent statistician of the Metropolitan, deserve great credit for having repeatedly called attention to the very serious risks which accompany obesity. Using the data at their disposal — heights and weights of applicants for policies and causes of death of policyholders — they have arrived at the conclusion that "the greater the overweight, the greater the curtailment of longevity." Overweight men and women are found to be four times as likely to die of diabetes as are standard risks. Their mortality from chronic nephritis, cerebral hemorrhage, and coronary disease is twice the normal.

On the other hand, overweight individuals, according to the same insurance studies, are less prone to suicide than are normal-weight individuals. Apparently the physical and the mental make-up which are favorable to the development of obesity are un-

favorable to the development of the suicidal state. The strikingly low rate of tuberculosis among the overweight — one fifth the standard in men, one third in women — may reflect not the protective effect of obesity but the deleterious impact of infection on appetite. Incidentally, the association of obesity and infrequent deaths from tuberculosis may explain why for so long stoutness was, in the Western world, equated with health.

The relation of obesity and the degenerative (non-infectious) diseases may be equally complex. In some cases the excess fat is obviously dangerous *per se*; it increases surgical risk, making administration of anesthesia more delicate, as well as causing operations to be performed through layers of fat. It increases the probability of liver disease because the organ may become a *foie gras*. Increased deaths from accidents can be a consequence of the fact that the obese individual is a larger, clumsier, and slower target as well as a poorer surgical risk after an accident.

Obesity's relation to heart disease may well be even more complicated. Excess fat may directly cause peripheral circulation to be more difficult and may impair the function of the heart. Obesity and deficient cardiovascular function may also be the common effects of a sedentary, sluggish mode of life. The association of diabetes and middle-age obesity may represent common symptoms of a complex obesity-diabetes syndrome.

Even though the relation of obesity to disease is probably not always as directly causal as it is pictured, there is no doubt that Dr. Dublin and his associates have overwhelming evidence for their formidable indictment of obesity. Moreover, a recent study has shown that obese individuals who reduce and stay reduced may thereby substantially increase their life expectancy. Dublin's studies clearly show that "the best longevity record,

especially for men in later life, was recorded for those who were greatly underweight."

The tables of "normal" or "standard" weight most commonly found in the United States do not tell us what we need to know about obesity. To begin with, they were compiled by Charles B. Davenport for the medico-actuarial survey of 1912. Heights were recorded with shoes on, weights with street clothes on (1885-1900 clothes at that). So many of the weights ended in 0 and 5 that some observers have concluded that the weights were estimated, not measured. There is an even greater element of uncertainty when the phrase "with shoes on" is applied to the women of that period. The weight of women's street clothes must also have been more variable from year to year in that era, which saw rapid changes in women's fashions.

At the end of the nineteenth century the practice of buying life insurance was not nearly as widespread as it is now. It was confined to a relatively small group of prosperous individuals. When you are using the "normal" weight table and comforting yourself with the thought that your weight is "normal for your height and age," remember that you are pitting yourself against bankers, brokers, lawyers, and physicians of the gay nineties, complete with handlebar mustaches, vests, striped pants, morning coats, spats, watch chains, and carnations.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company tables are based on the 1912 figures modified in the following way: The weights for men are predicated on their "standard" weights at age thirty, on the theory that any increase from then on is bound to be pure adipose tissue. For the banker-broker types who dominate the 1912 figures, several years of sedentary life have often already enlarged the abdominal girth by the age of thirty.

Because it was felt that the 1912 tables tended to overestimate the correct body weight of tall people and to underestimate that of short ones, corrections were brought to bear. Further adjustments were made to smooth the gradation of values at successive heights. Then groups were set up on both sides of the figures thus obtained. The three columns so arbitrarily achieved were sent out into the world handsomely designated as "ideal" weights for individuals endowed respectively with "small," "medium," and "large" frames. The term "ideal" has recently, for reasons unclear to me, been changed to "desirable."

It must be noted that the weights for the various frames were never based on actual measurements of individuals classified by frame. As a matter of fact, no method is given to enable us to measure the size of our frame. Worse, the term is never defined. Is it purely a matter of skeletal size? Is it muscular development? Is it a function of both? How well is obesity correlated with overweight? Is it impossible to measure fatness itself? Certainly, there is no doubt that the 400-pound man is overfat what-

ever his degree of muscular development. But what of the middle ranges? Is the portrait of Herman Hickman as a young man that of one of the greatest athletes of his time or that of one condemned to rapid physical decay by excess fat? Methods recently developed supply an answer, at least in part, to these questions.

2

ABOUT half of the total fat of the body is found just under the skin, and therefore it generally shows. cursory visual examination of a person will often tell you whether the subject is or is not fat. Judicious pinches in appropriate places can settle many cases where observation alone is inconclusively informative. Thickness of fat layers in the chin, abdomen, chest, and arms has been found to be most closely correlated to the degree of fatness of the whole body. There are differences in localization of subcutaneous fat of children and adults—small children have more fat on the arms than on the abdomen; adults show the opposite picture. There are differences, too, between men and women. To give but one example, an educated pinch on the calf of the leg is more revealing of total body fat in women than in men.

There is a sophisticated technique which permits us to express the results of pinches in proper numerals; a caliper of standard dimensions, which pinches with a standard amount of pressure, is a necessary auxiliary of the scientific pincher. Simple observation can also be refined by the use of X rays. Soft-tissue roentgenograms show the fat layers at the sides of the X-ray profile.

If we can measure the density of a human body we can calculate the total amount of fat in the body because of the low specific gravity of adipose tissue. Weighing people first in air and then under water is a method hinted at by Archimedes. It was pioneered by a U.S. Navy captain, Dr. Albert R. Behnke, Jr., who is recognized as the outstanding specialist of submarine medical services. Further refinements have been devised by Ancel Keys, the Minnesota physiologist, and his co-workers. There are yet other ways to get some useful idea of the body's fat content, such as estimation from the weight and the total body water determined by injecting a small amount of heavy water in a vein and measuring its dilution after sufficient time has elapsed for it to be uniformly diluted by ordinary water molecules.

These methods have made it possible to demonstrate the differences in fat content between the sexes, between age groups, and between sedentary workers and those employed more strenuously, and to differentiate between overweight and obesity. It has been shown, for example, that women twenty-five years old contain at least 50 per cent more fat than young men of the same age. Thin forty-year-

old women may contain up to twice as much fat as muscular men of the same age. A picturesque determination conducted by W. C. Welham and Albert Behnke, Jr., confirms the fact that overweight and obesity are not synonymous. The average tackle or guard on a college or professional football team weighs 200 pounds or more. Even in relation to his height and even when he is considered as falling in the "large frame" class, the six-foot, 200-pound lineman is at least 10 per cent overweight according to the "ideal" table. Yet, when the Navy scientists measured the specific gravity of seventeen professional football players, several of them former All-Americans, they found them endowed with a greater than normal specific gravity, indicating an abnormally low fat content. These overweight men were underfat.

Aging in the adult is of particular interest. The tables of "normal" height-weight appeared to condone the progressive acquisition during maturity of surplus poundage. It can be made clear by these new techniques that such accumulated weight after completion of muscular and skeletal growth is nothing but useless or dangerous fat.

Even if the same weight is maintained throughout adult life, active tissue is progressively replaced by fat. In other words, even if our body weight does not change, we become increasingly fatter as we grow older. Keys matched thirty-three younger (22 to 29 years) men and thirty-three older (48 to 57 years) men so that each young man was paired with an older man of the same height and weight. The fat content of the older men was found to be 50 per cent greater than that of the younger men. Women, it has already been seen, are proportionately fatter than men at all ages, but the evolution of their fat content shows an increase with age parallel to that of the leaner sex. Active individuals who continue to exercise into middle age maintain a proportionately greater lean body mass than do sedentary people. Even in the active individuals, however, age inexorably infiltrates existing tissue with fat. For all of us, but perhaps particularly for highly muscular individuals who stop intensive exercising, it would appear that the only way we can decrease the rate of progressive accumulation of fat is (far from following the "normal" height-weight tables) to stop our weight gain at the age of twenty-five and, over the later years, slowly to lose weight. In other words, we should attempt to do what the French call *vieillir sec*, "to age dry."

3

ELABORATE scientific studies thus confirm that appearance of the silhouette and firmness of superficial tissues are a better index of obesity than weight. This was forcibly brought home to me in India, a land characterized by an extreme diversity of human types. Most Bengalis, whether owing to

genetic traits or to deficient diets in childhood, have an extremely slight build. The jute workers I examined showed a frail and narrow skeleton as well as a poorly developed musculature. The average weight for men was about 110 or 115 pounds for a height of five feet, two inches, to five feet, five inches. Even among individuals who were engaged in heavy physical work, muscular development was often limited to the muscles directly involved in the work. Under these conditions, it is little wonder that Bengali factory workers, whose weight conforms to the "ideal" even for the "light" frame, appear obese on visual examination and feel fat when pinched. Conversely, the massive Sherpa porters of Nepal or Darjeeling can weigh 50 pounds more than the frail Bengali of the same height without appearing fat and without impairment of performance.

In the West the recent tendency has been toward the "desirability" of thinner and thinner women. The average American woman gazes daily at fashion advertisements designed to prove to her how well clothes look on women several inches taller and many pounds thinner than she can ever hope to be. The fact that people tend to photograph "fat" has touched off among movie actresses a self-accelerating chain reaction toward slenderness. The net result has often been favorable, as it has tended to make many Western women adopt drastic and often effective measures to conform to prevalent clothing fashions. Thus Dior has often succeeded where health education has failed. On the other hand, the desire to achieve the figure of Lauren Bacall has led many girls in their teens and twenties to starve themselves into a state of physical weakness and headache and has led young mothers to eschew nursing their babies for fear that more rounded contours might follow.

It is a truism that men are less sensitive to obesity — in themselves — than women are. A few years ago a Gallup poll indicated that, while a substantial proportion of American women considered themselves to be overweight, American men were generally satisfied with their anatomy. However, the evolution of weight statistics in the course of the past half century would suggest that relatively more men than women, perhaps twice as many, have entered the ranks of the obese. Aesthetics is probably a deciding factor. Physical appearance plays a greater role in the appraisal of women than it does of men. Furthermore, modern dresses are very revealing of figures; a small increase in the waist circumference renders a dress unusable. By contrast, men's clothing is sufficiently shapeless to mask men's physiques. Military uniforms are usually tighter, but then a large chest girth is an asset for the display of decorations, as is demonstrated by the obese uniformed totalitarian figures who have become such a characteristic fixture of our century. The male indifference to overfatness is

all the more serious because obesity may well be even more detrimental to the health of men than to that of women. Thus, the need for clear-cut (but sensible) standards of fatness is even greater for men than for women. Such standards should guide those men who have ceased to care about their appearance or who have developed self-delusions about their muscular development.

We may hope that insurance companies and other health-minded agencies will continue their efforts and will adopt more accurate criteria of fatness than they have used in the past. We may also hope that progress in the understanding of the physiology of disturbances of appetite will elicit their relation to disease. In particular, the following problem may thus be solved. Will the six-foot, 200-pound overweight athlete stay in the same risk category as the sedentary overfat individual of the same height and weight? Is it as bad to carry too much muscle as too much fat? Or, on the contrary, will it be discovered that if disease were correlated with fatness rather than weight, the correlation would be even more striking? Certainly the improvement in risk due to losing weight — in this case weight must be synonymous with fat — would suggest that the latter hypothesis may be correct, but we have no final proof of this.

Certain European clinicians maintain that the location of the excess fat may be correlated with certain specific risks. For example, the android (John Bull) type of obesity, with the excess fat predominantly located in the upper part of the body, has been characteristically associated with high blood pressure.* It is to be hoped that simple methods will soon be devised to test this theory.

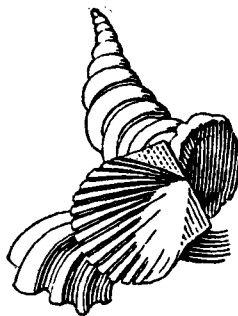
If you are really fat, you should be able to see it and to feel it. To be specific, if you are a man, if the fat under your chin is thicker than your thumb,

if when you pinch your abdomen you can collect a fat fold more than an inch thick, you are probably too fat for your own good. By contrast, if you are "all muscle," with a weight above the "ideal" for your height, and if you — or a less biased observer such as your wife or, better still, your physician — are sure that it *is* muscle, forget about your ideal weight. Remember, nevertheless, in this case that if you cease your physical activity you are especially exposed to replacement of muscle by fat and you had better plan to age dry by progressively losing weight.

Above all, remember this simple rule. Your safest guide as to what you should weigh is not a table based on the estimated weights of a selected group of fully clad professional men of a bygone era, but it is what you, yourself, weighed at the peak of your physical form, when you were about twenty-five. At that age both your bones and your muscles had stopped growing. Unless you were suffering from tuberculosis and muscular wasting at the time, any weight you have put on since is pure fat. Furthermore — particularly for men, who don't have the excuse of repeated pregnancies and of menopausal changes — it is a weight that you should be able to maintain, without undue suffering, by diet and regular exercise. So get back there and stay there!

The minority of people who did not become fat as a result of a creeping process in the middle years due to physical inactivity and accessibility of food, but who were obese through childhood and youth, present a much more difficult problem. In these cases the weight at twenty-five may not be the proper guide. Suffice it to say that the weight which should represent their target is a matter for the judgment of their physician and not something that can be read off the subway scales.

Dr. Mayer's third article, "Appetite and Obesity," will appear in the September Atlantic.





CLAUD COCKBURN is a friend and contemporary of Graham Greene, and for a time they both attended a school run by Graham Greene's father. After his graduation from Oxford, Mr. Cockburn became a foreign correspondent for the *Times of London*, serving in Berlin, then in Washington, and wherever else his assignments called. The Editor of *Punch* rates him "the best journalist in London today," and on the strength of this praise the *Atlantic* asked him to scrutinize the success of Britain's most widely read weekly, the *News of the World*.

NEWS FOR THE MILLION

by CLAUD COCKBURN

1

THE original idea for the *News of the World* came from a 64-year-old ex-bankrupt who had been jostling about in the British newspaper business right through the rise and fall of Napoleon Bonaparte, the War of 1812, the adult life of Jane Austen, and the construction of the first railroads. His name was John Browne Bell, and in October, 1843, he announced by placard and handbill a new weekly newspaper.

"News for the Million. The Novelty of Nations and the Wonder of the World. 48 Large Folio Columns. Price only 3d. The Size of The Times." (The *Times* at that period sold at 5d. and had a circulation of 23,000.) "Our object," proclaimed the first issue of the *News of the World*, "is to establish a First Class Journal at a Price which shall place it within the reach of All Classes of Readers. . . . Our practice is the FEARLESS ADVOCACY OF TRUTH."

Blazing a trail from which the paper has never, in one hundred eleven years, deviated far, the three items most prominently displayed in the first issue concerned THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MODE OF ADVERTISING — which naturally turned out to be a First Class Journal within the reach of All Classes of Readers; THE POLITICIAN AND THE STATE OF THE NATION; and EXTRAORDINARY CHARGE OF DRUGGING AND VIOLATION. With this menu, Mr. Bell became the progenitor of the largest circulation newspaper in the world. Today the *News of the World* forms the whole, or a part, of the Sunday newspaper reading of almost half the entire population of Britain between the age of sixteen and the grave. More than 20 million is the number of its weekly readers, according to a semiofficial survey by the Institute of Incorporated Practitioners in Advertising. Of these, over 8 million are the paying customers, the officially attested paid circula-

tion. Two other British Sunday papers — *Sunday Pictorial* and *People* — are runners-up, with paid circulations of a little better than 5 million each. The distinguished *Sunday Times* and the *Observer* stand respectively 50,000 above and 50,000 below the half-million mark. And this has been the rough shape of things as regards the *News of the World* since before World War I. It is as characteristic and pervasive an expression of the British way of life as the warm-beered British pub and the shuffling queues outside Lord's cricket ground; as accurate a partial reflection of the mind and face of Britain as are the parliamentary debates or a statement by the Executive of the Trades Union Congress.

This is so little of a paradox that it could be described as an undeniable fact — were it not sure to be ferociously or titteringly denied by millions of British newspaper readers, including several million weekly addicts of the *News of the World*.

"Sordid," "inexpressibly vulgar," "squalid recorder of squalid crime," "panderer to the lowest human instincts" — a person does not need to be a hypocrite to apply any or all of these epithets to this most popular of all British newspapers. The only hypocrites concerned are those who pretend that the epithets are mysteriously inappropriate or else that, equally mysteriously, this newspaper is not "truly representative of British taste." As a people, the British do not much care to be judged by the *News of the World*. They just buy those 8 million copies of it every Sunday and provide it with the highest advertising rate of any Sunday newspaper.

At the end of an English Sunday, the earnest inquirer could — on the basis of firsthand information received from sincere Britons at all social levels — report that nobody above the lowest income-tax groups reads it at all, except by accident or under

some unexplained duress; that respectable members of the working class buy it only to take home to their wives, who have it in the home only because their husbands like to read it; and that its main circulation must be in some other part of the country, among people of lower taste. Persons who admit to reading it are apt to do so apologetically or with an air intended to suggest that the bit of them that reads the *News of the World* is hardly the real Them.

On the other hand, if the earnest inquirer persists long enough to uncover unabashed addicts, he will eventually find several million citizens who would consider it a frivolous waste of time and money to get any other paper. To them, "the paper" — as something to read, rather than a betting sheet with other stuff printed on the back of the lists of today's runners — means the *News of the World* and nothing else. For them, events only assume full reality on being reported in the *News of the World*.

A fairly large volume of the stream of sincere denunciation regularly directed against the paper from pulpits and the platforms of women's clubs has its obvious historical springs back in the days when the upper class found it difficult to forgive the lower class for learning to read at all, and predicted disaster and abuses. With a circulation of which over 56 per cent is rated by the Hulton Survey of the Press as "working class," the *News of the World* is the natural target for the descendants of those Viewers with Alarm. At least since World War I, "the sort of man who lies in bed on Sundays reading the *News of the World*" has become a conventionalized image of what any given critic means by national decadence.

Lying in bed with the *News of the World* is the thing people are alleged to be doing when they are failing to do whatever this or that enthusiast — for churchgoing, walking vigorously through the countryside, or cultivating the garden to make us independent of foreign food and close the dollar gap — thinks they ought to be doing.

As an ingredient of the kind of music-hall joke which the British love because it is just like the ones Father used to make, the *News of the World* is as well established in the public esteem as cheese. Man lying in bed reading it is still the central figure of the jest, but is here regarded in a more sympathetic light, a symbol of amiable and universal human weakness, like using the house-keeping money to buy beer or bet the horses.

2

THE front page of the *News of the World* — in style, layout, and estimate of news values — is normally as serious as that of almost any newspaper in the English-speaking world, and a great deal more so than that of most. Its younger com-

petitors — and this applies to others besides the tabloids — have increasingly adopted a vile technique (based partly on a discouraged conviction that everyone will have heard the general news on the radio, anyway) by which an editorial conference decides, some time on Saturday (even, occasionally, on Friday), what will be "our" front-page splash this Sunday, and goes remorselessly to town with this "exclusive" offering, regardless of almost anything that may have come up in the meantime.

The "exclusive" may be anything from a "hard-hitting exposure" of something or other — a spy ring or the impending collapse of the automobile industry — to inside news of a rift in the Cabinet or the Court, but it is so puffed up and noisy that almost every other item of interest has to creep away and curl up somewhere on the inside pages.

The *News of the World* has maintained a fairly sturdy and consistent resistance to this malpractice; and although it will devote at least as much care and money as anyone else to the comprehensive front-page presentation of, say, yet one more "extraordinary case of drugging and violation," there will almost certainly be room for a report, at intelligible length, of a minor war, a new scheme for old-age pensioners, a major scientific development, a reshuffle of the Cabinet, and even, if circumstances warrant, a further "extraordinary case of drugging and violation."

One gains the impression that people at the *News of the World* still believe that what 48 per cent of the population of Great Britain want to get first from their Sunday newspaper is a reasonably clear, not excessively peptonized or childishly overdecorated, account of the main things of general interest and importance that are going on. And this is encouraging, for surely the people at the *News of the World* should know.

The editorial page strengthens the general impression. The editorial itself — politically almost dead center, and thus unexacerbating rather than exciting — at least eschews that rib-poking, back-slapping mateyness with which several of the competitors find it desirable to approach the mysterious millions. The largest space on the page is likely to be occupied by an article — which could probably have appeared in the *Times*, certainly in the *Daily Telegraph*, and improbably anywhere else except the *News of the World* — by a Member of Parliament such as Sir Robert Boothby, or some other figure chosen because he has something to say rather than because he came into journalism with a big future behind him.

At this point, the visiting stranger begins to think he has been hoaxed, or that the English are crazier than he had been led to suppose. And then his eye takes note of those long, steady columns which form the bulk of the *News of the World* and are the basis for the jokes, the legend, the denunciations, and, of course, the supreme circulation.

One hundred and eleven years later, these, without so much as a tremor of sensationalism in presentation or style, carry on the tradition of the first issue — testify to the old faith that although people are interested in advertisements and in the state of the nation, they like them a lot better if they are absolutely sure that in a minute or two there will be some fairly clotted cases of drugging and violation to sit quietly down with.

With their meager, almost colorless headlines and lack of all other decoration, these serried columns — recording in language which is something between a ritual and a code the most popularly appealing of the crimes, misdemeanors, and sexual mishaps of the citizenry brought to light during the previous seven days — constitute the heart and driving power of the *News of the World*.

Their raw material is the volume of straightforward, dead-pan reports from *News of the World* "stringers" covering police courts and magistrates' courts all over the country, supplemented in major divorce cases and other cases of importance at the assize courts by staff reporters. Selection of what is *News of the World*-worthy starts, of course, at this level.

So far as major cases are concerned — a multiple murder, for example — the *News of the World* cannot claim to offer the customers any service strikingly superior to that of its rivals (although it will probably give the matter a little more space and sometimes, through its exceptionally close and mutually profitable relations with the police, a detail not vouchsafed to others). It is in its technique of selection among the more homely, everyday rapes, breaches of promise, assaults, and indecent suggestions that the *News of the World* is unique. Broadly speaking, one might say that its tendency is to prefer the "It might have been me" type of crime or misdemeanor to the merely exotic or lurid. A great part of the appeal of the *News of the World* lies in the fact that in its compendious pages crimes, and particularly sexual misbehavior and impropriety of every kind, are seen as going on pretty well all the time, everywhere; they are woven into the texture of familiar life. The spotlighted stage upon which the criminal classes perform has been taken away, audience and players are at one; the curate at Woldmere who made that "certain suggestion" to the boy scout might have been our curate, here; the lewd schoolmaster who

"disordered the clothing" of Mary Ann "with a view to committing an offence" is of the same clay as Mr. Jones. All of them might have been us.

Other papers often give the impression that it is only a special sort of people that are up to no good. *News of the World* readers know that almost anybody may be up to no good, with special reference to those sly ones who mask themselves in respectability as bank managers, clergymen, elderly solicitors — "He locked the door, saying the consultation must be confidential, and subsequently made a certain suggestion" — and men with eight-room homes in a good part of town. It is in every way a comforting thought. We always suspected things were that way, and they are; and nobody is really any better than anyone else.

The homely, family relationship established between the *News of the World* and its readers is more than one of mere "atmosphere" or sentiment. It maintains an Advice Bureau which replies to an average of between 6500 and 7000 readers' letters a week. By well over a quarter of a million people it is regarded as the most reliable and discreet of family lawyers and doctors, and it expends a great deal of effort and money to justify this faith. To deal with legal queries alone, it maintains a full-time staff of highly qualified lawyers; medical inquiries receive as expert medical advice as is available to anyone on the basis of consultation by mail; and the thousands of queries from soldiers and their parents, arising from the introduction of compulsory national service, are as likely as not to be studied and answered by high-ranking officers "retained" for the purpose by the paper.

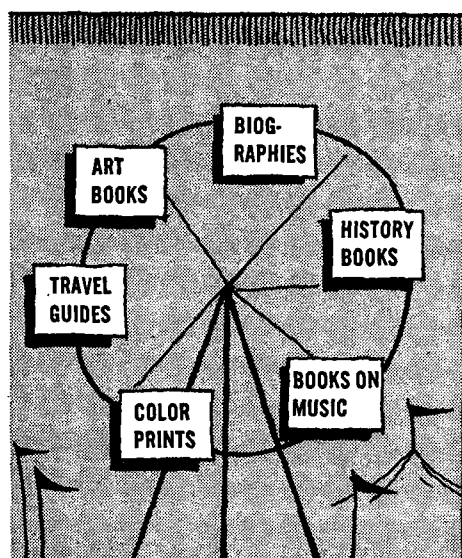
Although the American-type comics have recently held the spotlight as potential menaces to the moral state of Britain, the debate over the significance and Moral Consequences of the *News of the World* goes on year in, year out.

Reginald Cudlipp, fortyish, gravely urbane editor of the *News of the World* since November, 1953, is not much moved by the familiar and unceasing attacks; he considers that most of them are based either on ignorance of the *News of the World* or on an absurd lack of touch with human nature. His explanation of the 20-million readership is simple and impressive.

"The person," he remarked to this writer, "who has no interest in the *News of the World* has no interest in Life."

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THE ATLANTIC Bookshelf



THE *Peripatetic Reviewer*

BY

EDWARD
WEEKS

DR. WYMAN RICHARDSON was a big man with a directness and a simplicity most endearing. He stood six feet one-and-a-half and in his prime weighed upwards of two hundred and twenty pounds, but his bigness was not boisterous; he had a light touch with the fly rod, was soft-spoken, and could watch birds as silently as any. I marked him first, years ago, at the luncheon table at the Harvard Club, where his long back elevated him above the other doctors from the Medical School. Later our kindred interest in the striped bass led us to compare notes at the Tavern. Then in the spring of 1947 he admitted shyly that he had been doing some writing about the Cape and would I like to see it. This was the first of a dozen essays we were to publish in the *Atlantic* — essays which are the quintessence of Cape Cod: the winds and the stars, the moods of the sea, the pounding beauty of Nauset Beach by night or dawn, the sound and smell of the fish feeding in the marsh, the land birds and the shore birds of which he had such expert knowledge. These were his heart's desire which he dreamed of in the winter and reveled in during the summer and autumn when, away from his practice, he entered his native element at the Farm House.

The Farm House is a rudimentary shingled cottage at Eastham which looks as if it had grown up out of the earth. The walls of the living room are covered with murals of the Canada Goose by Wyman's uncle, the late Frank W. Benson, and in one or two spots the paint had cracked and flaked, but the great birds are still marvelously in motion, and one of them seems to have been shot

in the neck — as indeed it was by a younger Richardson, who, home and warm after an icy day in the marsh, had taken aim with the remark, "Want to see me hit that old gander?" not realizing that his shotgun was still loaded. The shot luckily missed the elders who were mounting the stairs on the way to bed, but it must have raised an enormous commotion in that snug room, and the spot was left bare thereafter as a warning to other casuals.

Opening off the living room with its kerosene lamps, the arrowheads, the reels, and the gunrack is the kitchen with its coal stove on which Wyman and Charlotte, his wife, prepared dishes which still make my mouth water. Wy was an exquisite cook, and I can see him stooping so as not to decapitate himself on the old oak beam as he entered the door to serve us. With our cocktails we might have whitebait fried in deep fat, crispy and so flaky hot that it would burn your tongue, or crabmeat served in quahog shells. The striper chowder was a meal in itself, made from the big majestic head with just the proper accompaniment of onions, potatoes, and butter. Pilot crackers went with it of course. The striper itself Wyman might boil and serve with an egg sauce, new potatoes in their skins, and fresh peas; or you might have it cold for supper with mayonnaise in a salad. Either way, you ate to immobility.

Wyman Richardson did not begin to write until he had had an intimation that his enjoyment of this blessed place might be limited. He had done the work of five men on the home front during the war, and the arthritis which began to afflict him after the Armistice was a warning that he would have to watch himself. It made him sleepless at first; and in the black hours, he began writing in his mind descriptions and recollections of this Nauset life he loved. When day came he put them on paper.

What he did, what he saw, what he felt, he has preserved for us simply, with a vivid sense of participation, in his book, *The House on Nauset Marsh* (Norton, \$3.75), an account of his golden days, which will be lived again by those who read them here. The black and white illustrations, the end papers, and the jacket design of the Farm, by Henry Bugbee Kane, are perfectly in keeping.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

As a stimulus for summer reading, the Atlantic will supply on request a list of fifty outstanding books for children published since 1940. The books have been selected by Virginia Haviland of the Boston Public Library, Julia Sauer of the Rochester Public Library, and Elizabeth H. Gross of the Enoch Pratt Free Library in Baltimore. Write to the Editor of the Atlantic Bookshelf, 8 Arlington Street, Boston 16, Massachusetts.

Portrait of the artist as a world of men



© Gerson

There is no getting away from it: if comfort is what you desire most, you had better avoid exposure to greatness. Your only alternatives when confronted by a writer of transcendent achievement are to ignore him or explain him away... anything rather than accept his immensity.

Happily, not everyone feels himself diminished by the power of a great artist. Many welcome it as life-enhancing. To those who do, Joyce Cary comes as something of a miracle... not least because of that magic whereby he *becomes* whatever character he creates, "whether his genius brings to life a half-mad artist, a woman of easy virtue, a politician, an African clerk, a soldier, or any one of the scores of characters whose part he has taken in the tragic-comedy of life and death." What that magic means in practical terms to his readers is a supremely exhilarating extension and expansion of experience, the opportunity to live — and profit from — a dozen different lives, all unlike our own and all illuminating our own.

For example: Joyce Cary's newest novel, *NOT HONOUR MORE*, "one of the wisest and richest novels of our time," "demonstrates once again the inexhaustible richness of Cary's imagination and art." "It triumphantly and explosively concludes his three-part biography of the liberal politician, Chester Nimmo; begun in *PRISONER OF GRACE* and continued in *EXCEPT THE LORD*.

"Cary began the story of Nimmo's career through the voice of his charming, malleable and errant wife, Nina. Next, Nimmo spoke for himself. Now, Nina's second husband, Jim Latter, takes the stand, subtly converted from a comic to a tragic figure, whose terrier-

like pursuit of his bone of truth deafens him to other clamoring truths around him." For the entranced reader "these people live with an intensity, a vitality, a mental and emotional truth to their own selves rarely matched in modern fiction."

"By now it has been pretty widely agreed that Joyce Cary is one of the great novelists of our time... an extraordinary creative force, a writer in the noblest tradition of the English novel, a writer who maintains and increases that tradition and who is one of its three or four supreme protagonists. The publication of *NOT HONOUR MORE* reinforces and amplifies his position. It is a logical, powerful, and immensely dramatic conclusion to an epic work" . . . "a trilogy amazing for the glittering brilliance of its characterization, the extraordinary triangular relationship it explores, and for the wealth of its searching comments on politics, religion, love, marriage and personal integrity or the lack of it."

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NOT HONOUR MORE

(Jim Latter's story of Nimmo) \$3.50

The quoted passages have been excerpted from *The Saturday Review*, *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, *Chicago Tribune*, *Washington Post*, *Wall Street Journal* and *N. Y. Times*

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Canal country

Samuel Hopkins Adams, who was writing books when I became a publisher's apprentice thirty-two years ago, is an upstate New Yorker, and like his forebears is blessed with longevity. His two grandfathers lived to a ripe age, and the more colorful and irascible of the pair, his Grandfather Myron Adams, who was born in 1799, was until his very last breath, in his nineties, an independent, keen-witted, outspoken Yankee. His memory was prodigious and unpredictable. He had seen veterans of the Revolution and heard the old-time oratory which celebrated that event; he himself as a young man had operated a stump-puller with eight-foot wheels in the construction of the Grand Erie Canal. The Canal was his dearest interest, and the stories which the old gentleman told about it are among the best in this delightfully reminiscent volume, *Grandfather Stories*, by Samuel Hopkins Adams (Random House, \$3.50).

There are, as I have said, two grandfathers involved: Grandfather Hopkins (who lived in Auburn) — a scholarly divine, impressively handsome, of great dignity, and rather finicky about his clothes. He was referred to by Grandfather Adams as "that ecclesiastical elegant." Grandfather Adams, who lived in Rochester, was a much plainer American. He lived in a nondescript house, drove a non-pedigreed horse named Horace G (for Greeley); for his minor ailments he dosed himself with a nostrum named Hop Bitters (alcoholic content 40 per cent), and to pass the time in the long autumn of his life, he received and regaled his grandchildren, the most attentive of whom was Samuel Hopkins Adams. He recalls the great cholera epidemic of 1838, the fantastic measures which were invented to conceal or control it, and how, mercifully, the first frost brought it to an end. He speaks graphically of his first railroad trip, taken in the fall of 1835 when the Rensselaer & Saratoga had been running for just two weeks. "Ballston to Troy — twenty-four miles," he murmured. "Six hours. My, my!" He tells of the inventions in which he invested — those like the Eliminator (it was supposed to eliminate bedbugs from canalboats) which cost him a pretty penny, and those like Mr. Eastman's box camera which he shunned.

And again and again Grandfather Adams would emerge with some old-time aphorism on his lips, sayings which take us back to the very early days of this country: —

"Let young Loosetongue hire a turnip cart and preach the end of the world from its tailpiece."

"Blow high, blow low, hired money passes with the wind."

"Only a wastethrift would plane the under side of a privy seat."

Mr. Adams's skills as a novelist and biographer have been charmingly blended in this delineation of old-time upstate New York.

BOOKS

The Editors Like

Travels

WITHIN THE TAURUS by Lord Kinross. (Morrow, \$4.00.) Witty, learned, resilient, with a charming prose style and a sharp eye for both people and scenery, Lord Kinross is a traveler in the grand manner. His account of a trip along the Turkish-Russian frontier is such fun to read that one can easily overlook its importance; in fact, very little reporting has come out of this territory of late.

THE LAND AND PEOPLE OF SOUTH AFRICA by Alan Paton. (Lippincott, \$2.75.) The facts of the history, culture, and present condition of South Africa are surveyed clearly and with remarkable skill in condensation. The style seems designed for children, unhappily.

TIBETAN MARCHES by André Migot. (Dutton, \$5.00.) A serious student of Buddhism tells how he made a pilgrimage to Tibet and suffered from bandits, soldiers, officials, and the weather — all of these troubles making lively reading.

IONIA by Freya Stark. (Harcourt, \$6.00.) In attempting to recover the qualities that made ancient Ionia a center of civilization, Miss Stark writes eloquently and provocatively of old Greece and modern Turkey.

Ladies' Day

THE WOMAN IN THE CASE by Edgar Lustgarten. (Scribner's, \$3.00.) Descriptions of four women and the murder cases in which they were involved, all thoroughly entertaining.

ELIZABETH I by Donald Barr Chidsey. (Knopf, \$2.50.) A short life of this devious, enduring queen may seem impossible, but Mr. Chidsey brings the project off with skill and with a spirited hitting of the high spots.

LAURETTE by Marguerite Courtney. (Rinehart, \$5.00.) Laurette Taylor's life, written by her daughter, is painful, fascinating, and candid in a fashion almost unknown in theatrical memoirs.

Fiction

NECTAR IN A SIEVE by Kamala Markandaya. (Day, \$3.50.) Told with extreme simplicity, the story of an Indian tenant farmer's family becomes both touching and enlightening.

A GOOD MAN IS HARD TO FIND by Flannery O'Connor. (Harcourt, \$3.50.) Miss O'Connor's stimulating short stories combine naturalistic surface, symbolic theme, and events ranging from the flatly commonplace to the wildly improbable.

WE SHALL MARCH AGAIN by Gerhard Kramer. (Putnam, \$3.75.) Army life ruins even decent men, according to this solid, glumly effective German novel about the Second World War, which leaves the soldiers of the Third Reich without a single redeeming feature.

"HALLELUJAH" FOR A BUTTON

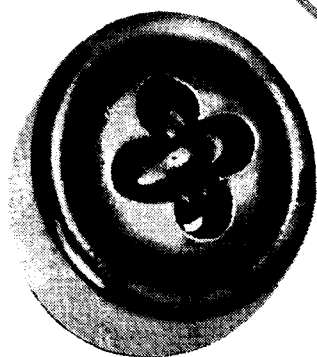
BUT for a button, the world would never have thrilled to the majesty of the *Messiah*. It was only an ornament, yet without it, we would never have felt the awe and rapture of the exultant, inspirational "Hallelujah Chorus."

For a small button was the shield that saved the life of youthful George Frederick Handel in a duel with a fellow musician. Struck by the point of his adversary's sword, it also spared the composer's glorious music for the ages.

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Reader's Choice

BY

CHARLES J. ROLO



IN THE days when my parents' generation was still young, a scene of purple passion in a novel called *Three Weeks* inspired the following jingle: "Would you like to sin/ with Elinor Glyn/ on a tiger skin?/ Or would you prefer/ to err/ with her/ on some other fur?"

Three Weeks eventually achieved a sale of five million copies. Though eminent persons, among them Mark Twain, defended it against the outcries of Mrs. Grundy's vigilantes, its reputation for sinfulness proved so durable that, in 1932, a Mickey Mouse cartoon was banned in the state of Ohio because it showed a cow, reclining in a field, reading *Three Weeks*. These data come to me from a captivating biography, *Elinor Glyn* (Doubleday, \$4.00), written by the novelist's grandson, **Anthony Glyn**. The lady associated with tiger skins turns out to be a truly remarkable personality, and her life story is a fascinating human drama which reaches a flamboyant high point in the period when she discovered and publicized, with an assist from Clara Bow, that infinitely desirable *je-ne-sais-quoi* called "IT."

Elinor Glyn's adult life was lived in the great world of English country mansions and foreign courts which she depicted in her romances, but it was singularly lacking in romantic fulfillment. Her marriage to Clayton Glyn gave her a secure position in English society, and she thought she had found in him her ideal of the romantic *grand seigneur*, who is the perennial hero of her fictions. But Clayton's ardor quickly cooled; and the man for whom Elinor later conceived an undying passion was the cold and ambitious Lord Curzon, who gave her no more than his discreet friendship. Her other close friendships were with men of great seriousness such as Lord Milner and the formidable metaphysician, F. H. Bradley, who helped her to read Plato in the original Greek.

In 1908, Elinor discovered that her husband was headed toward bankruptcy, and thereafter her fabulous scale of living was supported solely by her work. She was invited to the tsarist court to write a novel with a Russian background. She toured the battlefields of the First World War as a correspondent for Hearst. Summoned to Hollywood in 1920, she lived there throughout its gaudiest boom-town era, writing pictures for John

Gilbert, Rudolph Valentino, and the early sirens of the silent screen. Meanwhile, millions of words flowed from her pen — romances, articles, handbooks on the philosophy of love and the avoidance of wrinkles. Her life story is a curious blend of disciplined and courageous effort, genuine glamour, tragic disappointment, and all sorts of extravagant silliness. I have only one major complaint about Anthony Glyn's account of it: his biography suffers to some extent from filial piety, and he makes an embarrassing attempt to find traces of genius in his grandmother's novels. But even though he neglects to exploit the absurdity of the Glyn plots and killer-diller love scenes, his résumés and quotations are a gold mine of unconscious comedy.

Forty million Frenchmen

In the post-war decade, France has been the despair of the Western world and of her own clear-sighted thinkers. Why a nation so richly endowed in resources and talent should be in such a pickle is the subject of a searching inquiry entitled *France Against Herself* (Praeger, \$6.50) by a Swiss historian and sociologist, **Herbert Luethy**. One is apt to associate the Swiss with solidity, not to say stolidity, rather than with sparkle, but M. Luethy's long essay is a truly scintillating job. It is not only the best study of the French social system which this reader has encountered, but one of the most brilliant works of political and economic analysis published since the war.

In the space available here, I can't do much more than crudely outline M. Luethy's general viewpoint. His overall thesis is that the absolutist state of the *ancien régime* has left a far-reaching imprint on French institutions and on the character of the French bourgeoisie. The members of the Third Estate who carried out the Revolution of 1789 belonged mainly to the class of lawyers, notaries, members of courts and councils of every kind: a class which had risen to prominence as a result of the cumbersome machinery and parasitic practices of the monarchy. This group retained the highly centralized administrative structure, and continued the tradition of giving official protection to every form of economic activity — a tradition which prevented the most dynamic aspects of the system of free enterprise from developing in France.

M. Luethy shows — with some startling illustrations — that a great many features of the absolutist state have survived to this day, perpetuated by a bureaucracy which, since the Capetian kings, has in effect constituted the real government of France. "The history of France," says Luethy, "might be written as the history of an administration": an anonymous, self-recruiting, non-political administration, which has proved itself unimaginably tenacious. To this central fact, France owes



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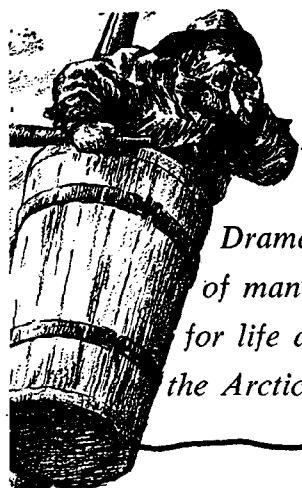
With true sympathy and warm humor Edwin O'Connor has written this big novel of the Irish in America. Between 1848 and 1900, four and a half million Irish crowded into our American cities. There they were segregated into tenements, persecuted on religious grounds, cold-shouldered socially and economically. Politics, especially ward politics, was the only ladder by which they could climb out of the slums.

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Edwin O'Connor is a native of Woonsocket, Rhode Island, who graduated from Notre Dame in 1939 and who, after extensive work in radio and television, published his first novel, THE ORACLE, in 1951.

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both its strength and its weaknesses — its miraculous continuity in the face of convulsions and crises; and its stubborn resistance to necessary change.

The viewpoint just summarized establishes an approach which yields a wealth of striking insights in Luethy's sections on French political history from 1940 to 1953; on the colonial problem; on the French economy; and on the French parliament's antagonism to European integration. The large size of the Communist vote, for instance, is seen as stemming from the fact that the French Revolution had a far deeper impact on ideology than on the workings of the state: the spirit of Jacobin utopianism which has been its enduring legacy makes French workers prone to believe that the Revolution which was never completed in France has been completed in Soviet Russia.

M. Luethy's explorations range from the costly absurdities of the Paris vegetable market to the political acrobatics of Jean-Paul Sartre. One might summarize his findings by saying that, in France, an incongruous amalgam of absolutist administration, pressure group politics, and a labyrinthine court system have produced a condition of meticulously organized anarchy: a stabilized anarchy which protects the individual from unwelcome social interference in his cherished way of life and condemns the body social to an increasingly calamitous stagnation.

Gentlemen at war

Officers and Gentlemen (Little, Brown, \$3.75) by Evelyn Waugh is the second volume of a projected fictional trilogy about soldiering in the Second World War. Its hero, Guy Crouchback, belongs to an ancient but impoverished Catholic family. When introduced to us in *Men At Arms*, Crouchback was a lonely, spiritually wounded man, profoundly revolted by the modern world. The signing of the Russian-German alliance and the ensuing outbreak of war came to him as a promise of deliverance: "Now, splendidly, everything had become clear. The enemy at last was plain in view, huge and hateful, all disguise cast off. It was the Modern Age in arms." *Men At Arms* went on to describe Guy's period of training for a commission in the Halberdiers; and to show how the regiment — with its proud traditions, its *esprit de corps*, its rituals, and its severe discipline —

restored to him a vitalizing sense of dignity and purpose. *Officers and Gentlemen* records the experiences which eventually leave him plunged in disillusionment.

Crouchback has now joined the newly formed Commandos, and the story chronicles his training on an isolated island; the shipment of his unit to Egypt and the degeneration of its morale during its long wait to be thrown into action; and finally, its last-minute participation in the Cretan debacle.

From the standpoint of literary artistry, the novel is a highly polished piece of work. Though the pace is leisurely, the narrative holds one firmly in its grip. Waugh's sense of the grotesque in human affairs gets freer play here than in *Men At Arms*, and there are fine glints of comedy in the characterizations. Waugh's observation, as always, is marvelously felicitous, whether he is writing about London clubs, barracks life, Cairo's international set, or the chaotic Cretan evacuation.

Despite these attractive qualities, I was always painfully aware that the ideas which animate *Officers and Gentlemen* are the quintessence of silliness. What brings disillusionment to Crouchback (who is clearly Waugh's spiritual *alter ego*) is the realization that the powers-that-be, so far from conducting the kind of war which will restore the English gentleman to his rightful pre-eminence, are pursuing the unforgivable policy of glorifying the common man. What finally crushes Crouchback — and this is presented to us in all seriousness — is the discovery that, in a desperate situation, an English officer of gentlemanly birth can prove himself a coward, whereas a plebeian corporal, a chap who hasn't always known his place at that, can emerge from the test with first-class honors. Guy's desolating recognition that he has been in the grip of a noble "hallucination" is ludicrous rather than dramatic, since the reader has known this from the start of *Men At Arms*. Only a man as crazed by snobbery and nostalgia for medievalism as Waugh is could have so willfully misread the realities of 1939 as to envisage the war as a two-cornered, unambiguous joust between a revived St. George and an upstart dragon yclept "the Modern Age."

Novel of the theater

Clemence Dane, who a good many years back scored a big hit with *Broome*

Stages, has written another spacious, old-fashioned novel in the romantic key, entitled *The Flower Girls* (Norton, \$4.95), a Book-of-the-Month Club selection. Miss Dane's hero, Jacy Florister, has been brought up in California by his possessive American mother, who has given him to believe that his father, long since dead, caused the breakup of their marriage. When his mother is killed in a motor accident just after the last war, Jacy — formerly a child movie-star and now an incipient playwright — decides to take a holiday in England to renew contact with his native land and to get to know his relatives, the famous Floristers, first family of the English theater.

The Flower Girls describes Jacy's delighted entry into the world of the Floristers, who for brevity's sake might be summed up as a bunch of colorful "characters"; his reunion with his not dead and much maligned father; and his love affair with his imperious, talented, and rather mysterious cousin, Olive. The novel moves along briskly — for Miss Dane is nothing if not an expert storyteller — but it struck me as essentially a meretricious affair, which draws heavily on hackneyed and sentimental materials. Some inkling of its flavor can be gained from the following characteristic passage, a description of Jacy's first glimpse of Olive across a crowded room: "... the woman on the stairs was looking at him, and her alteration of countenance as she did so was the most moving thing that had ever happened to him. Merely to watch it was inexpressible relaxation. Her comprehension of his need was inhuman. . . . She was taking from him and receiving into herself not merely his trivial passing resentment, but his lasting, tormented longing for a hold on life and a home in some other breast.

"He could have looked at her for ever."

A Russian master

In the minute body of first-class fiction produced under the Soviet regime, one of the high points is the work of Isaac Babel, who died around 1940 in a Soviet concentration camp. His tales have recently been made available to American readers in a single, comprehensive volume, *Isaac Babel: The Collected Stories* (Criterion, \$5.00), which contains "Red Cavalry" — stories based on his experiences when he fought with Budenny's

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Cossacks in 1920; "Odessa Tales" — a group of sketches of Russian ghetto life; and eighteen other stories. The collection comes to us with an Introduction by Lionel Trilling which does much to sharpen the reader's appreciation of this very remarkable writer.

Nothing could have been more anomalous than the presence of Babel — an intellectual and a Jew; "a man," as he put it, "with spectacles on his nose and autumn in his heart" — as supply officer among the Jews' traditional enemies, the brutal Cossacks. This anomaly is a reflection of the two opposed strains which run through Babel's work. He is fascinated by the qualities which seem to him associated with violence — courage, simplicity, directness, a kind of grace. He is also deeply sensitive to the poignancy of Poland's downtrodden Jews, and finds a somber greatness in their capacity for suffering and their unvoiced contempt for their oppressors.

Written with a subtle ambiguity, a detachment tinged with irony, Babel's stories achieve unusual effects of horror and pathos. A youthful Red general, until lately a herdsman, recounts with brutal jollity how he revenged himself on his former master by stamping him to death. A young woman with a baby begs a ride on a troop train; the baby turns out to be a bundle of black-market salt; the soldiers throw her out and shoot her. The narrator is billeted in the house of a poor Jewish woman and abuses her for the mess; she gives him the blanket covering the body of her father and suddenly blurts out: "The Poles cut his throat, and he begging them: 'Kill me in the yard so that my daughter shan't see me die.' But they did as suited them."

At their best, Babel's highly charged stories are miracles of compression — miniatures whose distinctive quality has been admirably defined in Babette Deutsch's phrase: "as terse as algebra yet packed with poetry." Beneath its surface detachment, Babel's work is infused with a profound compassion, a tragic awareness of man's inhumanity to man.

Potpourri

**IT'S ME O LORD: The Autobiography of
Rockwell Kent.** Dodd, Mead, \$10.00.

At seventy-three, Rockwell Kent can claim to have lived up to his favorite phrase, "Let's get something done." In

his younger days, he built with his own hands the houses he lived in. He has married three wives and conducted a number of apparently troublesome love affairs. His travels have carried him for long periods to Newfoundland and Alaska, Greenland and Terra del Fuego. He has waged legal warfare against a shipping line and a railroad; has crusaded for socialism for half a century; has worked busily as a commercial artist; and always he has kept on painting pictures. Mr. Kent, who proudly claims to be a Communist of sorts, emerges from his autobiography as a naïvely opinionated, incorrigibly rambunctious, but courageous and essentially well-meaning man. He tells the story of his Bohemian career with an unfortunate lack of selectivity but with a great deal of spirit.

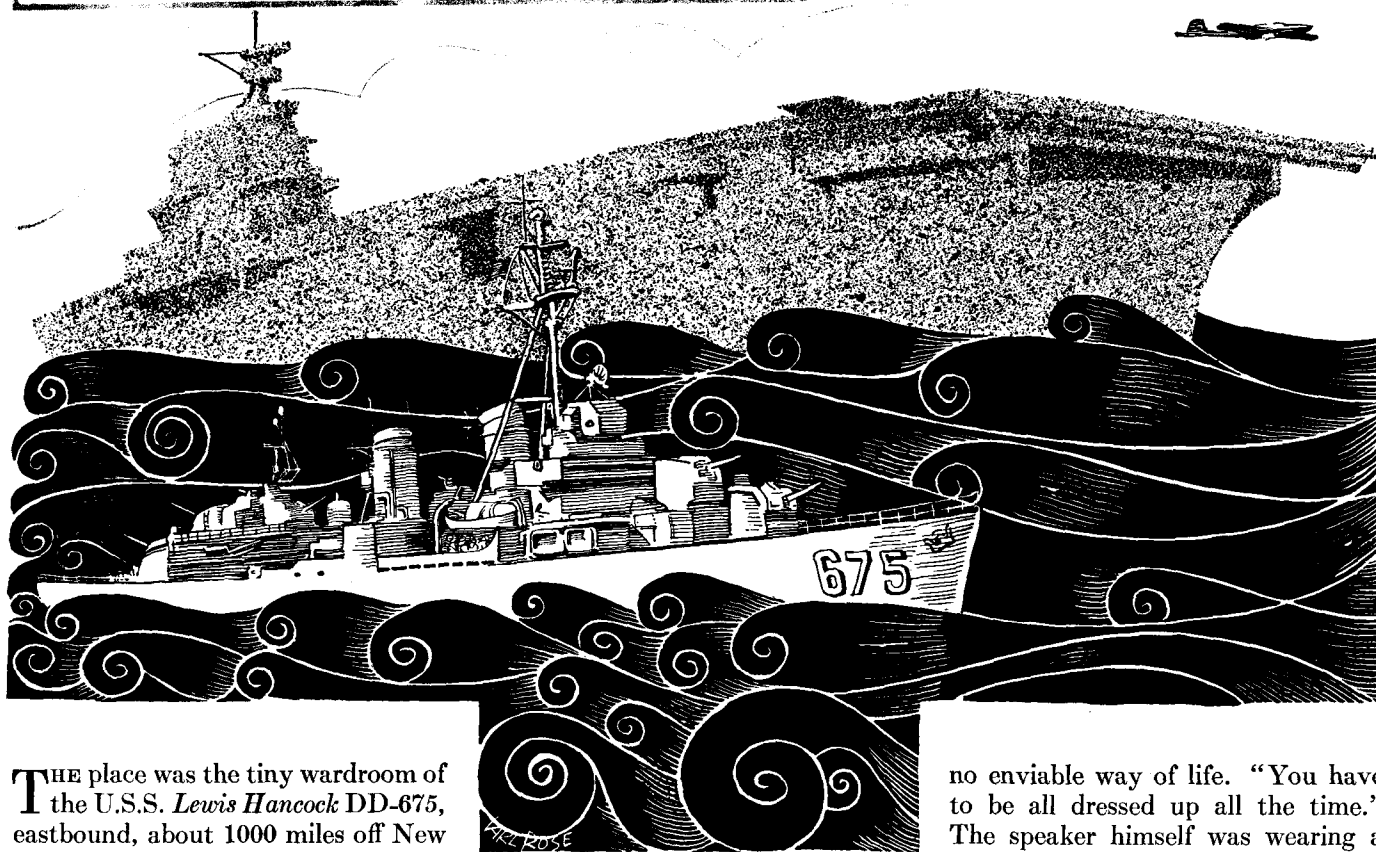
21 STAYED by Virginia Pasley. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, \$3.50.

Mrs. Pasley, an able newspaper reporter, has dug up the life stories of the twenty-one American GIs captured during the Korean War who elected to stay behind the Iron Curtain. Her findings, as might have been expected, show broken homes, poverty, inadequate education, a sense of rejection by fathers or stepfathers, a sense of social inferiority — in most cases, several of these ills combined. The most important lesson which this book points up is that the armed services must teach their men a lot more about the nature of Communism; must see that they know all about, and are fortified against, Communist "brainwashing." Twenty of the renegades knew little more about Communism than that it was a bad word, and twenty of them had no idea of what they were fighting for in Korea.

THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION, 1917 by N. N. Sukhanov. Translated and edited by Joel Carmichael. Oxford University Press, \$10.00.

This abridgment of a seven-volume memoir never before translated into English is a unique document — the fullest eyewitness account of every phase of the 1917 Revolution. The author, an outstanding socialist theoretician, found himself at the center of events when the Revolution broke out in St. Petersburg, and was a key figure in the formation of the first revolutionary government. Sukhanov was, however, a man with a fiercely independent turn of mind — a quality which cost him his life in the Stalinist purges — and he was able to describe the great revolutionary drama with a degree of detachment which makes his record remarkable for its honesty. He had, moreover, the temper and talents of a great chronicler. He was curious, meddlesome, gossipy, adept at turning out a thumbnail sketch, and alert to a good story. And his narrative style, as translated by Joel Carmichael, has considerable force and flavor.

ACCENT ON LIVING



THE place was the tiny wardroom of the U.S.S. *Lewis Hancock* DD-675, eastbound, about 1000 miles off New Jersey on the fortieth parallel. The occasion, on a summer evening after our meal, was the daily movie. On the screen — the film was *Shane* — the homesteader's wife was just lighting an old-fashioned kerosene lamp. She adjusted the wick, the homesteader's cabin took on a warm Technicolor effulgence, and all seemed in order, but I found myself worrying more and more about that lamp: obviously, this woman failed to realize that, with the way the *Hancock* was rolling, the lamp would inevitably slide right off the table and explode and set fire to the cabin.

With a length of 376 feet and a beam of only 36, a 2100-ton destroyer is perhaps predisposed to roll, yet nothing in our passage from Newport to Londonderry — eighteen days at sea, most of the time in company with some dozens of other naval vessels — nothing bore out the gloomy predictions of my fellow landsmen at home who foresaw for me everything from seasickness to a broken leg or two. The Navy had described the

cruise as “routine maneuvers,” in allowing me to come along as part of its civilian indoctrination program; and routine or not, it was quite the most agreeable and picturesque voyage that I ever expect to make.

Everything, it seemed to me, was fascinating — the destroyers especially so, and their rolling was part of a dashing pictorial quality that the heavy cruiser and the vast carrier very nearly lacked altogether. The latter pair, with tankers and an ammunition ship, were the tenderly protected center of the destroyer screen, which extended around the horizon, and every man with whom I talked aboard the *Hancock* was convinced that he was riding the very best of the lot.

The ammunition ship, from which we took on various oddments, looked roomy and stable as we wallowed alongside. “They can have her,” a seaman remarked. “One goof and up she goes.” The cruiser, similarly, was

no enviable way of life. “You have to be all dressed up all the time.” The speaker himself was wearing a weathered blue shirt with his name stenciled on the back. Just below the name, in large, neatly stenciled capitals, were the words: “Monkeyville, Ohio.” “I wouldn’t be in that carrier,” said another of the *Hancock’s* crew. “They tell me there’s an Admiral aboard her.” A slightly different note was sounded by an officer when four mine sweepers joined the formation off the Virginia capes. “Now there’s an ideal ship to ride,” said he. “In rough weather you just stand in the middle and hang on to both sides.”

All the *Hancock’s* people felt that destroyers are just right, and what their extremely close quarters subtract from physical comfort they more than make up in sociability and easy-going relationships. The destroyer is stuffed from stem to stern with machinery and all the fantastic apparatus of the electronic era, and the “spaces” for nineteen officers and a crew of 240 are astonishingly small. The ship’s laundry, for instance, has just enough room for the operator of

its machines; the supply office, where four men work, has 28 square feet of unoccupied deck space, an area 8 feet by 3½ feet. The galley, to my eye, had no room at all for the cooks, yet it produces not only first-rate meals — asserted by the crew to be the best in the Navy — but also forty-five long loaves each day of *bread* in the great, old-fashioned sense of the word.

Everything's a tight fit and everyone is humorously accommodated to that circumstance. It is worth noting, also, that this accommodation is achieved by the highly assorted mixture of personnel who constitute the peacetime Navy: reservists, graduates of R.O.T.C. and O.C.S. establishments, and a goodly fraction of regular Navy and Academy people.

The assortment goes into the service and out, nowadays, with such velocity that much, if not most, of the ship's work is necessarily performed by newcomers, and what converts these last so quickly into capability is not readily apparent. My own private belief is that the answer lies in the personality of the Captain and Executive Officer, abetted by the spectacular scenes created by a formation of destroyers at sea, their speed, their eye-filling silhouette, their graceful ways, and a certain redoubtable, truculent air far out of proportion to their size and armament. Whether fueling, two at a time, from a tanker, or firing in a long column formation at targets, or scrambling nimbly into some complex new pattern of stations, destroyers are an endless pleasure to

see. Their little procession down Newport Harbor was as jaunty as the carrier was sedate, and roll or no roll, the destroyer people preferred what they had.

A final trifle from a landsman's impressions of the Navy. The movies once again:—

The Girl, foolishly mounted on too spirited a hunter, is flung from the saddle as The Man rides furiously to her rescue. It's a nasty fall, and the man leaps from his horse, runs to where she lies. Unconscious? Anything broken? Dead? He raises her head and is about to speak to her. A powerful voice is heard. "Now lay outside the chart room," it says, over the ship's public address system, "for the eight o'clock reports."

CHARLES W. MORTON

SHOP TALK

by DONALD PURCELL

DONALD PURCELL, a free-lance carpenter now living in Chesham, New Hampshire, taught English Composition for a number of years at Middlebury College in Vermont.

MY FRIENDS who are building houses, or having houses built, have always been able to unnerve me with certain tortuous semantic tactics. I join them in an inspection of the partially completed structure. "Wonderful view!" I exclaim ecstatically. "And is this the kitchen?"

"The studs fool you there," they answer, bringing to my mind, heaven knows why, a vision of a cornucopia spilling out a mass of pearl shirt studs on a green billiard table cloth; "but when we put in the plates" (I feel for my denture with my tongue) "you will envision things better. You are now standing in the sink."

"How's the living-room ceiling going to be?" I counter. "Are those beams standing over there . . ."

"The rafters will run north-south."

A third person — a real friend — interrupts. "Those? Well, what are you going to do about overlap?"

"Tenpenny nails," I assert in an authoritative tone, but under my breath, as I disappear wisely down the cellar stair well.

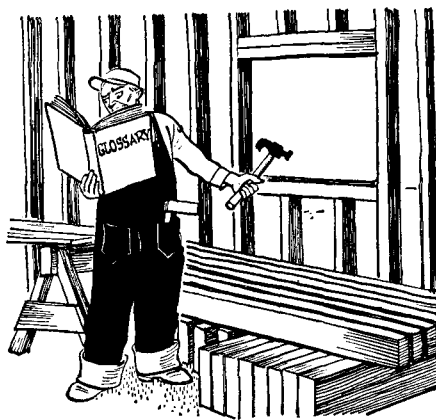
Since this sort of thing has always mildly unnerved me, you can imagine my panic during my first few days

after I recently took a job as a rough carpenter. "Would you spike up them joists," the boss suggested on my first morning.

"You mean those thick boards just over by that pile of thinner boards?" I gulped.

"Toenail 'em first!" Cryptically he walked away.

Uneasily, inside my sneakers I



flexed digits. But things didn't go too badly. I did what my eight or nine fellow workers did; and since nobody bothered me, I suppose it was all right.

My only trouble was that for some days, until I had learned the secret, I felt rather lonely. Not only was I unable to talk to the other workmen, but I suspected that I was being ostracized. When we paused for refreshment, as we did every other

hour, my turn at the milk bottle of water was always last.

I decided one night on a bold policy. The next morning, after we had been at it for some hours, a carpenter (three from the last on the water bottle) asked me, "Didja get that shoe spiked down?"

Rejecting the impulse to glance down to see if my laces were untied, I stared at the horizon for ten full seconds, a cold intensity in my eyes. Finally I muttered irritably, "Who squared these ends, anyway?"

"Hah?"

"Should have thrown in a header," I stated, the vision passing through my mind of a small boy being pushed headfirst from a dock. From there my mind flitted logically to the high school football team. I thrust an end of string into his hand. "Hold the line," I told him, and very solemnly I walked to the other side of the building. "Hold it tight!" I insisted, jerking the end out of his grasp. I condescended to regain patience:—

"Just put her on the edge of that three by eight!"

"What three by eight?" he asked, apologizing for his ignorance with a quavering tone.

I'd stepped into it, of course, but I came back fast. "I mean the corner post."

This worked, even though there were no corners anywhere around

him. He held the string against something quite obediently, and I squinted along it. Then I let it go, shook my head sadly, and rejoined him. I spoke confidentially. "Since the war there aren't any *real* carpenters," I said, and he mumbled in complete agreement as I returned to my task, which consisted of nailing certain boards from a certain pile to other boards from another pile in a certain way.

The boss, who has the visual equipment of a house fly, took all this in. I could feel it without looking at him, and I knew it at the next pause, when I was given my colleague's spot of third from the last on the water bottle.

In fact, during the afternoon I felt the boss circling around me suspiciously several times. Finally he drew me aside. He looked genuinely puzzled. "Say," he said, "what kind of bridging would you get for under that platform?"

"Well," I replied, "you got beaded boards on the floor." I'd heard this not five minutes before.

He scratched his chin and peered at me, and suddenly I had the uneasy sensation that maybe he hadn't been puzzled about the building but that he had been puzzled about whether or not to keep me.

I said casually, "Oh, keep 'em



happy; give 'em whatever they think they want in their specifications." And I sauntered back towards my hammer.

But I still sensed a dangerous indecision in his manner.

Then in one of those rare flashes I recalled a friend's unfinished house in another part of the country in a near-forgotten time. "What kind of bridging?" I mused. "Just so long as you don't let 'em pass off any of that native hemlock on you!" I tossed over my shoulder.

At our next moment of rest, I was fourth from the end on the water-bottle line.

A TALE OF ISOGONIC FAR AGO

by JAY PELL

I WAS born in the algebra night
under the octagon house
squared myself by the time I was six
and oiled the holes in my blouse

At eleven I sheared the steel in the fields
and sucked every silver breast
of cadillac maidens cantering past
in their progress from whiskey to west

When I was twenty I cast a lass
from a pound of brass in the shop
to end my invasions and cook my equations
while I wrestled with rust for the crop

My son was born from one and one
free as the tables of multiplication
on a truly logarithmic day
that cubed my brazen relation

And all the obsolete models clicked
and ticked their tongue and oh-ed and ah-ed
admired his valves and nipped his nose
and polished his teeth and his rod

I tell you — popped Mom from her kitchen coop
in weekly editions in carbon —
men had more margin when I was a child
back in the plastic vats at Farben

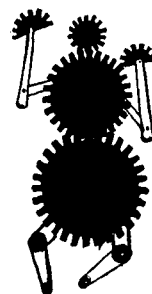
And Dad who was chromed from old volkswagen stock
and had married below his class
trimmed his wick in a kerosene wink
and took me gassing for bass

Now television spaniels scratch in the house
under the electronic moon
from up on the shelf I yawn for my bride
who died as a bent spittoon

And watch the nickel lads on the pile
with scarcely a leg to their name
manning their food with rattail files
and rolling new rules for the game

When I was a wet one and flowing
full as the bull in the IBM cow
I crossed my T's with tangent tubes
and laid aside rivets for now

And so while the square root ponders
the ultimate point of division
I yawn and swallow a fortnight or two
safe from further revision.





MOBILES

by STEPHEN BARR

STEPHEN BARR is a free-lance writer who lives in Woodstock, New York. This is his first piece for *Accent on Living*.

THE trick about mobiles is that they don't move unless you push them or a breeze hits them. That is why they are called mobiles; otherwise they would be called automobiles, or self-propelled sculpture. This was tried once by a man called Pygmalion, and it worked out all right, but he didn't do it again; once was enough.

Regular or non-moving but movable mobiles come in various sizes and designs. The more delicate ones have a way of coming apart. This happened to a friend of mine while he was away for the Harvard-Princeton game. His valet saw a lot of curious shapes lying on the hall floor — it had been suspended from the ceiling before the joints parted — and being a tidy man he proceeded to sweep them up. This is not the thing to do with mobiles.

The giant economy-size, or alfresco, mobile doesn't come apart. It stands, or hangs, with a vigorous, challenging look, just waiting to be pushed. If your enthusiasm for Art in Motion prompts you to do so, you will be well advised to give a quick decko behind you; otherwise a fifteen-inch sheet-iron flying fish will clip you one on the return swing. A certain nimble young man with a desire for action was trapped for hours in the inner orbit of one of these monsters in the back yard of a New York museum, dodging and moaning, desperately regretting his rashness. He's probably still there, the fool.

Mobiles actually have a life of their own. I had one once, a tiny but very dear and complicated one — I use

the past tense because it eventually flew away — that used to sit poised expectantly until you turned your back; whereupon it fairly whizzed. As soon as you turned around it stopped at once, trembling. Some mobiles have a way of adding to themselves by a sort of budding process, like hydra, the fresh-water polyp. The artist (designer? builder?) explains this by saying that new elements come to light as you get to know it better. You see more in it, he says. He can't tell *me*; it buds.

Mobiles have been mistakenly used in hospitals therapeutically, the idea being to take the patient's mind off his troubles. This it does, but it also takes the patient out of his bed. Breathes there the man who is not in an overall plaster cast who can resist going over and helping a mobile? Anyway, art should never be used with kind intentions; it's like being told that a certain kind of food is good for you. No; live dangerously and enjoy Picasso.

Actually mobiles are not as new as they look; the Japanese have been making them for centuries, out of glass and silk thread. You put them in windows and they are supposed to amuse the birds. Any member of the Audubon Society can tell you that birds are never amused at anything, except possibly bats — which they think are small, crazy men.

There used to be an object called a door harp, which played a repetitious little arpeggio and was hung on the door of the sewing room in the days of Wellington and William Henry Harrison. It, too, was a proto-mobile, but like the Japanese kind, it made noises, and I don't think that's the right idea.

Children, of course, have always made mobiles; and with the onset of reason — at about the age of seven — the mobile becomes something in the nature of a pied bed or a bucket of water over the door.

The best of all possible mobiles, I believe, is when a man's umbrella turns inside out just as he opens or flaunts it while the rest of us wights are beginning to get soaked. The mobile consists not only of the umbrella and the man, but also of us in a happy dance. Who wants shelter then?



FEEDBACK

by WILLIAM O'HALLAREN

WILLIAM O'HALLAREN lives in Granada Hills, California, and is a news writer for the American Broadcasting Company in Hollywood. This is his first appearance in the Atlantic.

THERE were about four hundred people in the studio for the *Red Growlo Show*. The sponsor believes all these people are members of some sinister group, and that everything they did followed a cunning master plan.

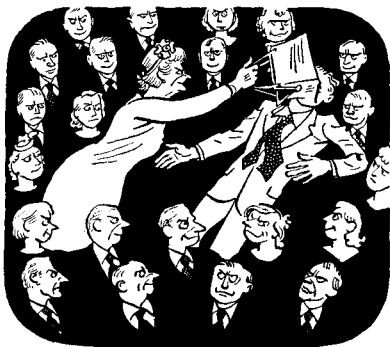
If that is so, they are certainly an evasive bunch and they went to astounding lengths to conceal their unity. Most of the tickets to last night's show had been sent to people out of town who had written for them. Of course some group could have agents scattered all over the country, and order them to converge on New York at a given time. But the puzzler is that most of these write-ins named other shows as their choice, and they were sent *Growlo* tickets only in lieu of nothing. Remaining tickets were given away at the network box office.

Of course everyone is familiar with the *Growlo* program. It combines the best features of comedy and quiz with plenty of sales punch. It has sold millions of bottles of Froth.

The show depends on good, warm response from the audience, and Red aims to win that right at the start by opening with a sensational bit of comedy. For his entrance last night Red and his writers had worked out a hilarious routine in which he staggers on in his ex-President Truman get-up, only he's acting a little tipsy. The bit had been cleared by the agency and the sponsor, who thought it terrific. Well, the big moment came, the curtains parted, Red made his entrance, but — incredible as it seems — the

entire audience failed to get it. Four hundred people just sat on their hands like bumpkins. It proved again how foolish it is to overestimate an audience.

Red didn't let it throw him. He saw he was facing a cold house, and action was needed right away. So he hopped off the stage and down the left aisle, with the cameras following him, even though it wasn't in the script. About the middle of the aisle he spotted the right kind of old lady and crashed into the row, grabbed her purse, and started pulling out the contents, making humorous com-



ments loud enough for the overhead mike.

But last night, instead of playing along, the old lady hit him. Red was a little bit off balance anyway and staggered back. The man next to her, who later claimed to be her husband, grabbed Red by the belt and pitched him into the aisle. Luckily the director had sense enough to go into a commercial then and was able to stretch it out long enough for Red to get back to the stage and into the script.

(They've got the bloodhounds on this woman and the man with her, but so far haven't turned up anything constructive. Their story of living in New Rochelle for the last forty years seems to check. After the show they both refused to explain their strange behavior, and instead of apologizing to Red, the man threatened to start a fresh altercation. Mood of the people around them also seemed unsportsmanlike, so Red and his staff decided there was no use getting involved any deeper in unseemly argument.)

As for the "Name Your Mate" foul-up later in the same show, the sponsor insists the ten thousand dollars must come out of Red's pocket, seeing that Red made the bet. When the time came for that part of the show, Red motioned to a couple in the first row to join him. The execu-

tives in the control booth knew right away that Red had pulled the couple from the wrong end of the row, but it was too late to tell him. The staff had a girdle manufacturer and his wife sitting at the other end, all ready for a fine, giggly bit, but as it turned out, they never got on.

The man Red called on stage was a thin, meek-looking fellow, the woman large and commanding. Idea, of course, is that the man is blindfolded, and Red gives him a description of three women — two models and the wife. Red has a funny way of picking out a few flaws in the wife that the husband probably never noticed, and of describing one of the models in the way the husband probably visualizes the wife, with the result that the guy strikes out and everybody has a lot of fun.

Last night the little fellow got Red on edge by failing to go along with the preliminary banter. Red thought he was talking to the girdle manufacturer, as planned, which accounted for those questions about how business was holding up, and did he expect any new sags; and something good like that is killed when they get some contestant who answers by quoting from the *Wall Street Journal*. That explains why Red was a little too sharp when, after explaining the "Name Your Mate" rules, he asked, "Think you have any chance of winning?"

The little fellow snapped, "I will bet you ten thousand dollars I win," which was an outrageous thing to say on the air and in front of all those people, who immediately began to hoot at Red and shout encouragement to the squirt. Red is always a good sport, and when the noise from the audience became so loud the show couldn't go on, he agreed to the bet. (The lawyers have assured the agency such a bet is completely illegal, so there's no

way Red can stick them or the sponsor for any part of it.)

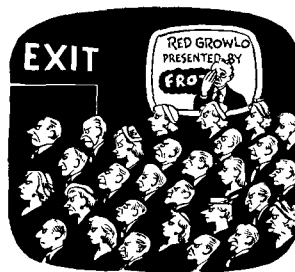
So Red went into the routine with a description of the crunchy blonde dish on the left, and the little man said, "That's my wife." Red whooped for joy, said, "Sorry, Buster," and took the blindfold off the little fellow, who then went over to the blonde, kissed her, and they held hands while those four hundred other troublemakers gave a touchdown roar.

(The little man's story that he had merely dropped in on the show to keep an eye on his wife hasn't been broken yet, and neither has the story of the heavy woman next to him that she was there because her brother-in-law was in charge of putting the electric lights in the Froth sign.)

Red tried to argue a little bit in a friendly way, but when the audience became downright threatening, he wrote out a check right there in front of everybody. When Red called this morning, his manager was able to talk him out of stopping payment, in view of the certain adverse publicity. The statement by the little man in the morning papers that he intends to contribute the entire sum to the public library is regarded by Red and all his staff as purely inflammatory.

That was about all of the show, except for the final commercial, in which the audience is allowed to join in singing the Froth song. When that moment came and the cameras turned on them, there wasn't a note sung. Instead the entire four hundred stood up and began to surge toward the aisles.

Happily, fears that they were going to move to the stage and attack the performers were uncalled for. Instead they headed quietly for the exits. And while that certainly made a funny-looking commercial, there wasn't a soul backstage who wasn't relieved to see them go.



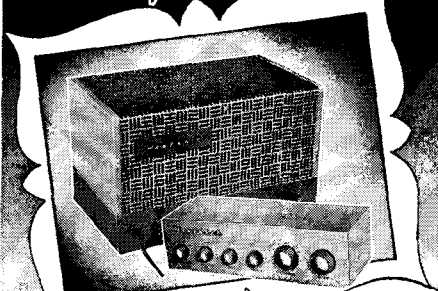
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by ETHEL JACOBSON

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RECORD REVIEWS

by **JOHN M. CONLY**

Bach: Organ Recital (Karl Richter at the organ of Victoria Hall, Geneva; London LL-1175: 12"). This is no baroque-voiced item for advanced Sebastianites. Richter plays on an excellent example of later European organ-making: big, bright, sonorous. His performance is in keeping: firm, vigorous, large-scaled. And his repertory is sure-fire: the Fantasia and Fugue in G Minor; the Chorale Preludes *Wachet auf, Kommst du nun*, and *Vom Himmel hoch*; the Prelude and Fugue ("Wedge") in E Minor. The London engineers have caught the organ's drama very effectively.

Britten: Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra with Prokofieff: Peter and the Wolf (Brandon de Wilde, narrator; Hans Swarowsky conducting Vienna Pro Musica Symphony Orchestra; Vox PL-9280: 12"). Mr. Swarowsky seems overcome with a dreamy lethargy at the outset of both these works; otherwise we would have here incomparably the best "Young Person's Guide" and perhaps the best "Peter" as well. For Master de Wilde, aged twelve, is wonderfully ingratiating at his work, and the original Eric Crozier text for the Britten has been used. Further, the notes in the fold-over jacket are extraordinarily fine. Since Swarowsky is not actually bad (and the sound is splendid), I'd say buy it.

Handel: Concerti Grossi, Op. 6 (Hermann Scherchen conducting English Baroque Orchestra; Westminster WAL-403: four 12" in album with notes by Robert Sabin). Dr. Scherchen playing Handel or Bach poses problems for critics. There will be eight movements played with telling rightness no one else can match, and the ninth will be so fast that the sense of the meter is lost. I am so fond of the airy light allegro in the Concerto No. 3, and the penultimate allegro in No. 5, that I will not take Dr. Scherchen so long as I can have Boyd Neel, via London. But I will admit the superiority of Scherchen in treatment of the great Handelian

slow movements. Listen extensively before choosing, if you can.

Ives, Charles: Twenty-Four Songs (Helen Boatwright, soprano; John Kirkpatrick, piano; Overtone 7: 12"). The earliest of the songs is an 1890 setting of "Abide with Me." (Ives was fifteen!) The latest are dated 1921. They show the strange complex of qualities which made up this Yankee insurance man and composer, so advanced musically and naïve in other ways. World War I brought out almost maudlin sentiment ("Tom Sails Away"), the New England countryside a Whitmanesque turn ("Walking"). But always there is interest, and usually beauty.

Menotti: The Saint of Bleeker Street (Thomas Schippers conducting David Poleri, Gabrielle Ruggerio, Gloria Lane, other soloists and orchestra of the original New York cast; RCA Victor LM-6032: two 12" with libretto). Gian Carlo Menotti seems to enjoy dealing sympathetically with repellent themes — *The Medium*, *The Consul*, and now *The Saint*, depicting the last days of a tenement girl who sees heavenly visions and displays stigmata. But this is, I think, the least of the Menotti operas, musically anyway: only the ensembles convince. Recording: good.

Mozart: Serenata Notturna, K.239; Six Notturmi for Voices and Woodwinds; Piano Concerto No. 14 (Grete Scherzer, piano; vocal trio; Karl Haas conducting London Baroque Ensemble; Decca DL-9776: 12"). The concerto is played prettily, without great distinction, but the competition is not formidable. The lusty serenata and lilting notturmi are the disk's treasures, the latter not being available elsewhere and all being irresistibly tuneful and moving, well performed and tastefully recorded.

Mozart: Sonatas Nos. 11, 15, 5 (Guiomar Novaes, piano; Vox PL-9080: 12"). A perfect bouquet of Mozart piano music. All three sonatas are well played singly on other records, but this is the winning com-

bination. Both performance and recording have a sweet and lively intimacy. Highly recommended.

Scarlatti, Domenico: Sixty Sonatas (Ralph Kirkpatrick, harpsichord; Columbia SL-221: five 12", boxed). This set and Fernando Valenti's seven records for Westminster overlap by some twenty sonatas. Kirkpatrick taught Valenti, but I prefer, slightly, the pupil's Spanish boisterousness to the master's scholarly restraint, and Westminster's tingling close-up recording to Columbia's genteel perspective. Mostly, I like Scarlatti, maybe the most versatile music-maker that ever was.

Schubert: Quartet No. 14, "Death and the Maiden" with Mozart: Quartet No. 15 (Musical Arts Quartet; Vanguard VRS-463: 12"). The Musical Arts Quartet is almost up to the Budapest, playing these, but not quite. I recommend the record as a beguiling introduction to the string quartet for people who find the form dry. There is nothing dry among these flowing melodies, and the recording is fascinatingly realistic.

Strauss, Richard: Don Juan; Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks with Weber: Overtures to Der Freischütz and Euryanthe (Wilhelm Furtwängler conducting Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra; HMV LHMV-19: 12"). Except perhaps for *Tristan*, these strike me as being the best performances by Furtwängler I ever have heard, and probably the best performances of these much-played works — the Strauss poems, anyway. The Vienna Philharmonic sounds even better than usual, too, which may be the doing of the sound engineers. Whatever the cause, the result is a record breath-taking in every way.

Vivaldi: Twelve Violin Concertos, Op. 8, including the "Four Seasons" (Reinhold Barchet, violin; Rolf Reinhardt conducting Stuttgart Pro Musica Orchestra; Vox DL-173: three 12" in album). Another deluxe Vox Vivaldi presentation, in a simulated suede album with booklet by Joseph Braunstein. The trimmings are justified. The concertos, subtitled *in toto* "The Meeting of Harmony and Invention," do not seem musically daring 225 years later, but their impact has not waned; their grown-up geniality still warms and their cleverness still is clever. Especially infectious are the programmatic four comprising "The

Seasons," nowhere played more to my taste than here, though the Boston Records and London versions both are good. The fiddlers sound, on these disks, as if they were in your room, and you will long enjoy having them there. Mr. Vivaldi planned it that way.

The Life of Christ (Roland Hayes, tenor; Reginald Boardman, piano; Vanguard VRS-462: 12"). If I am not disserved by my memory of one recital, long ago, Mr. Hayes used to intersperse this cycle of spirituals with readings of appropriate Gospel verses. He doesn't here, but you won't miss it. The spirituals — which include "Prepare Me One Body," "Three Wise Men," "Little Boy," "Lambs A-Cryin'," and "Were You There" — maintain the continuity quite well enough. And no one ever sang them as does Roland Hayes.

Ankles Aweigh (Original cast of the Broadway production, featuring Betty and Jane Kean; book by Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis; music by Sammy Fain; lyrics by Dan Shapiro; Decca DL-9025: 12"). This is not an ideal musical comedy for records: the plot is so amorphous that the show amounts to a review with the same

characters throughout. However, it has three contagious songs: "Headin' for the Bottom Blues"; "Here's to Dear Old Us," a rowdy and hilarious drinking ditty; and "Ready Cash," the chant of the casino croupiers. Worthwhile.

Damn Yankees (Original cast of the Broadway production, featuring Gwen Verdon and Stephen Douglass; book by George Abbott and Douglas Wallop; music and lyrics by Richard Adler and Jerry Ross; RCA Victor LOC-1021: 12"). Probably everyone knows the theme of Douglas Wallop's *The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant*. A Washington real-estate agent and baseball fan sells his soul to the Devil in order to become a bush-league superman and help the Senators knock off the Yankees. Being an inveterate double-crosser and Yankee supporter, however, the Devil enlists a witch named Lola to lead Shoeless Joe, the former real-estate man, astray. Joe, virtue, and the Senators triumph. You've heard the principal songs: "Whatever Lola Wants," "You've Got to Have Heart," and "Shoeless Joe from Hannibal, Mo.," but there are several more you'll enjoy just as much.

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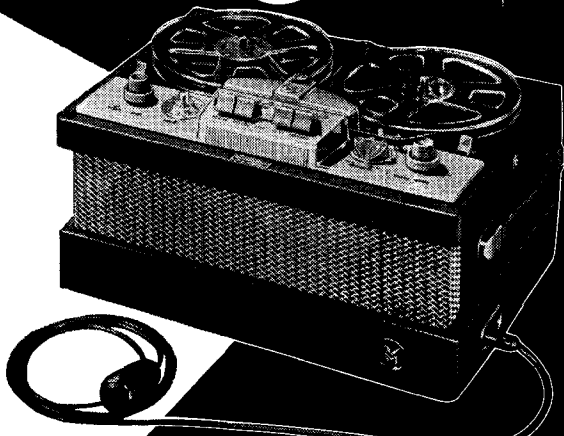
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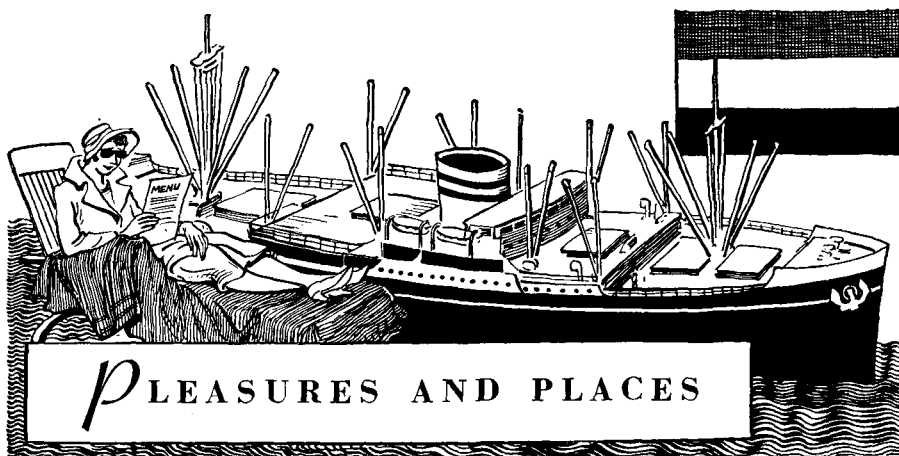
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DUTCH FREIGHTER

by M. F. K. FISHER

M. F. K. FISHER is widely known for her writings about all sorts of cookery, at home and abroad. Several of her books were combined recently in a single volume, *The Art of Eating*.

PEOPLE who travel on freighters may do so accidentally for the first time, as I did in 1932 from Marseille to Los Angeles on the *Feltre*, later bombed and sunk. Thereafter they do it deliberately, as I did lately, or never again.

They either loathe it and know that they cannot stand it again, or they return like opium smokers to the pipe, never halfheartedly, and almost always with a deliberate plan, a kind of rhythmic pattern, for the long, slow, sleepy voyage. They must either have plenty of time and no other pressing use for it than to spend some of it in a little ship, or they must have almost no time at all and an imperative hunger to spend it in this chosen way, moving to the tides' movings and the stars'.

Freighter travel is never forgotten. I was greatly reassured to prove this, lately, when I rode some five weeks on two oceans, two seas, a canal, a couple of bays, and a river, after having been land-bound for more than a decade.

It is true that I pampered myself somewhat, suspecting that my old skill might be too rusty for comfortable practice. I took a clean, efficient little ship toward Europe instead of a grubby if more romantic one headed for the South Pacific, and I chose the easy month of August instead of the obviously more exciting season of an equinox. I was cautious, and slid out under the Golden Gate Bridge in a mood that was definitely timorous.

The minute I *knew*, though, that it would be days and weeks before I touched land again; that I was there on that little Dutch freighter for good or bad or even Hell-and-high-water; that if I died on it I would still be a long time from the dust I should return to; that if I lived decently on it the Captain would like me and that if I lived indecently on it he would not; but that in any and all such cases it was basically my own choice — the minute I knew all this again, I was at home.

I slipped unprotestingly into the first trancelike sleepiness which always engulfs me when I put to sea, and which tapers off almost imperceptibly until I land again. It is true that I walk and even talk at the proper times, but inwardly there is little difference between having eyes shut or eyes open; and my first encounters with passengers and officers and general shipside protocol are even less real than my endless untroubled dreams.

Dutch crewmen seem unusually understanding of such mildly neurasthenic procedures, perhaps because they are said to be sons of a phlegmatic nation, and there is no better place to try one's first steps again, one's first deep breaths, than on the scrubbed decks and in the hospitable neat air of a little steamer named anything ending with *dyk* or *dam*. From the Captain, coldly and implacably invisible when duty called and very jolly indeed when it did not, to the most impish deck hand or oiler, the men seemed to accept my private reasons for my public behavior just as philosophically as they did the other passengers', and made us all feel, very comfortably, that we were really not much more bother than the tons of canned fruits and precision tools that weighted down the holds and held us to such an even as well as profitable

keel. My own actions were steadily somnambulistic, but they caused no more astonishment than if I had stood on my head before every meal, just outside the dining-saloon door, as did a gym teacher from British Columbia, or had dropped my monocle into my full soup plate every night, as did a permanently and politely dead-drunk lecturer from Amsterdam.

Of course there are always a few mavericks, who get on in a daze and will get off in a state of frustrated ennui. Most of them will never, as God is their witness, let themselves get roped into another tedious crawl over any ocean on this world.

For instance, there was on our little freighter — as there always is — a passenger who either could not or would not accept the fact that for several weeks it would be impossible for him to read the morning and afternoon papers for exactly forty minutes after breakfast and twenty minutes before dinner. He would stand fuming and scowling, plainly miserable, before the two typed sheets of radio news Sparks pinned up each noon on the bulletin board. One was in Dutch, of course, and one in very British American, and the passenger was sure that there were several vitally important bits of news in the Netherlands report which were being deliberately withheld from him as a one-language Yankee. He would waylay a steward or a Dutch passenger and stand suspiciously comparing what he could read with what was being translated.

I felt genuinely pained for him, partly for his present misery and partly because he would never achieve real supercargodom. He had come aboard knowing, but never actually accepting, such irrevocabilities as that the Spokane dailies cannot be delivered, limp from their presses, a thousand miles northeast of Cuba. He would go ashore convinced that it could have been managed somehow.

In the same way there was, this time and always, the passenger who fought a gallant fight for the last twenty-five days of the thirty-three-day voyage to have fresh eggs for breakfast. She was well-read enough to know that very few modern ships travel with chickens aboard, as in the days of Drake and Magellan. But every morning she hoped anew, and assured her table steward that she must have *fresh* eggs, and almost every morning after the first week at sea she sent back what she had or-

dered with the unbelieving statement that it was *not* fresh at *all*.

Gently, the head steward, a very clever man indeed and one of infinite experience, ordered little omelets and unnamed scrambles for her instead of the undisguisable soft-boiled eggs she struggled for, until by the time we were heading for the North Sea she was eating highly seasoned dishes that would have seemed impossibly exotic to her in San Diego or Vancouver. The last morning, though, when we all ate an early breakfast and wore our hats and clutched our new passport holders and watched the docks of Antwerp slide by the portholes, I heard her say with a note of dauntless disbelief, "I *do* insist on having my eggs fresh-fresh-fresh." And she was right: she did insist.

Another common phenomenon of supercargodom, something which even ten years of land exile had not changed for me, was that I soon sniffed out, through the fog of my private snooze, the familiar hunger for new words. It is something shared by all real travelers and can give as much pleasure to a twelve-days-and-all-expenses adventurer as to a raddled old countess who has spent nine tenths of her life on A Deck, from Hong Kong to Montevideo with stop-offs at will in Plymouth, Skagerak, Vladivostok.

It takes only a couple of days in Honolulu to enable a stateside housewife to spend the next ten years rattling off directions to her decorators about *lanais* and *hookalumais* — which she learned in what she knowingly refers to in four, not three, syllables, carefully accented, as *Hah-vah-ee-ee*. In the same enjoyable way, a few days in Paris, especially if helped along by a

a Dutch freighter can do fine things to this linguistic *amour-propre* we all wear hidden somewhere until the magic new phonetics bring it to light, and I felt reassured to discover that it was as true in 1954 as it had been decades before, on the *Feltre*, and the *Santa Cerrita* and the *Maréchal Dufroy*, and . . . and . . . and . . .

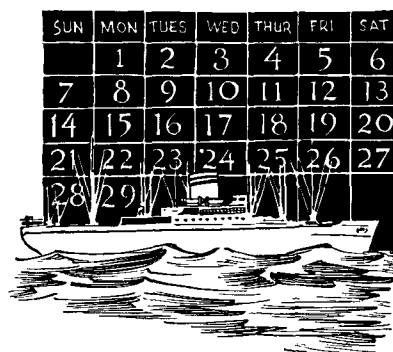
Very shortly after I went abroad, I learned that, in good Dutch, the barman is called the Buffetchef, pronounced *Puffishay* (naturally), and that the chief steward, always an equally good man to know, is called the Hof-Meister (*Huff-Maystuh*). Shuttling from one to the other with no pain, it was inestimably satisfying to be able to murmur to the first in supercargo Dutch — which sounds even Dutchier after the second or third small glass of Genever-gin — "Ein Bols" (Ayn Buhlsh, of course), and then to request knowingly from the second a large bowl of Hodgepodge for lunch.

Hodgepodge is perhaps peculiar to ships out of Rotterdam. Certainly I have never seen it in the same form on land, in Holland or even in France, where it might possibly be called "Hohepot." It is a thick, greenish-gray, lumpy, delicious stew of vegetables and bits of unidentifiable meat and sometimes slices of sausage, to be served in soup plates and eaten with large spoons and, if possible, pieces of fresh brown bread for pushing and sopping. Needless to say, it is pronounced, by any old-timer — which means any passenger who has been more than forty-eight hours aboard — *Uhdgee-puhdgee*. There is something very satisfying about rolling out this word when it has been preceded by a wise modicum of Genever and a few twinkles from the poker-faced, warm-eyed *Puffishay*.

Cakes (Keks), which apparently are as necessary to the end of a Dutch sea-meal as Bols is to the beginning, are based on a batter which is yellow, spongily heavy when baked, and increasingly nutmeggish as the voyage progresses and the fresh *fresh* eggs grow less so. Keks can be anywhere from half an inch to three inches thick, sliced in fingers or rounds, cut in squares, diced or crumbled when stale, and quite possibly used as ballast in a nautical emergency, and they are interesting chiefly as an indication of how the baker feels.

For instance, before our baker's last land-whirl in Cristobal and the long haul toward Antwerp, we were titil-

lated at dinner by his version of a dainty slab named *Gâteau d'Amour*. The next night, and the only time he let us down in some five weeks, we had to be content with tinned fruit-cup and vanilla wafers, but twenty-four hours later he had pulled himself



together enough to produce his basic batter again, stripped of the love-cakes' whipped-cream doodads, starkly burned on the starboard side, and entitled *Celebration Crumbcake*.

And of course the Esperanto of pastry cooks, easy enough to decipher after one or two sorties as supercargo, makes it completely unsurprising to find a cherry on top of anything called *Jubilee*, or tooth-shattering morsels of nut brittle scattered here and there with the menu cue *Noisette*, on any ship from a transatlantic liner to a freighter. This lingo is international to the point of banality, and cannot possibly give quite the semantic thrill to a traveler as the ability to recognize, as well as mouth, the word *Goudasprits*.

Ah, those lovely, dry, flat, whirly *Goudasprits*, our baker's one deviation from his occasionally faltering but always narrow path of kek-kek-kek!

They meant, on his emotional chart, a period of high-barometer insouciance, with low humidity so that they would stay moderately crisp and unflabby, and a subtropical zing to the air. On the days he served them the bread too seemed more delicious, and passengers who ordered American *Utt-keks* for breakfast reported them to be comparatively airy, which is to say that they were not more than three quarters of an inch thick, each weighing somewhat less than a pound per kek. *Goudasprits* meant, in other words, a general lightness aboard, even in their pronunciation, which according to the Captain was impossible for anyone not born in Holland. (We compromised to our own satisfaction, if not his, by gurgling as gently as possible when we said



French Line crossing, can bring out almost voluptuous garglings and rollings of good flat Illinois *r*'s, so that saying "Trente-trois rue de Rivoli" to a taxi driver can sound much like the aftertreatment of a tonsillectomy.

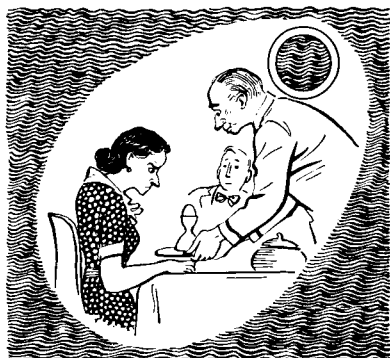
Even more so, four or five weeks on

"Whghoooo-da-shprish," but there lurked always in our linguistic consciences his firm comment that we simply did not have enough *juice* to speak good Dutch.)

Something that happens at least once on every respectable freighter out of Rotterdam or into it is a Nassi Goreng for luncheon.

Britishers abroad feel about it much as they do about anything even vaguely curried, which a Nassi Goreng is not, and they bandy reminiscences larded with *pukka* and *boy*. Reticent withered Dutch ladies, relicts of traders in Surabaya in the old days, grow almost gay again and chat of Rystaffels, which a Nassi Goreng is not quite. And everybody eats too much and sleeps all afternoon, for the feast is not only tantalizing to several of the senses, but it must be floated down on a heady flood of beer.

A Nassi Goreng is served in an almost hysterical way by every available hand on board, including a few ordinarily invisible oilers squeezed



into leftover white jackets. This may be one reason why it is definitely a ceremony performed only when the sea is flat and empty and the ship is on its automatic compass or whatever it is that takes over when the bridge can be left to its own devices.

The Hof-Meister, somewhat glassy-eyed from the general emotional temperature and several amicable Genevers, stands straighter than usual at the pantry door, focusing behind his thick lenses on every one of the loaded platters that whip past him. The stewards, generally a relaxed and merry squad, are frowning, with beaded lips and unaccustomed clattering and crashing. The tables look overcrowded with tall bottles of mango chutney and short bottles of red and black sambal, and soup plates at each place, and the largest size of dinner plates beside the forks, and big stemmed glasses, and the clear green of the Heineken beer bottles.

There seems to be no set pattern for serving, once the rice is there to act as a kind of foundation in the soup plates. The rice is always browned



with minced onion, steamed, and then baked slowly, so that it is a little crisp. And then over and around it, and piled on the dinner plate too, is what really amounts to a gastronomical mishmash of grilled and roasted and fried fishes and meats, in chunks and slices and on skewers: chicken, lamb, kidneys, herring, this-and-that. There are even very flabby fried eggs. And on top of all these things, and around them and alongside, go the more or less familiar "condiments" like chopped roasted peanuts and shaved coconut, steamed raisins, pickled fish, shaved spiced cucumbers, little hot peppers, one or more kinds of chutney of course, grated raw onion . . . on and on. And then, to pull things into focus and to bring real happiness to the world-wanderers who want to go home laden with nonchalant little anecdotes in any language at all besides their own, there is the final fillip, about as subtle as a flash fire in a munitions dump, of sambal.

Sambal, once tasted or even sniffed, can never be compared with Tabasco, or Louisiana hot-sauce, or the *salsa picante* of Mexico, or even the watery, oily, treacherous *sauce forte* splashed cautiously over an Algerian Couscous, for it is so much more so that it makes them seem like sweet lemonade or milk.

It is black or it is red, and connoisseurs choose one or the other and shake it with knowing discretion here and there over the general confusion on their plates, at a Nassi Goreng, and then wait happily to fall by accident upon one drop of it, when tears will brim their eyes and they can reach blindly for the beer.

Sambal is, I think I can say without being contradicted, the most thoroughly and incredibly hot flavor in

the world. How and why it can somehow, over and above the enjoyable torture it causes, make the basically unattractive clutter of a Nassi Goreng even more entertaining and appetizing than it manages by contradiction to be, I do not try to explain. All I can say is that it is pronounced, surprisingly enough, almost as it is spelled, that it can be found wherever a few old Java hands are gathered together, and that it can add inestimably to the culinary reputation as well as the vocabulary of anyone who has ever added to either, generally, by a trip on a little or big Dutch ship.

So can a Nassi Goreng, of course, even without the red and black sambals!

After five weeks spent contemplating the horizon, the navel, and the Dutch face, things taste better, and memories are good, not sour: the night the Puffishay cried a little because at Panama City he had learned that three weeks earlier his wife in Hille Doornkamp near The Hague had felt a cold coming on; the afternoon a glittering flying fish landed by the engine-room door and Cor of the crew dipped on it like another bird and threw it back into the blue water before it could even open its beak-bill mouth; the morning the Canadian judge came on deck without his orthopedic boot and played a game of deck quoits which everybody pretended not to watch too anxiously, nor cheer with tears too plainly sounding.

There is a kind of sharpening of what wits are left us, on a little ship's slow slide over many waters; and although it demands a certain amount of bravado to attain supercargodom, once done and admitted it is done forever, and like me you can go aboard in San Francisco or Baltimore or Corpus Christi, any time at all in your life, and get off a few weeks later anywhere at all, and find yourself wide awake again, and stronger and fresher if you want to be, and with a richer, indeed broader, tongue.





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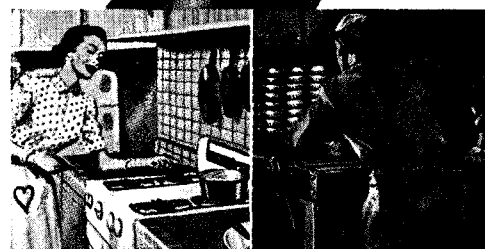
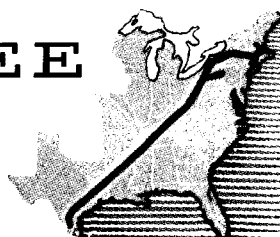
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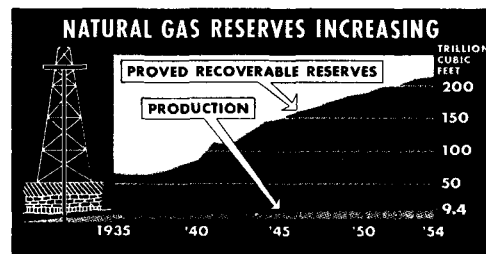


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